

the McKinley Tariff. The large stock of imported woollens and worsteds, and the large production here, prevented a rise in prices for these products. How much woollens and worsteds were lowered in quality by the admixture of substitutes such as "shoddy," cattle hair, and cotton, cannot be readily shown, although it is generally believed that such has been the case.

"Great depression has prevailed for nearly a year in the iron industries. Throughout Pennsylvania, Ohio, and the South, the wages of workmen have been cut down repeatedly, and, though the quantity of pig iron made has continually increased down to the present, many furnaces are preparing to cease production. Altogether, the prospects are not very favourable. It is a well-recognised fact in all sections that, had it not been for the enormous cereal crop here and the failure of the crop abroad, this country would be now in the greatest depression ever known. As it is, the present depression is great, and there seems as yet no sign of its improving. This is accounted for in various ways. Believers in a high tariff, of course, bring forth every reason except the tariff, while the opponents of the McKinley Bill charge it to that measure. Others, like the free silver advocates, claim that it is due entirely to the depression in silver, on the ground that, since gold is practically the only standard of value, the price of everything is measured in gold, and as a result of the increased demand for it, the prices of products have gone down, and as a result, enterprise in every direction has practically ceased."

THE CLEAN COTTAGE.

THIS is a little sordid story that was told me in the cottages. Like many sordid things, it is very human, and, therefore, has a pathetic side.

There is a cottage that stands by itself in the little narrow valley that is called here the Gull. Its official approach is by a lane, which in winter is a long pool of liquid mud, and your best way to it lies along the footpath, through the low-lying meadows, that brings you to the plank thrown across the stream, close to which the red-roofed cottage stands. The river—we call any gutter that flows, a river in Suffolk—is all the summer a mere languid dribble of dirty water between deep banks fringed with purple-stemmed alders; but in winter it is often a brimming, yellow flood. In all seasons of the year it flows on through the village green below, and into it are cast slops, and old boots, and cabbage stalks, and out of it is drawn the drinking-water for all the cottages near.

The moist green meadows are beautiful in spring and summer, starred with marsh marigold and cowslips and lady's smocks; and then, again, through the wonderful serene East Anglian autumn, with yellow fleabane and with pale mauve crocus—*colchicum autumnale*—that opens delicate cups to the sun. Above the meadows, on the slope of the hills that rise on either side, are fields that, to a discerning eye, are quite as beautiful as the pastures. During one part of the year they are stretches of warm, brown earth, and then, later on, they become a sweep of rustling corn; or a bean-field, giving out gusts of subtly sweet odours when the sun shines; or serried ranks of glaucous-leaved swedes, that take tender shades of salmon and apricot at the fall of the year, and have the fresh ripe smell that is dear to an eastern county heart. To the south of the Gull is a "squeech," or little grove, that harbours birds innumerable, and the valley is always alive with the little restless creatures. In April and May the nightingales sing round the cottage all through the magic spring nights, when the stabbing East wind has dropped, and the air is sweet with the hawthorn and the almond scent of the blossoming apple and pear trees, and the smell of the plumed lilacs and the wall-flowers in the little garden.

But the glory of the cottage (which is a poor dilapidated place) does not consist in such things as these. In the scrupulously clean living room there is mahogany and horse-hair furniture, brought to such a state of shining polish that it strikes the beholder with awe and admiration. Amos Copping was a lad of seventeen when he married his first wife, Alice, who was a servant at the rectory. Work was slack, and Amos enlisted in a regiment that was ordered out to the Crimea. He behaved himself so

well that after the war he was, to quote his old mother who told me the story, "promoted to ride a-horse-back, and to go to Cork." Meanwhile Alice had returned to service, and during the time that husband and wife were parted she had earned money to buy a little furniture. She must have denied herself many things, for when he joined her she had saved every penny of her wages, and bit by bit the precious household goods were bought. He left the army when his time was up, and they settled in the cottage in the Gull. Alice was as "house-proud" as only eastern county women can be; exquisitely clean, slaving for her furniture, bestowing a world of loving care upon the poor ugly things, putting her life, as it were, into the polishing and furbishing of the little rooms. No children came to disturb the spotless neatness of the chairs, shrouded in elegant crochet antimacassars of her own making; no dirty little boots clambered impudently on the sacred sofa; no little sticky claws clutched at the china dogs sitting in state on the mantelshelf; no cunning little arms slipped themselves round her neck, drawing her heart away from the furniture.

In middle life Alice sickened of an internal complaint that the doctor said was incurable. We of the richer classes know how terrible is such an illness, without hope, although we can obtain a hundred alleviations and contrivances to dull the pain. But among the poor it must be faced in all its naked horror. There in the low, mean, upstairs chamber, noisome with the smell of the disease, Alice lay for weeks uncomplaining, with that patience that belongs only to the poor and to the saints. Her one cry to her husband was, "Don't let your house go down, Amos, don't let your house go down!" When she was dying she made him promise to marry, exactly one month after her death, a friend of hers who would be careful of the beloved furniture. She sent for this woman, and told her what her wishes were. "Folks used to say I had a secret way of polishing my furniture—it fared to look like gold," the dying woman said with a feeble smile. "I never told anyone what I used, Jenny, but now I'll tell you. Promise me to use it when I'm gone, and you marry Amos."

And then she imparted her cherished recipe. Jenny kissed the poor damp face, and gave her promise, and Alice died. A month after, Jenny married Amos; and the furniture is now as reverently cared for as of old.

C. F.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

AN INDIAN PROTEST.

SIR,—During the debate on the second reading of the Indian Councils Bill, Mr. Maclean, member for Oldham, among other things said:—"The Barons who could not sign their names to the Magna Charta, or simple, unlettered English peasants, were more capable of attending to the administration of their country than the most gifted Bengalee . . . the Bengalees who had been slaves for fifty generations. That was a simple physiological fact."

Making even the most generous allowance for the temper into which the hon. gentleman had worked himself at the idea of some imaginary concessions to the people of India, we are bound to take exception to such language. We are sadly disappointed at the hon. gentleman's knowledge of history and ethnology. To protest against conduct which is likely to cause strained feelings between the two countries, it is contemplated to hold a public meeting at an early date.

We sincerely hope all true Englishmen will support us.—We remain, Sir, your most obedient servants,

N. M. CHATERJE.	J. N. GUPTA.
H. D. BOSE.	SATCHIDANANDA SINHA.
SYED H. IMAM.	AUGUSTIN S. GHOSH.
JUANEN N. RAY.	C. R. DAS.
ATHANASIUS GHOSH.	K. RAMACHANDRA.
D. M. COLAH.	MAHAMUD UL HUQ.

JUANEN N. RAY,

Hon. Sec. Organising Committee,

59, Westmoreland Road, Bayswater, W.

March 31st, 1892.

"POPE, FRIENDLY SOCIETIES, AND MASONS."

SIR,—Will you allow me to say, and will Sir Charles Dilke excuse my saying, that his letter in your last issue betrays some confusion of thought on certain points raised in my reply to his article? And may I add that he uses the terms "secret societies" and "friendly societies" as if they were convertible, and that the facts do not at all justify him in so doing?

I am not aware that the secret societies of Italy—the Carbonari any more than the Mala Vita—have any claim to be called "friendly societies," as the term is generally understood in this country. Nor can Good Templars properly be classed as members of a friendly society. Theirs is a temperance organisation, conferring, I believe, none of the benefits that are ordinarily associated with the idea of a friendly society. Masonry is in a similar position.

I must again repeat emphatically that "Catholics in Great Britain can and do join the Foresters and Oddfellows without let or hindrance." In Ireland several of these societies are very strong, and Catholics compose the majority of many lodges. That "some Roman Catholics" are members, as stated by Sir Charles Dilke, gives an entirely erroneous impression of the facts, and the reference to "his Catholic friend," who is a Freemason, though he knows he is thereby incurring the censure of the Church, tends to increase the inaccuracy of the idea conveyed. I think I may safely deny that Sir Charles Dilke has a "Roman Catholic friend who is a Freemason," for if he is a Mason he is not a Catholic. He may call himself one, but the name is not the thing. A Catholic who becomes a Mason is *ipso facto* excommunicate, I believe. At any rate, he would not be allowed to receive the Sacraments of the Church—to communicate visibly with his fellow Catholics—unless he expressly severed his connection with Masonry.

Sir Charles says it is "difficult for ordinary Roman Catholics to understand what is the shade of difference" that rejects Good Templars and Masons and accepts Foresters and Oddfellows. He supplies me with a fairly specious answer when he says, in regard to Masonry, that I "am not a Mason and am unacquainted with the facts." How, then, might I ask, can he assert that "an ordinary Roman Catholic" has any difficulty in discerning between Templarism, Masonry, and Forestry? But this would be a mere quibble.

Catholics can gain knowledge of such matters in two ways. Suppose a Catholic, uninstructed in regard to the Good Templars, were to join that body, he would soon find himself out of harmony with the members. The tone of Good Templarism would be foreign to his ideas. It is impossible to have even the bare outline of religious ceremonies without having a colouring also of the underlying creed. A Catholic makes the sign of the Cross before and after prayer; a non-Catholic does not. In a thousand ways the points of difference will come out. But, apart from knowledge gained in this way, Catholics accept the guidance of the Church; they trust to her instincts, her knowledge and wisdom; they know that not for trivial reasons does she absolutely forbid this or discountenance that.

In regard to Australia I cannot admit that "we have the distinct fact" that Forestry there is exactly what it is here. Do local conditions, the character of the men who control the affairs of the society, and its unwritten code, which may differ in different places, not suggest to Sir Charles that there may be vital variations between English and Australian Forestry. No doubt good grounds could be given by Cardinal Moran for his prohibition, if he has issued such a prohibition.

What does Sir Charles mean by the Catholic Benefit Society being one of "the affiliated orders"? This is a friendly society for which the Catholic Church has no more responsibility than has the English Government for the "British Empire Assurance Company," or "Soap Company," or the "United Kingdom Alliance." The society is recognised under the Friendly Societies Acts, and its rules and regulations have the sanction of the Registrar of Friendly Societies. The quotation from its prospectus is doubtless accurate, and in it there is nothing objectionable. But the society is in no way "affiliated" to the Church.

Sir Charles's statement as to the recognition of God by the English Freemasons is satisfactory, but he did not touch upon my query as to whether, in a Christian country, a society, such as the Masonic body, can completely ignore in its semi-religious rites the Christian dispensation while being quite compatible with membership of Christian Churches? The recognition of God is common to Mahomedan, Jew, and Christian; but the latter will find wanting in Masonry any sign, token, or evidence that there is a revelation amplifying and fulfilling the Mosaic law. And if French Masons are repudiated by English Masons because they ignore God in their rites, how can Christians participate with those who ignore Christ? As Sir Charles Dilke inferentially justifies the re-

putation of Atheists, is it logical to demand that the Catholic Church, which is but a creation of man if not Christ's work, shall allow her members to communicate, as it were, with those who ignore her Founder?

Again, the Church forbids the taking of any unnecessary oath. If, however, as the exception to this salutary rule, oaths are permitted in order that useful organisations, giving distinct and clearly specified advantages to their members, and promoting thrift and co-operative effort, may exist among Catholics, it is surely evident that a very slight difference indeed between two societies may make one lawful and the other unlawful?

Let me add what Pius IX. is said to have once remarked to a non-Catholic who was praising the noble exterior of St. Peter's— "Ah! my son, to understand the full beauty of the Church, it has to be seen *from the inside*." Things that, to those of intellect and understanding outside the Church, seem hard, marvellous, inconsistent, and repellent, are as plain as the proverbial pikestaff to "ordinary" Catholics.—Yours faithfully,
276, Strand, W.C. C. DIAMOND.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE.

THE SPEAKER OFFICE,

Friday, April 1st, 1892.

THAT tireless huntsman of Tennysonian parallels, Mr. Churton Collins, has, doubtless, already noted for a new edition of his "Illustrations" one more coincidence in the fact that Ben Jonson in his latter days also turned to the story of Robin Hood. So has Lord Tennyson in *The Foresters*. O most palpable parallel! Quick with thy tablets, Mr. Collins, for remember, "it is the business of critical justice to give every bird of the Muses his proper feather!" The opening of Ben Jonson's prologue is singularly appropriate, with one alteration of happy significance, to Lord Tennyson to-day.

"He that hath feasted you these forty years,
And fitted fables for your finer ears . . ."

begins Ben Jonson. Lord Tennyson, however, can say sixty!—sixty-two in fact, reckoning from the "Poems, chiefly Lyrical," in 1830. What a golden record! Let the idiot about to ask of the new play, "Will it add to the poet's reputation?" go away and think of that. In one other happy particular also the Jonsonian parallel does not apply. Poor Jonson had at that time hissed his "Come leave the loathed stage" into the faces of an ungrateful public. Lord Tennyson still sits high and honoured amongst us—a Merlin whom the Vivien of Time has robbed not of his charm.

Ben Jonson, too, in writing *The Sad Shepherd*, had his eye not so much on Robin Hood and Maid Marian as on Æglamour, a sorrowful swain who had lost his love, and went, therefore, wandering across Sherwood, mourning her in such exquisite verse as—

"Here she was wont to go! and here! and here!
Just where those daisies, pinks, and violets grow:
The world may find the spring by following her."

There is some pretty love-play between Robin Hood and Maid Marian; but they are evidently happily married, with their romance behind them, settled down in Sherwood as successful outlaws. Possibly the witch Maulkin suggested to Lord Tennyson the inclusion of "an old woman," reputed witch, among his *dramatis personæ*, though the part played by her does not in the most trifling degree resemble that played by Jonson's—whose pastoral, half English and half classical, as was his wont, we may now, so far as Robin Hood is concerned, dismiss from our minds.

Dr. Garnett, in his preface to the recent reissue of Peacock's delightful *Maid Marian*, fears that there can be little doubt but that Robin Hood was a myth. "The name originally belonged to a mythical forest elf," says his learned authority. An old ballad admits that there was even then some difficulty about the manner of Robin's birth:—

"There's mony ane sings o' grass, o' grass,
And mony ane sings o' corn;
And mony ane sings o' Robin Hood
Kens little whar' he was born;"

but it still leaves him his humanity, if it be humanity illegitimate. Friar Tuck, too, must go, we are told, go pack with Friar Rush. Ah me! However, "a mythical forest elf" is not much use in drama, save, may-be, as an "attendant sprite"; and in dealing with his story Lord Tennyson not only restores Robin his humanity, but also his earldom, thus following the main stream of tradition which makes him Robert Earl of Huntingdon, outlawed for shooting the king's deer. The other characters in *The Foresters* are the old familiar ones, including Sir Richard Lea, who hath one fair daughter, Marian, a dauntless girl in love with Robin Hood. Sir Richard has as little control over her as his prototype, Baron Fitzwater, has over Matilda, in *Peacock*. Bidden to Robin's birthday in the greenwood, she says she means to go:—

"SIR RICHARD: Not if I barred thee up in thy chamber, like a bird in a cage.

"MARIAN: Then would I drop from the casement, like a spider.

"SIR RICHARD: But I would hoist the drawbridge, like thy master.

"MARIAN: And I would swim the moat, like an otter.

"SIR RICHARD: But I would set my men-at-arms to oppose thee, like the Lord of the Castle.

"MARIAN: And I would break through them all like the King of England."

It is just so father and daughter play at draughts in *Peacock*—though in the dropping of the spider Lord Tennyson has, with his usual felicity, found a more exquisite image than any of *Peacock's*. Of course, escape by such desperate fertility of expedient was not *Peacock's* invention, dating back at least to the transformations of Loki, in the Edda.

Well, the other familiar characters also troop in as under other greenwood trees—Friar Tuck, Will Scarlet, Much, the Sheriff of Nottingham, the Abbot who holds Sir Richard Lea's lands in pawn, while the figure of the cunning, lascivious King John haunts the whole plot, and King Richard comes in, as in "*Ivanhoe*," to pronounce the benediction.

Critics, I notice, are already comparing, and of course not favourably, *The Foresters* with "*Ivanhoe*." But that, I think, is to weigh it in the wrong scales. Full-blooded romance or poignant drama were not, apparently, Lord Tennyson's aims. Besides, the latter at least was hardly possible. Where in the blithe, merry story, where men sing songs and crack jests one minute and just as merrily crack skulls the next, where is there opportunity for dramatic intensity? There is hardly room even for characterisation, the *dramatis personæ* have been such well-known types this many a year. *Peacock* had the art to recognise these, and at the same time his own, limitations, when he turned the story into a sort of prose masque, filling it as full of songs as a wood with birds, and at the same time adding a touch of burlesque, lest we should be in danger of thinking his characters meant anything so serious as real romance.

If Englishmen must have their comparisons, let them make them with *Maid Marian* in this case, not with "*Ivanhoe*" and *As You Like It*. For *The Foresters*, like *Maid Marian*, is really a masquerade. The figures are really all actors, who for a time have donned the Lincoln green and "fleet the time carelessly" in the greenwood in a sort of dangerous picnic. It is a mistake to weigh *The Foresters* as "a drama." Lord Tennyson does not describe it so. It is, in fact, a pastoral, on the model of an Elizabethan masque—a dainty piece of convention, in which the characters are types, and the manner prescribed. To morning papers asking in robustious bass of "its power as an acting drama," we reply. Yes, it is actable, as a pastoral play is actable. It

will not harrow up your soul, freeze your young blood, and so on, but it will give you a pleasant woodland entertainment, such as a certain noble lady used to give to her friends—a pleasing English landscape, with graceful figures moving across it, and sweet little bird-like songs in the air.

As in reading one of the Elizabethan masques one's eye always seeks out first the welcome italics, so do we first run through *The Foresters*, picking out the little daisies of song. There are many of them, and one at least as exquisite as any Lord Tennyson has written, this invitation to sleep, first printed, if I remember aright, in *The New Review* some two or three years ago:—

"To sleep! to sleep! the long bright day is done,
And darkness rises from the fallen sun.
To sleep! to sleep!
Whate'er thy joys, they vanish with the day;
Whate'er thy griefs, in sleep they fade away.
To sleep! to sleep!
Sleep, mournful heart, and let the past be past!
Sleep, happy soul! all life will sleep at last.
To sleep! to sleep!"

This type of song, on one or two notes, of which there are several examples scattered through "*The Idylls*," is peculiarly, I think, the property of Lord Tennyson. Birdlike is, I fancy, for once the scientific adjective to apply to it, for the recurrence of the refrain and the changes on one or two simple ideas seem to suggest the very manner of some birds—my ornithology being weak, I will not venture to say which. A call, a call, and then a warble; a call, a call, and then another warble. So, it seems to me, go both the birds and Lord Tennyson's song.

In a song beginning—

"There is no land like England,
Where'er the light of day be;
There are no hearts like English hearts,
Such hearts of oak as they be,"

Lord Tennyson once more exemplifies his well-known poetical thrift, for the song, as has been already pointed out elsewhere, originally appeared so long ago as the 1830 "*Poems, chiefly Lyrical*," and was, with another patriotic song, selected for especial scorn by "Christopher North." Lord Tennyson has made no changes in the body of the song, the two verses being reproduced, word for word, as in 1830; but he has entirely changed the chorus, which was originally in two parts, and ran as follows:—

CHORUS:—"For the French the pope may shrive 'em,
For the devil a whit we heed 'em;
As for the French, God speed 'em
Unto their heart's desire,
And the merry devil drive 'em
Through the water and the fire.

FULL CHORUS:—"Our glory is our freedom,
We lord it o'er the sea;
We are the sons of freedom,
We are free."

It is certainly impossible to plead either against Crusty Christopher or oblivion for these lines, though he might have employed comments a little more civil than "miserable indeed" or "that is drivel." Lord Tennyson has now substituted a chorus more in the spirit of the greenwood.

A plot of italics, from which one expected most, proves somewhat disappointing. But, then, it was no little temeritous for even Lord Tennyson to give us another *Titania*, though he has before now shown himself the modern Fletcher. Robin lies asleep in the wood and dreams of "Mab and of the fairy king." The fairies do not appreciate the outlaws. One by one they come to the queen with complaints—of carriage-frogs crushed, sword and bracken laid waste, daisies done to death—the conventional fairy imagery—and finally suggest the removal of the court to some more secluded

spot. Titania consents, and, after promising the dreaming Robin happiness with Marian, she gives the order to march in a line which at least has all the old Tennysonian dexterity of suiting the rhythm to the action:—"Up with you, all of you, off with you, out of it, over the wood and away!" Surely the very grasshopper flitter of the fairies is in that line at least.

The same dexterity is shown in the romping, ring-a-roses metre of the concluding song, with which the outlaws hail the return of Richard:—

*"Now the king is home again, and never more to roam again,
Now the king is home again, the king will have his own again,
Home again, home again, and each will have his own again,
All the birds in merry Sherwood sing and sing him home again."*

Of the body of the play, one must admit that it sometimes lacks vitality; it kindles all too rarely, and we miss the gusto of the mediæval knock-about comedy. The wit combats are apt to be somewhat of sham-fights, all too easily settled with Shakespearean word-play. But when it does kindle, we get unmistakable passages such as that in which Marian protests her faithful love for Robin. The reader will find several such passages to mark and hibe, and one or two more songs besides, such as the charming little ballad of "Master and Man." But I rather fancy that the play as a whole will act better than it reads, its very verbal frugality being one of the rare characteristics of good acting plays. Room is left for the actors, for acting, not merely for elocution. Lord Tennyson, of course, intended his play for the stage, and doubtless that is why he has been somewhat less of a Chrysostom than usual.

R. LE G.

REVIEWS.

GENEVA, 1792-1816.

E. PICTET. BIOGRAPHIE, TRAVAUX ET CORRESPONDANCE DE E. PICTET DE ROCHEMONT. DÉPUTÉ DE GENÈVE AUPRÈS DU CONGRÈS DE VIENNE. ENVOYÉ DE LA SUISSE À PARIS ET À TURIN. (Geneva: 1892.)

AT first sight it would seem that this book had an interest only for Genevese or at least Swiss readers, but this would be an error. The little Republic, which in former times had played so prominent a part as the cradle of the reformed creed was drawn, like so many larger States, into the whirlpool of the French Revolution, was annexed by the Convention, and recovered its independence as a canton of the Swiss Confederation at the Congress of Vienna. Pictet de Rochemont, who in 1790 had been elected Chief of the Police, had to share the fate of his city. He represented it diplomatically later on, and thus was brought into contact with most of the eminent men of his times. His biography and correspondence thus turns out to be an important contribution to the history of that eventful period.

The first interesting part of these memoirs is the true account of the atrocious means by which the annexation of Geneva was brought about, a tale rather different from that which French historians give. Thiers in his "History of the French Revolution" observes simply: "La ville de Genève fut réunie à la France." Henri Martin is nearly as laconic: "La réunion de Genève fut votée sous la pression du Directoire." Pictet shows how the matter really was. The Swiss aristocratic cantons were, of course, hostile to the Parisian revolutionists, the more so as the Swiss guard at the Bastille had been foully murdered. Geneva at that time did not belong to the Confederation, but had treaties of defensive alliance with Zürich and Berne. Savoy having been overrun by General Montesquieu, it was but natural that the little Republic asked for the protection of the stronger cantons, if its neutrality should not be respected: this was the pretext of the Convention for playing

the fable of the lamb and the wolf. They declared that the reception of Swiss troops by Geneva would be considered as an act of hostility to France. The French Resident even, in violation of all international usage, issued a proclamation that the personal security of the citizens and their property would be respected, but that France demanded the punishment of the perverse authorities, traitors to their city, who had required the protection of Berne and Zürich. The real intention is shown by several letters communicated by Pictet. The Minister of War, Servan, writes to Montesquieu: "There are 20,000 good muskets in Geneva which we want; the city must be taken by force or by capitulation; you must make of it the bulwark of France," and Clavière scolds the General about his scruples. "Why make so much fuss with this little band of haberdashers and jobbers (*agioteurs*); I would throw Geneva into the lake by bombs, and invite the praiseworthy Cantons to fish it out." Although the whole population was animated by a patriotic spirit, and resolved to defend its independence, it was thought more prudent to save neutrality by letting the Swiss troops withdraw, whilst Montesquieu did as much as regarded his troops encamped before Geneva; but for this he was denounced in the Convention as a traitor corrupted by Genevese aristocrats, and obliged to fly for his life. French emissaries were introduced into the city, who got up a mob assembly styling themselves, "Assemblée Nationale Gènevoise," and a revolutionary tribunal was established, which condemned several of the most honourable citizens to death as aristocrats. Plunder and anarchy followed; the town, moreover, was besieged by French troops, until the famished inhabitants were obliged to surrender, and forced to express the wish to be united to France; and to the fate of France it was chained till Napoleon's sway came to an end.¹

After the French troops had left the city, in December, 1813, a committee of twenty-two patriotic citizens took the government in their hands. Their first move was to send delegates to the Allied Sovereigns in order to apply for protection. Pictet was amongst them, and in this capacity made at Basle the acquaintance of the famous Baron Stein, who then was at the height of his influence and popularity, and at once told him that Geneva had to stick to Switzerland, and was to form a new canton of the Confederation. The delegates quite shared that opinion, but insisted that it was necessary to enlarge somewhat their territory in order to give Geneva a good frontier towards France and Savoy. This was promised in general terms; but, unfortunately, it was not definitively settled at this moment, although the three Sovereigns gave the most friendly assurances for the welfare of the Republic. In the meantime Pictet accepted the proposal of Stein, then chief of the Administration of the conquered territories, to remain with him as his secretary, thus being at the source of the great European questions and able to be useful to his country. In this capacity he followed the Allies in their French campaign, and became a very influential man; but the Emperor Alexander allowed himself to be led away by the flatteries of Talleyrand to show, before all, magnanimity towards the vanquished. The consequence was, for the Swiss, that the cession of the Pays de Gex, which had already been decided upon in principle, was revoked, and the question of an addition to their territory on the Savoy side remained in suspense. The first Treaty of Paris only stipulated that henceforth Geneva was to form an integral part of the Swiss Confederation. The negotiations in Paris and at the Congress of Vienna, which we can follow in Pictet's letters, are anything but edifying.² Statesmen and Sovereigns seemed to

¹ Napoleon disliked the Genevese; he thought them "too well informed, and too much dissatisfied (*frondeurs*). When he heard of their defection, he threatened that they should pay dearly for their rebellion.

² Pictet speaks of "the sight which I have within my observation of certain usurped reputations, lost prestiges, great services rewarded by ungratefulness, neglected merits, and slandered virtues."

think much more of amusement than of affairs—besides, Lord Castlereagh was indifferent, Prince Metternich showed complete ignorance and his habitual levity, so that Prussia was left alone in supporting the Swiss claims. The union between the Allied Powers was soon broken by the disputes about Saxony and Poland, and Talleyrand with consummate ability availed himself of this breach for re-establishing the influence of France. It will always seem astounding that the other Powers allowed the iron front of Napoleon's former most unscrupulous Minister to assume the position of champion of legitimacy, playing a part to which the actual power of France gave not even a semblance of reality. But such being the case, and Talleyrand being particularly hostile to Geneva,¹ which had been annexed when he was Minister of Foreign Affairs under the Directory, Pictet soon saw that at Vienna their claims for the Pays de Gex had no chance. Talleyrand even tried to secure, by an underhand intrigue with the Sardinian Minister, the city of Carouge for France, which would have placed the French at the gates of Geneva, a manœuvre which, however, fell flat before the unanimous resistance of all the other Powers. The Genevise delegates in this condition had to struggle the more for obtaining a better southern frontier, and this they secured at last; the King of Sardinia consented to cede a number of villages to the Republic, and the Congress decided that the northern cantons of Savoy, Chablais, and Faucigny should enjoy the same neutrality as stipulated for Switzerland.

Fortunately the return of Napoleon ameliorated the position of Geneva; the second Treaty of Paris, 1815, stipulated the contiguity of the twenty-second canton with Switzerland by giving it six French communes, and the Treaty of Turin (March 16th, 1816) supplemented this arrangement by connecting with the territory of the Republic the former enclaves on the left shore of the lake.

Certainly this settlement did not achieve all that was to be desired for giving good strategical frontiers to Switzerland; the Allied Powers neglected to strike the iron when it was still hot, and afterwards showed culpable neglect by yielding to French intrigues. But this was assuredly not the fault of the Genevise delegates; on the contrary, in following the negotiations as set forth in this volume, one cannot but feel struck by the ability and tenacity of purpose with which they pursued their aim.

It has been said with truth that the importance of a diplomatist is the combined product of the power of the State which he represents and of the personal talent with which he serves the interests of his country. Pictet had no political power to second his efforts; he could only rely upon the intrinsic merits of his cause and the talent with which he defended it. This was universally acknowledged by the esteem with which he was treated. He took his place among the representatives of the Great Powers with the modesty becoming to his position, but with a firmness inspired by the cause which he defended. Initiated as he was in all the questions of that time, his correspondence and diaries are very instructive for the historian, and well worth perusing even for the general reader.² The more so as they have been excellently arranged by the editor, M. Edmond Pictet, who shows himself a perfect master of the materials from which this work has been compiled.

¹ The Marquis de Noailles had even the impudence to declare that Geneva might deem itself fortunate that the King of France had not asked to retain the territory of the Republic as a compensation for the surrender of Savoy, as if Louis XVIII. had been in a position to ask for anything, when he returned by the good-will of the Allied Powers! Personally, however, Talleyrand was polite to the Genevise delegates, inviting them frequently to dinner.

² The book abounds in curious anecdotes, amongst which we may quote some sayings of Talleyrand in an after-dinner conversation on Napoleon. "Bonaparte est l'homme le plus corrompu qui ait jamais vécu, c'est l'être le plus astucieux, le plus fourbe. Son essence était la ruse. Tout l'indiquait en lui. Lorsqu'il marche, tout son corps se meut comme un composé d'anneaux; il a la franchise des reptiles comme il en a la ruse." He also maintained that he was essentially a coward and constantly afraid of being assassinated.

LODGE'S HISTORY OF BOSTON.

HISTORIC TOWNS: BOSTON. By Henry Cabot Lodge.
London: Longmans.

AMONG American cities, Boston is that which best deserves to have its annals written. It is, if not quite the oldest settlement, yet the oldest which has been throughout and is still of any considerable note or consequence. It has played a greater part than any other in the history of the country. It has more conspicuously than any other embodied a definite spirit and tendency, which, although now greatly weakened, are not wholly extinct. It has given birth to, or has at least been associated with, by far the largest number of eminent men. In all these points it stands ahead of any British city except London and Edinburgh, and has, if we look only at the two and a half centuries which have passed since its foundation, few rivals among the cities of Continental Europe. The interest of its history, however, is almost purely political, social, and literary, scarcely at all municipal. We do not merely mean that it remained nothing more than a town, *i.e.*, a township governed by a primary assembly of all citizens (meeting, as a rule, only twice or thrice a year), and choosing its select men as executive officers, down to 1822, when it became organised as a city under a charter creating a Common Council and Board of Aldermen. What we mean is that the significance of its history lies not in events connected with its own municipal constitution and government, but in the part which its citizens played in the struggles of the State of Massachusetts and of the nation. Boston as a community was a potent factor in both of these; but the internal conflicts of her own government, both before and since she obtained incorporation as a city, offer, until recent years, comparatively little to engage the reader's attention.

Founded in 1630, Boston quickly outstripped the older settlements of Plymouth and Salem, and soon grew, in respect of her good harbour, her advantageous site on an easily defensible peninsula, and her central position in the middle of the eastern coast of the colony, to be not only the largest, but in every way the leading town in Massachusetts. She shared in the early vicissitudes of the colony; suffered through losses of her inhabitants during the great Indian war, though the enemy never reached her own walls; was convulsed by ecclesiastical strife; persecuted witches, though much less fiercely than Salem did; and, as being the seat of government, was specially concerned in the struggle which Massachusetts maintained for its rights of self-government under the last Stuarts. When the colonies began to resent the proceedings of George III.'s ministers, Boston, being then the foremost town on the whole American coast, bore a leading part in the resistance, and was the scene of some of the most dramatic incidents that marked the outbreak of the Revolution. She suffered heavily in the first fighting of the war; but after her evacuation by Howe, in March, 1776, was left at rest during the hostilities of the years that followed. Mr. Lodge tells us that the great majority of the leading families were Tories, attached to the British connection, and that most of these departed with the British troops. Their places were filled by an influx of new but respectable families from the surrounding country; and so it came to pass that though Boston continued to have an aristocracy, that which flourished from 1776 onwards was a sort of second growth, but slightly related in blood to the magnates who had disappeared with Howe. Reduced by the siege of 1776 to a population of little more than ten thousand, the town began slowly to recover, increased her commerce rapidly during the great war between France and England, suffered terribly by Jefferson's embargo, recovered rapidly after the peace of 1814, and in 1821 decided that her forty thousand people required a regular municipal government. The sixty years since then have brought four great changes

with them. One is the large addition to the area of the city made by the reclamation of land from shallow waters which washed the north-west shore of the peninsula. A second is an enormous increase of population. Boston has now nearly half a million inhabitants within her municipal limits, and another half million in the adjoining cities and towns, which have become virtually her suburbs. The third is the change in the character of the population, one-half of which now consists of persons of foreign birth or parentage. Of these the large majority are Irish. And the fourth is the vast accumulation of wealth in the hands of the upper commercial class, which has made Boston one of the most important centres of capital in North America, one might almost say, in the world. Of the money which has been invested in land schemes, in mines, and above all in railways, in the West, a very large part comes from Boston. With the expansion of her population, Boston has had to encounter the usual transatlantic evils of municipal government. Mr. Lodge, though he refers to these evils, passes very lightly over them, perhaps because his own political eminence in Massachusetts imposes on him a certain reticence; but as they seem to have been full of instruction this silence is much to be regretted. One would like to know what experiments have been tried in an exceptionally intelligent and public-spirited city to check the now too familiar mischiefs that flow from the vote of ignorant masses, and how far these experiments, which have been numerous in America, have succeeded in the most historic of American cities.

With this serious omission, Mr. Lodge has discharged his function as chronicler in a very satisfactory way. He writes clearly and agreeably, avoiding partisanship, though himself a keen party man; and he is thoroughly at home in the history of his State. We could have wished he had given us more about the town and city as an organised community, and somewhat less about the general course of history; and we should have liked in particular fuller details as to the topography of old Boston and the process of its growth. However, the book is a good one, not unworthy of the high reputation which its author has won in the field of historical letters.

LATIN LITERATURE.

TEUFFEL'S HISTORY OF ROMAN LITERATURE. Revised and enlarged by Ludwig Schwabe. Authorised translation from the fifth German edition. By George C. W. Warr, M.A., Professor of Classical Literature in King's College, London. London: Bell & Sons. Vol. I., 1891; Vol. II., 1892.

"TEUFFEL'S History of Roman Literature" is by far the fullest manual of the subject in existence. It was first translated into English in 1873, by Dr. Wilhelm Wagner. Since that time the German original has, in successive editions, grown both in volume and in importance. The appearance of a revised English translation from the fifth edition is evidence not only of the interest felt in the subject by English scholars and students, but also of the high value which they set upon Teuffel's work. It is evidence also, to a certain extent, of the fact that, whether by choice or necessity, we are beginning to acquiesce in a treatment of literary history which may be characterised as German rather than French or English. The main element in this treatment is not criticism of style or the exhibition of historical sequence, but knowledge of facts. The beginning of the nineteenth century was the age rather of genius than of research; at least, research was then to a great extent inspired by genius. The end of the nineteenth century has little really good to show in the way of serious imaginative writing. Our serious effort is thrown rather into the work of collecting facts, the materials for a new synthesis, which, it is to be hoped, a distant future may perhaps bring into being.

In point of form, Teuffel's work resembles that of his predecessors in the same walk, Bähr and Bern-

hardy. The history and criticism are set out in large print in an interrupted series of paragraphs. The interruption is caused by the insertion after each paragraph of a mass of notes, in which the evidence is quoted of the statements made in the text, and references are given to the most important modern works bearing upon that evidence. This being the system once for all accepted in Germany, it is plain that, as time goes on, the bulk of subsidiary notes must increase, until it tends to throw the original matter into the shade. As the present edition of Teuffel's work by Schwabe brings the references up to date, and hardly omits the mention of anything, great or small, recently written on Latin literature, it is not too much to say that the book is valuable more as a store of learned information than as a literary history in the proper sense. At no time, indeed, was criticism the strong point of Teuffel's book. His own remarks are confined to a sober and necessary *minimum*. His work is not so much a history as a collection of materials for history: a chronological dictionary of Latin literature. But by a careful reading of the ancient authorities cited in Teuffel's notes, a student will be able to form for himself a very sound notion of what ancient Latin literature was, of the thing produced and the world that produced it. And this is much. An original impression based upon the evidence, even if it never takes shape in writing, is worth a great deal. The German book before us is at least written with full knowledge; our tendency in England is to write before we think, and to think before we know.

Apart from the great works illustrating Roman law, the structure of which rose upon the foundation of the ancient *formulae* by the continual accumulation of precedent on precedent, Latin literature was great in the two lines of poetry and oratory. Whether, as Teuffel will have it, dramatic poetry was the strong point of the Latins, there is not evidence now to determine. But too much, we think, is made by the historian of what Cicero calls the *gravitas* and *constantia* of the Romans as unfavourable to their literature. When Cicero, at the beginning of his "Tusculan Disputations," lays stress upon these qualities, he is thinking of the Greeks, and their want of seriousness and persistency in public life. The Italian character, it must be remembered (though the Latin writers do not dwell on this point), had passion enough in it to produce a style of poetry and oratory all its own. Or will it be denied that fire and intensity were lacking to Gaius Gracchus, the younger Scipio, Lucretius, Catullus, Cicero, Tacitus? It may well be that there was less restraint and classical tone in the best speeches addressed to the republican senate of Rome than in those listened to by the Athenian *ecclesia* in its great days.

For history and philosophy, in the proper sense of those words, the Romans had little serious turn. As for history, they had a far too deep-seated belief in their own greatness, their religious feeling, their mission of victory tempered with mercy, their genius for government, their ideas of political freedom, and the rest, to require any written proof of these qualities. Their historians were called upon, not to demonstrate facts, but to adorn literature. In philosophy it was perhaps impossible, under the circumstances, that Italy should improve much upon what had been done by Greece. The Greeks had gone far towards exhausting the metaphysical *formulae* which were adequate to the then existing state of knowledge. Nothing short of an entirely new intellectual departure would have started philosophy upon a new course.

It was, then, the sense of form, of classical beauty, which governed the development of Latin literature. The passion for the national literature and for its improvement, which inspired the thoughts of men like Cicero and Livy, had its reward. One of the most beautiful languages ever spoken was brought to perfection by their efforts. This language was the instrument through which a new poetry and prose spoke

to the world, communicating things new and old, new and wider ideas of politics and life, old forms of philosophy in a fresh garb, destined to be inherited and absorbed by the mind of Western Europe.

This seems, speaking very briefly, to be the general course of Latin literary history. Those who wish to study it in the original authorities can wish for no safer guide than Dr. Teuffel.

It only remains to be said of Professor Warr's translation that, so far as we have examined it, it appears to be perfectly scholarly and faithful, and in all respects a great improvement upon Dr. Wagner's rendering of 1873. It is, however, to be wished that Mr. Warr had entirely cleared his English style of Germanisms. Such expressions as *scoptic* for *jocular* or *satirical*, *high-tone* for *acute accent*, *beast-fable* for *fable of animal life*, *corporal peculiarities* for *personal peculiarities*, are neither English nor German: they belong, indeed, to no language whatever.

PHYSICS IN THEORY AND APPLICATION.

POPULAR LECTURES AND ADDRESSES. By Sir William Thomson, LL.D., F.R.S., F.R.S.E., etc. Vol. i.—Constitution of Matter (second edition). Vol. iii.—Navigational Affairs. London: Macmillan & Co.

"GOOD wine needs no bush," and a book on scientific subjects by the first Lord Kelvin is above criticism. We like, however, to know beforehand what the vintage is even when we have every confidence in our host's cellar. The first of these volumes is a reprint of the first edition, which appeared two years ago, with the addition of a note by Lord Rayleigh on the thickness of oil films required to check the motion of camphor in water, and a recantation by the author of a view previously expressed about the ultimate motion of elastic molecules.

The third volume is essentially practical, and occasionally somewhat technical; it will, however, appeal to a large class of readers who don't care how big an atom is or how long the sun has been hot. We can strongly recommend this book as a travelling-companion to anyone undertaking a voyage, even if it should exclude the latest popular novel. Its lucid pages will explain many things on shipboard that have been mysteries to him before, as well as draw his attention to others previously unnoticed. Whether he is interested in the causes of the tide which is carrying the ship out of port, or the art by which the pilot guides her through an intricate channel, or the formation of the beautiful waves which he sees in the ship's wake, it is all here. When the excitement of betting on the ship's run begins to pall, he may get up the method of "dead reckoning" by the Massey or the Dutchman's log, or he may read the clear explanation of Captain Sumner's method of determining the ship's position. Many an old sailor would be the wiser for reading it, and still more so if he adopted it. From a single altitude observation we can determine a certain circle—a "Sumner" line—on which the ship lies. To facilitate the practice of Sumner's method, Lord Kelvin has himself prepared tables for use at sea.

Another proof that the author can take up no subject, practical or otherwise, without effecting improvements in it is supplied by his mariner's compass. When his attention was drawn to it in 1874 by a request from the editor of *Good Words* to write an article on it, he found the compasses in use so unsatisfactory that, rather than describe them, he postponed the completion of the article for five years—in fact, until he had remedied their defects. One very serious defect was "liveliness"—i.e., unsteadiness. The proper remedy for this was to make the time of swing longer. How little this was known was shown by the fact that the Admiralty "J" card (for use in stormy weather) was weighted near its centre, so that the friction on the bearing point was increased. Other methods were, making the

bearing point blunt by means of a hammer, and filling the bowl with brick-dust. These are hardly less scientific than the Admiralty method. Sir W. Thomson obtained the required result by using needles of small magnetic moment, and consequently swinging slowly, attached to a very light card, so that the friction at the pivot was very small. The weight of his card is only about a seventeenth that of the ordinary 10-inch compass. In connection with the compass some highly interesting extracts from Captain Creak's recently published paper, "The Mariner's Compass in Modern Vessels of War," are given. It had been observed for some time that on approaching shore in certain localities the compass was liable to extraordinary disturbances. Doubt had been cast on this fact, as it seemed impossible that any magnetic rocks in the visible land could produce appreciable disturbances; it had been overlooked that the disturbances might be due to magnetic rocks very near, but submerged sufficiently for the largest vessels to sail over them. That this is the true explanation is now established by the detailed observations made from H.M.S. *Medea* in 1885 near the port of Cossack in North Australia, and in the same place by H.M.S. *Penguin* last November. The compass needle of the *Medea* was deflected through as much as 30° over a distance of half a mile when sailing in eight fathoms of water, with the visible land three miles off. The greatest deflection in the case of the *Penguin* was 50°, and the centre of disturbance a little over a mile from the *Medea's*.

Another great practical improvement effected by the author is the substitution of pianoforte wire for hempen rope for sounding purposes; deep-sea sounding, we mean. By using the wire, a sounding can be taken in a much shorter time; for moderate depths, the ship may steam ahead at ten or twelve knots while the line is being got on board. Sounding at 2,000 fathoms by the new method is easier and surer than at 500 fathoms by the old; also depths up to 4,000 fathoms, quite unattainable by means of rope, can be sounded by the wire. The immense advantage in being able to take soundings rapidly and surely is so obvious that it seems strange even to one accustomed to the ways of the Admiralty that the *Challenger* should have been allowed to go to sea without the wire, even though the author had assured the Admiralty of its success. "When you have your apparatus perfected we may be willing to try it," was the reply. The proposal was treated by the American Navy Department in a very different spirit.

How often have we smiled pityingly when our non-scientific friends have spoken about the influence of the moon on the weather. But, like that of Horatio, our philosophy has been too narrow, and we may learn a little humility when we read that we were wrong after all. As far back as 1841, Dr. Rattray, of the surveying ship *Fly*, noticed that gales were remarkably prevalent in the neighbourhood of Torres Straits when the moon was new, and when it was full. He also noticed that at spring tides a very large area of coral-reef was uncovered at low water, and, becoming highly heated, produced the gales in question. This shows that the moon in some localities has an indirect effect on the weather. To those who are acquainted with the tides of North-West Europe only, where the semi-diurnal tide is the all-important one, the results deduced from Staff-Commander Archdeacon's observations at Fremantle, Western Australia, will be very interesting. Here, at certain seasons, the diurnal tide predominates over the semi-diurnal, and the differences of mean-level are so great that the low-waters of March and April are generally higher than the high-waters of September and October.

Perhaps the most interesting lecture of all is the most recent. It was read before the Institution of Mechanical Engineers, and gives an account of the waves seen in the wake of a ship. We learn that, alas! the pleasure we feel in watching the ever-lengthening procession of waves must be paid for.

"We can't eat our cake and have it," which is an old-fashioned way of enunciating the conservation of energy. More than fifty years ago, a horse employed to draw one of the fly-boats on the Glasgow and Ardrossan Canal discovered that it was much easier to draw the boat at a certain rate, or above it, than below it. Mr. Scott Russell showed that this critical rate is that of the propagation of the "long" wave in the canal. When this rate is exceeded, the resistance is diminished, and the canal banks are no longer devastated by the wash, but the beautiful waves have disappeared. In the formation of the procession of waves, energy was consumed, and the resistance was consequently greater.

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD'S NEW POEMS.

POTIPHAR'S WIFE, AND OTHER POEMS. By Sir Edwin Arnold. London: Longmans, Green & Co. 1892.

WHATEVER else may be said of Sir Edwin Arnold's poetry, it always succeeds when it deals with outlandish subjects in producing an illusion of strangeness.

"Red lilies glitter in the grass,"

and the Musmee trips along with her

"smooth soft cheeks
Carved out of sun-burned ivory";

while her

"girdle holds her silver pipe,
And heavy swing her long silk sleeves,
With cakes, love-letters, *mikan* ripe,
Small change, musk-bag, and writing leaves."

So marked is this novelty in the larger portion of Sir Edwin's new volume, that it conceals the characteristic defects of his verse—its diffuseness and indifferent ease. The Egyptian and Japanese *vers de société* are among the most delightful things Sir Edwin has done. "To a Pair of Egyptian Slippers" is a right pendant to Smith's "Address to an Egyptian Mummy." With less pomp and more familiarity than the older poem it suggests a domestic Egypt of *trousseaux* and parlour-games—the country which Robert Louis Stevenson's little friend wished to visit,

"And in a corner find the toys
Of the old Egyptian boys;"

and the moralising is not too severe.

"But vainly I beat at the bars of the Past,
Little green slippers with golden strings!
For all you can tell is that leather will last
When loves, and delightings, and beautiful things
Have vanished, forgotten—No! not quite that!
I catch some gleam of the grace you wore
When you finished with Life's daily pit-a-pat,
And left your shoes at Death's bedroom door."

This is very pleasant, in spite of the too sudden transition from an apostrophe of the shoes to an apostrophe of their wearer. Is there not also an indistinctness of meaning in the last line? Surely the lady died in her own bedroom!

"And Death took your shoes from your bedroom door,"

would have a recognisable significance, though still unsatisfactory.

"The Grateful Foxes" is a Japanese story in the Japanese manner. The fox in Japanese fable must be only a Highland cousin of the European Reynard: undistinguished in craft, the only quality he has in common with his occidental relation is medicinal. From the time of Pliny the fox was for several centuries a panacea. His flesh, his blood, his lungs, his liver, his lights, powdered or baked or boiled, were sovereign remedies for wounds and bruises and putrefying sores, and all internal diseases. In Japan also his liver "sliced and dried, and well powdered down," was "sovereign physic for a fever brew." (How does one cure a fever? Sir Edwin yields too easily to the exigencies of rhyme.) Therefore when the beautiful O Haru San fell ill, a fox was required. The hunters failed to secure one but at last a dog-

fox was found lying dead with the following inscription round his neck:—

"'Tis my husband here:
For his child he gives his liver
To the princess dear:
I, his very lowly wife, have brought it."

The princess had once saved a fox-cub from the tender mercies of some ragamuffin boys. We must not forget to remark on the heroic conduct of the common soldier, Itô. When all the other watchers at the princess's bedside had fallen asleep through enchantment, he kept himself awake by plunging a dagger into his thigh, and giving it a twist whenever he felt drowsy. By this means he detected a were-wolf in the act of sucking O Haru San's breath, and wrung from it the secret of the cure. Remembering the vigour of Japanese art, one is not surprised at Itô's vigorous anti-soporific.

Of the delightful "'No' Dance" it is almost needless to speak; from its recent appearance in the *Contemporary Review* it is quite fresh in the memories of all who care for verse. It is "good" to have watched O Tsuru San

"Deftly pace this with little lifted feet
Shod in the white silk *tabi*."

The measure and the treatment of the title-poem suggest comparison with Shakespeare's "Venus and Adonis"; but there is an open-air frankness in the purely animal love of Venus which is quite absent from the chamber wantonness of Asenath. The subject is treated with some firmness, and there are admirable descriptive passages in "Potiphar's Wife," but we very much prefer the lighter poems: they well sustain Sir Edwin's reputation.

FICTION.

1. GRANIA: The Story of an Island. By the Hon. Emily Lawless. Two vols. London: Smith, Elder & Co. 1892.
2. MISS MEREWETHER'S MONEY. By Thomas Cobb. Two vols. London: Ward & Downey. 1892.
3. DUNWELL PARVA. By Reginald Lucas. One vol. London and New York: Frederick Warne & Co. 1892.

"For the rest," writes Miss Lawless, at the conclusion of her dedicatory note to "Grania," "they are but melancholy places, these Aran Isles of ours. . . and the following pages have caught their full share—something, perhaps, more than their full share—of that gloom. That this is an artistic fault no one can doubt; yet there are times—are there not?—when it does not seem so very easy to exaggerate the amount of gloom which life is any day and every day quite willing to bestow." Indeed, "Grania" is a sad—a finely pathetic story; but its author need not fear that it is inartistic. There is in it no trace of exaggeration, no sign of strain, no clumsy accumulation of adjectives, no hyphenated hysterical writing. It has the same truth as a picture by Millet and the same poetry. It is written with a calmness and sanity that carry conviction with them.

The scene of the story is in Inishmaan, the central island of the group. The Aran Isles are not favoured by Nature. They are composed absolutely of rock; there is no earth but what has been placed there artificially and laboriously; warmth and sunlight, that make other lands bright, are not welcome here. Fine weather means ruin to the Aranite:—

"The earth, so laboriously collected, begins to crack; his wells—there are practically no streams—run dry; his beasts perish before his eyes; his potatoes lie out bare and half-baked upon the stones; his oats—these are not cut, but plucked bodily by hand out of the sands—wither to the ground; he has no stock, nothing to send to the mainland in return for those necessities which he gets from there, nothing to pay his rent with; worse than all, he has actually to fetch the water he requires to drink in casks and barrels from the opposite shore."

The nature of the hero of the story, Murdough

Blake, is as barren and arid as these "wind-worn, wind-tormented islands." We are told that in this he was not exceptional. He was betrothed to the heroine Grania O'Malley. He had no romantic feeling about it; he was not in love with her; he did not make love to her. "Physiologically—you would have said to look at him—he was of the very material out of which an emotional animal is made, and yet—explain the matter how you like—he was not in the least an emotional animal, or rather his emotional activity was used up in quite other directions than the particular form called love-making." Miss Lawless refers to the theory that love would be less felt if it were less talked about. In Ireland love is not discussed, and marriages are very much matters of arrangement—commercial arrangement. But, as it happened, Grania O'Malley was by no means particular; stifled though she was by the restraints which prevailed—the conventional customs that did not permit of an outburst of affection even from a wife to her husband—she loved Murdough Blake intensely, ardently. He was lazy, drunken, extravagant, in some ways cowardly; she had endurance, courage, great physical strength, devotion to a sense of right. She was not treated lovingly by him, though he was betrothed to her; she knew and hated his vices; but yet he was good to look at, and she loved him. The struggle and storm in Grania's heart are admirably described and illustrated. She knew nothing by hearsay or observation of love, and her own experiences puzzled her. This—the main thread of the story—is connected with sentiment, but "Grania" could not be called a sentimental book, there is nothing morbid about it. It is a work of singular beauty and pathos. Its conclusion is unhappy, from the conventional point of view, but we fancy that no happier conclusion could, artistically, have been devised. The note of restrained sadness which is the key-note of the whole story reminds us of the work of Mr. Gissing. But "Grania" is more poetical and less sordid.

It is a little irritating to turn from "Grania" to such a book as "Miss Merewether's Money"; for although the latter is not artistic work, we would not do less than justice to the mean little merits it possesses, and "Grania" is just the book to make a reader thoroughly impatient of the average novel. "Miss Merewether's Money" depends for its chief attraction upon its ingenuity, and we own at once that the idea on which the story turns is devised and worked out with a certain cunning. Many of its characters seem to have been suggested by people in the novels of Dickens. One can trace the effects of "Great Expectations," "Martin Chuzzlewit," "David Copperfield"; we do not dream of implying that there is any direct plagiarism, but "Miss Merewether's Money" certainly seems to have been influenced by recollections. There is no fresh observation, and indeed, in more than one place, in dealing with real life the author shows marked and considerable ignorance. The weakest spot in the story arises from the great improbability that the heroine, a girl of high character, would conceal her part in what was only a well-meant practical joke, when by such concealment she exposes the hero, whom she loves, to a charge of theft, and leads Miss Merewether to do just exactly what the heroine does not wish her to do. However, in spite of its inconsistencies and improbabilities, "Miss Merewether's Money" is a story with a plot, a cunning plot, and for that reason will find its readers. Yet, if the book is to rank merely as a puzzle, we must point out that it is published in two volumes and sold at the normal price, whereas better puzzles may be purchased in the street for one penny.

We have to expect that many such books as "Dunwell Parva" will yet appear. The fashion of the story with a religious purpose dies hard, and we have no reason to believe that the popularity of Miss Edna Lyall has at present decreased. We should imagine that the religious or ethical novel can now be written with a certain facility. You take an

Agnostic—a Socialist will do equally well—argue with him, put him into very hot water, make him suffer, strain off his political or irreligious opinions, and serve cold. There is no particular reason why this kind of story should not be written, as long as its authors do not imagine that it has anything whatever to do with literature. We can even conceive of the nursery or schoolroom where it might, ethically, be beneficial, although we doubt if any permanent good is to be expected from a moral lesson which depends for its force on the experiences of imaginary characters. Sooner or later the reader is bound to see that those experiences, the ground of the lesson, are only made-up and not real, and the lesson, excellent though it may be, loses all conviction. However, "Dunwell Parva" is not a bad specimen of its class, although we do not care for the class. It is distinctly less dull than "Donovan"; its moral lesson has a liberal coating of romance, pleasantly and impressively told. It is just the kind of book that, if it had not wanted to do good, might have done it.

THE JOCKEY CLUB.

THE JOCKEY CLUB AND ITS FOUNDERS IN THREE PERIODS. By Robert Black, M.A., Author of "Horse Racing in France," etc. London: Smith, Elder & Co.

THE object of this work, as the author tells us in his preface, is to present a sketch, historical and biographical, of the Jockey Club and its members, its acquisition and exercise of authority, and its principal legislative work from its foundation to the present day. The writer has obviously taken great pains to verify the statements, and a good story from Horace Walpole is told to illustrate the necessity of accuracy. Two highly connected Members of Parliament, both, however, "addicted to gambling and rioting," had been thrown into prison in Paris on account of some very disreputable conduct. The Speaker vigorously denounced the club to which they belonged, which was regarded as the nursing mother of aristocratic gamblers and reprobates, but Lord Coke, who seems to have been specially addressed as the supposed arch-priest of the club, turned the tables by observing that neither of the gentlemen who were the object of Mr. Speaker's violent denunciation was a member of the club, but both, he believed, were Members of the House of Commons. Mr. Black has accordingly been at great pains to verify all his statements.

Quite a formidable list of books of a very varied character is given in the preface, comprising the chief authorities to which the author has referred. These include, in addition to works devoted to racing matters, the "Calendar of State Papers," "Horace Walpole's Letters," "Cobbett's Parliamentary History," and "Hansard's Debates."

The "History of the Club" is divided into three periods, the first beginning with 1750, when its existence first received public notice in the *Sporting Calendar*. In those days it would appear that the Club had no particular programme, its main purpose being to enable its members to have a good time at Newmarket. The story how the Jockey Club first obtained a local habitation and laid the foundation of the work of turf legislation is told in the sixth chapter, which concludes the first period. The second period extends from 1773 to 1835, when for the first time was published that list of members of the Jockey Club which has ever since been annual. The third period is from 1835 to the present time. Many are the amusing anecdotes and curious pieces of information which are to be found in this volume. Thus we are told of a provision in Lord Chesterfield's will that if his successor should keep race-horses or hounds or resort to Newmarket races, etc., he should forfeit £5,000 to the Dean and Chapter of Westminster—a body specially chosen by the testator because he had found them so hard that they would be sure to exact the penalty to the utmost farthing. We hear of the "high jinks" of His Royal Highness about 1790, when he would post to Newmarket with the illustrious Charles James Fox (the statesman and orator), one on the near leader, the other on the near wheeler of the four horses, with the two jolly post-boys inside, and doubtless reflecting that it is "a mad world, my masters." We learn how Sir John Lade, to whom Dr. Johnson addressed some severe verses on his coming of age, managed to win a wager that he would carry a big man twice round the Steyne at Brighton by ingeniously alleging at the last moment that the bargain was to carry the man, but not his clothes, and calling on him to strip. In the conclusion of the work, Mr. Black very freely expresses his opinion of the shortcomings of the Jockey Club until it takes for its motto "Delenda est Corona," and ceases to give facilities to the Ring for plying its questionable trade; it is, Mr. Black considers, ridiculous to expect that it will obtain from the Legislature the charter which is complacently claimed for it. The work is certainly pleasant reading, and is, in many respects, instructive.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.*

PIERRE LOTI's exquisitely tender "Book of Pity and of Death" has just been rendered into English—with, on the whole, remarkable success and sympathetic insight—by Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M.P. It is a supremely difficult task to reflect the grace of the fashion of a writer like Pierre Loti in our comparatively prosaic mother tongue, for French is pre-eminently the language of sentiment, and sentiment of a subtle and imaginative kind pervades this charming volume. Mr. O'Connor has not altogether surmounted the difficulty, for he is occasionally betrayed into bold and inadequate expressions which scarcely convey the delicate shades of meaning of the original. Yet this translation is able, and is certain to prove welcome to those who cannot read the French text for themselves. Pierre Loti at the outset states that the book is more his real self than anything which he has hitherto written, and it is easy to trace on every page the formative influence of his own individuality. The lights and shadows of existence, the pathos and passion of human struggle and endeavour, and the baffled power of love in the presence of the tragedy of death, are all depicted in that apparently unpremeditated and artless way which is the perfection of art. There are passages in the book which are slightly morbid, and Pierre Loti sometimes lingers to the verge of exaggeration on some plaintive note, but the book is nevertheless charged with true and deep emotion, and only those who are quite indifferent to the finer sympathies of life could possibly read a sketch like "Aunt Claire leaves us" without responsive feeling. There are other sketches in this choice volume which reveal a deep and almost startling acquaintance with phases of life with which neither poets nor moralists usually intermeddle. The "Story of Two Cats," for instance, is not at first sight a very promising theme, and yet ere it closes Pierre Loti's spell is upon the reader, and the final impression left by the record is, by virtue of its delicacy no less than its depth, a veritable triumph of art.

The characteristics of "The Royal Guide to the London Charities," a handbook of reference so long associated with the name of Herbert Fry, are so well known that it is almost enough merely to chronicle the appearance of the twenty-eighth annual edition. In less than three hundred pages a clear and concise account is given of a vast number of benevolent institutions, such as hospitals, orphanages, convalescent homes, asylums, almshouses, industrial schools, and the like, which are continually proving themselves to be havens of refuge to the sick and destitute poor of the metropolis. It is gratifying to learn that the Hospital Sunday Fund appears at length to be thoroughly established, and that the revenue derived from it grows in magnitude; at the same time there is no question whatever that neither this freewill offering, nor that gathered in the public streets on Hospital Saturday at all realise what they might do if the spirit of self-sacrifice was abroad in our midst.

The group of manuals which Messrs. Methuen are publishing under the general title of "The University Extension Series," promises in time to prove of distinct value to young students. The aim of the series is ambitious, and embraces historical, literary, and scientific problems. Professor Vivian Lewes, of the Royal Naval College, Greenwich, is responsible for the latest volume—a singularly lucid, but, at the same time, strictly scientific, exposition of the properties of "Air and Water." The book is avowedly intended to bring before its readers the wonderful changes and play of forces which are constantly at work in the atmosphere, and it also seeks to explain the relations of water to temperature, its influence upon climate, the formation of rain and the causes which produce it, the sources of its supply, and other kindred points. The vital relationships which exist between fresh air and uncontaminated water on the one hand, and human health on the other, are admirably enforced, and the whole subject is rendered still more intelligible to those who know little of natural science, by the skill with which Professor Lewes without recourse to technicalities or the jargon of the schools illustrates his theme.

Mr. Whympers' treatise, "How to Use the Aneroid Barometer," is the outcome of experiences in high altitudes and research in the workshop which have extended over a period of

eleven years. He has tested the aneroid against the mercurial barometer under varied conditions of time and pressure, and by means of tabular statements he makes in these pages the results of his investigations perfectly clear. All aneroids, it appears, lose upon the mercurial barometer when submitted to diminished pressure, and when much-diminished pressure is maintained continuously the loss, as a rule, continues to augment during several weeks, and sometimes grows to a considerable amount. On the other hand, when pressure is restored, all aneroids recover a portion of the loss which has previously occurred, and in many instances they gain a greater amount than they had originally lost under diminution of pressure.

The letters which Mr. Arnold-Forster wrote to the *Times* towards the close of last year have just been reprinted as a pamphlet with the title "Our Home Army." The book is not pleasant reading for the British taxpayer, and the detailed charges which are laid at the door of the War Office are the reverse of creditable to the highly-paid officials who are supposed to devote all their energies to the efficient working and control of that department in the public service. Mr. Arnold-Forster is not the man to bring railing accusations which he cannot prove; and, as he states in the spirited preface he has added to this volume, he has "deliberately committed" himself to many pages of facts and figures, by which he is prepared to stand. He further claims that he has not written hastily or carelessly, and adds that he is "far too deeply impressed with the responsibilities involved in making public charges of a serious nature" to neglect any precaution which might shield him from error or inaccuracy. In his own words, the whole point of his case turns on the fact that the "abuses of our Army system are perfectly well known to every officer in the service; that they are the commonplaces of military discussion; and that it is just because they are so obvious and notorious that officers are beginning to despair of ever being relieved from them." Briefly put, the charge which Mr. Arnold-Forster makes is that our Home Army is inefficient, and that to a startling degree, and that the present system and organisation is directly responsible for so lamentable a state of affairs. No unprejudiced person can, we think, read the detailed facts which are brought forward and urged in support of this contention without coming to the conclusion that a remarkably strong case is at all events made out, not merely to justify, but to demand a searching and authoritative investigation. The author has added suggestions for remedying some of the defects to which he has called public attention, but the most which he claims on behalf of a civilian's constructive hints is that they are at least consistent with common sense. The burden of responsibility of course rests upon other shoulders, and those who are directly entrusted with the control of the Army ought surely to be able to render it efficient. Meanwhile, it is well that daylight should be let in upon a system which soldiers, at least, have long known to be notoriously at fault.

Amongst recent reprints which we have received are "A Book of Golden Deeds," one of the most popular of the group known as the "Golden Treasury" Series. The volume was first published nearly thirty years ago, and it has since been reprinted no less than twelve times. Miss Yonge recounts in its pages many impressive instances of heroism and self-sacrifice in actual life, but we wish that she had taken the present opportunity of showing that the annals of the last quarter of a century abound—to a remarkable degree—in examples of the highest forms of courage and self-abnegation.—Archdeacon Farrar's "Silence and Voices of God" consists, for the most part, of sermons preached before the University of Cambridge; and it may be here dismissed as a characteristic product of a facile pen.—Two new volumes—the fifth and sixth in an edition of twelve—of the "Bijou Byron" have also appeared within the last few days. They contain "The Giaour," "The Bride of Abydos," "The Corsair," "Lara," "The Siege of Corinth," "The Prisoner of Chillon," "Beppo," and a few of the lesser poems. The notes are brief, but admirable, and cover a wide field of critical knowledge and illustrative comment. The little volumes are choicely printed, and very convenient in arrangement and size.

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THE SPEAKER

SATURDAY, APRIL 9, 1892.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

NOBODY expects the present Government to care very much for a breach of Parliamentary privilege, considering how frequently they have thought fit to ignore Parliamentary traditions and rights. Still, their new-found sympathy with the cause of Labour might have been expected to influence their speech, if not their action, in the debate of Thursday evening on the gross offence committed by the directors of the Cambrian Railway in their dismissal of Mr. HOOD. Reinstatement, indeed, might have been a very doubtful benefit to him unless it had been immediately followed by his retirement on the pension he seems to have fully earned by many years of faithful service. But had it been possible either to imprison the offending directors or to impose a really heavy fine upon them, the warning would have been remembered next time. Precedents, unfortunately, as well as technical difficulties, were held to stand in the way of either course. MR. GLADSTONE—pushing magnanimity to its utmost limits, saved both the Directors and the Government. None the less, the debate reflects the gravest discredit both on the Ministers who minimised the offence and on those who condoned it by the sympathetic cheers with which they greeted the most exalted of the offenders. Happily there is no other railway in the three kingdoms which can approach the unfortunate Cambrian in mismanagement. The fact was tolerably well known already; but it came out even more clearly in the debate.

WEDNESDAY was marked by the usual number of speeches outside Parliament. At Bethnal Green MR. CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN gave an admirably concise summary of the acts of the present Government—the bogus “dividends” which MR. BALFOUR has thought fit to contrast with the “prospectus” on which, as he states, the Liberals appeal to the country. The Local Government reforms of the Tories are a mere skeleton—waiting for Liberals to give them life. The Irish Land Purchase Act is not dangerous only because it is not effective. MR. GOSCHEN’S finance not only withdraws certain funds from the exclusive control of the House of Commons, but so complicates the public accounts that their true state can only be ascertained by a skilled and acute accountant. Free education has been forced upon the Government by the action of the Scotch members; and their policy in Ireland violates the first principles of representative government and of the Constitution. LORD SPENCER, too, at Worcester, dealt very effectively with the barrenness of the legislation by which LORD ASHBORNE at Portsmouth, and SIR EDWARD CLARKE at Belper, claimed that the Government should be judged. The latter, alone (apparently) among the leading Ministerial orators of that evening, made any reference to the moribund Irish Local Government Bill.

THE deputation which waited on SIR MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH made out an irresistible case for the Merchant Shipping Bill. It was shown that the Plimsoll load-line is frequently ignored, and that many over-laden ships are sent to sea because there is no official inspection of the cargoes. SIR MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH acknowledged this defect in the law,

and suggested that the Board of Trade officials should have the power of detaining suspected vessels. It was also admitted that the food supplied to the crews of ocean-going ships ought to be rigorously inspected. After this, there is a fair prospect that before long MR. PLIMSOLL’S reproach will no longer hold good. He says that not one in twenty of the law-breakers amongst the ship-owners is ever prosecuted. This may be commended to the representative of the shipping interest who blithely stated to the Labour Commission that MR. PLIMSOLL’S agitation was unnecessary, and that the loss of life at sea had been materially reduced by the improvement in ship-building.

THE appointment of MR. FROUDE as successor to PROFESSOR FREEMAN at Oxford looks very much like a deliberate insult offered by the Prime Minister not only to the University, to the liberal spirit in philosophy and history, and to MR. FREEMAN’S memory, but to the country at large. A worse appointment it would have been impossible even for LORD SALISBURY to have made. MR. FROUDE has certain distinguished merits; so also have MR. RIDER HAGGARD and ARCHDEACON FARRAR; but MR. FROUDE has no more claim to the post just conferred upon him by the Prime Minister than either MR. HAGGARD or DR. FARRAR. Perhaps LORD SALISBURY, conscious that the reins of power are about to drop from his hands, made the appointment by way of a sorry jest of a rather spiteful kind. But the credit of Oxford and the credit of England, in the eyes of the world, must suffer from his inexcusable action. To make matters worse, there was one man whose pre-eminent fitness for the post made vacant by PROFESSOR FREEMAN’S death is acknowledged by everybody. If MR. GARDINER had been appointed the best interests not only of the University, but of historical study, would have been served. As it is, the chair so recently held by MR. FREEMAN will henceforth be occupied by a brilliant writer of romances, who, by his own efforts as a historian, has done more to discredit history itself than all the critics put together have been able to do.

IF the case against the Anarchists could be spoilt by absurdity, that agreeable office would be readily performed by the *Times* and the *Standard*. The *Times* endeavours to identify the Anarchists with all the Irish conspirators against English rule. This piece of ignorant partisanship is surpassed by the *Standard*, which pretends to show that people who talk theoretical Socialism are responsible for the acts of RAVACHOL and DEAKIN. It appears that DEAKIN attended some lectures on Socialism which, according to the *Standard*, had the natural effect of impelling a narrow intelligence towards illicit explosives. This from a journal which preaches sedition to the Orange mob of Belfast is pleasantly characteristic.

THE case of MRS. MONTAGU, the lady of high social standing who was convicted of the manslaughter of her youngest child—a girl of three—at Dublin last Monday, has revealed to the world the painful fact that social rank, wealth, culture, and outward refinement may be associated with a spirit of almost fiendish cruelty. We venture to say that no greater criminal than this woman has stood in

the dock for many a long day. The absurd recommendation of the jury that she should be treated mercifully, because in her course of barbarous cruelty to her children she was animated by a perverted "sense of duty," is nothing more than a declaration that she is insane—on one point at all events. If that be so, her proper place is in a lunatic asylum, where she will be restrained for the rest of her life from putting her depraved theories into practice at the cost of the helpless children she has herself brought into the world. If she be not insane, the sentence passed upon her by the judge was one of scandalous inadequacy. A long term of penal servitude would alone have fully satisfied justice. We have, indeed, only to compare MRS. OSBORNE'S sentence (which we have never thought too severe) with MRS. MONTAGU'S, in order to see how grossly the punishment meted out to the latter falls short of what it should have been.

THE annual report of the Public Prosecutor, though it does not meet the many criticisms to which that official has been subjected, shows that he has not been so neglectful of his duty as many people have supposed. Perhaps the passage of most general interest in the report is that in which he tells the tale of his abortive attempt to bring MR. W. H. HURLBERT, once the darling of society and the idol of the Unionists, before an English jury to take his trial on a charge of perjury. MR. HURLBERT, it appears, has gone to Mexico, where he can rest in peace, without fear of extradition. He will, at all events, add to the gaiety of Mexican Society.

WHAT do the Sabbatarians think of the ARCH-BISHOP OF CANTERBURY? He has actually patronised MR. BARNETT'S picture show in Whitechapel, which is open on Sunday. The Archbishop has no objection to Sunday opening on Scriptural grounds, but he is opposed to making Sunday a day of labour to those who need a day of rest. MR. BARNETT has evidently satisfied the Archbishop on this point, for although DR. BENSON made no allusion to the Sunday opening of the exhibition, he would scarcely have associated himself with such an enterprise if his scruples had not been removed. What will the Lord's Day Observance Society do now? They tried without success to stop Sunday bands in the parks. They have waged a futile war against the Sunday League. They are always raging furiously together and imagining a vain thing. But they could not have imagined anything so serious to the Sabbatarian cause as the sanction of the ARCH-BISHOP OF CANTERBURY for the Sunday opening of a picture gallery. It may be hoped that DR. BENSON'S courage and good sense will give a welcome cue to many of the clergy who have hitherto been afraid to grapple with the Sabbatarian superstition.

ON Tuesday the London County Council wisely settled, by 64 votes to 41, to continue paying their Deputy-Chairman the salary of £1,500 per annum which was allotted to the office in 1889. It is a pity there was any opposition. Two members of the Council, indeed, were ready to do the work for nothing. We do not doubt their zeal or their industry; but it is not desirable that such an arrangement should continue. Acceptance of unpaid labour often means not merely taking what is offered, but exacting a good deal more. In the case of an official of a Council whose traditions are still in the making, this is almost unavoidable. And when it happens, the zeal of the most devoted volunteer is apt occasionally to cool.

FOR several successive days this week England has enjoyed brilliant summer weather. In London, every day has seen eight or nine hours of bright

sunshine: cool breezes have sprung up in the evening, and the temperature has reached 73 degrees by day, falling at night sometimes to about 40. The weather has been hotter than for many years back at this season, and, moreover, exceptionally dry. All that is wanted to bring on the real spring would seem to be a few showers. But there is no indication, as we write, of any material change, except in the temperature and the direction of the wind. In New York, too, the thermometer is very high for April. But the North-Western States of the Union have suffered from a cyclone and severe cold, while in the Valley of the Mississippi there have been heavy rains, and very serious floods. Pessimists, therefore, may look forward to a cold Easter, and perhaps to a wet summer. Other people will find nothing to blame in the weather, save that it does not coincide with the Easter holidays—for which unfortunate divergence we hardly know whether to blame the perversity of Nature, or the astronomers, or the Church.

THE Stock Markets have been more cheerful and active this week than for a long time past, and a decidedly more hopeful feeling prevails in the City. Apparently the public is at last coming to the conclusion that the financial crisis is at an end, that no more failures on a great scale are to be apprehended, and that, therefore, a recovery in prices is likely. The most marked recovery as yet is in American railroad securities. For nearly two years past European holders have been selling those securities, and so have every now and then stopped any rise as it began in New York. It is now believed that European sales are at an end; and as practically nearly all the stock is in America, the Americans can do with the market as they please. There has also been a further advance in Argentine securities. The City looks upon the arrest and deportation of the Radical leaders as an act of timely vigour, which proves that the Government has the nation at its back and is able to maintain order. Consequently there is a greater disposition to buy than for a long time. As stated elsewhere, trade is unquestionably improving in Argentina, and the crisis is gradually coming to an end. Therefore, if order is maintained, there will probably be a further recovery in prices. Home railway stocks have been quiet, and very little has been doing in international securities. South African mining shares are slowly improving.

THE Directors of the Bank of England on Thursday lowered their rate of discount from 3 to 2½ per cent., and it is generally expected that next week or the week after they will put it down to 2 per cent. Probably they will do so, unless a strong foreign demand for gold springs up, or unless the directors are prepared to make the supply of loanable capital artificially scarce by borrowing in the open market; for the open market rate even on Wednesday was only a trifle over one per cent. Trade is falling off all over the world, and there is little speculation, consequently the demand for loanable capital is small, and it is found impossible to keep up rates. It would seem, then, to be better to accept the situation, and put down the Bank rate, than to go on as at present, unless, as we have said, the Directors think it necessary to artificially support the market by borrowing largely. The price of silver recovered at the end of last week and the beginning of this week, but it again fell on Thursday to 39½d. per oz. Meantime the depreciation is leading to the stoppage of a great many mines, and so curtailing the production; while on the other hand it is stimulating exports from the silver-using countries, and after a while will thereby lead to a stronger demand for silver on the part of those countries. Probably, too, very cheap silver will increase the use of the metal in the arts.

SHRILL CHANTICLEER.

ALTHOUGH Mr. Balfour's speech to the members of the Constitutional Club was delivered a week ago, it still deserves some attention from the public and the press. Nothing more curiously significant has fallen from the lips of a Minister of the Crown for many a long day. The speech was devoted to a shrill and almost triumphant proclamation of the good deeds of the present Government, and its good intentions. It was intended to reanimate the drooping spirits of the Tory party in view of the General Election, and to convince the country that it would lose nothing by committing to the hands of the Tory leader the reins of power for another term of six or seven years. No one will quarrel with the First Lord of the Treasury for being inspired by a desire to make the best of a position which is at present by no means a comfortable one. If Mr. Balfour can really convince the electors of Great Britain of the fact that the Ministry of which he is a member has deserved well at their hands, he is bound to do so; but it can hardly be said that he proved his case yesterday week. There was one point, however, regarding which his speech was most eloquent—terribly eloquent. It was the absolute silence which he preserved with regard to that which ought to have been the chief measure of the Session—the Irish Local Government Bill. Nobody knows better than Mr. Balfour does that it was in virtue of the prospective introduction of this Bill that Ministers secured power in 1886. The Liberal Unionists were pledged almost to a man to such a measure, and it was by their pledges on this subject that in almost every instance they secured their election. The Tories, though they said less about it, tacitly acquiesced in the understanding that if Home Rule was to be denied to Ireland a great and liberal measure of local self-government was to be accorded to that country. There is no need to recall passages from the speeches of the chief statesmen of the Tory party, in which colour was given to the belief that one of the first objects of the Salisbury Administration would be to render to the Irish people that small measure of justice involved in granting to them some right of local self-government. It is in face of these facts that Mr. Balfour, delivering his eulogistic harangue over the achievements and intentions of himself and his colleagues at the Conservative Club last week, deliberately passed over in silence the Local Government Bill, which is now hung up before the eyes of the House of Commons. We invite the partisans and advocates of the Ministry in the press to say what they think of this startling omission. It would have been more creditable to Mr. Balfour himself if he had frankly avowed that the Bill was one with which he had no sympathy, and which he did not intend to press upon Parliament. As it is, his silence upon so important a point has about it an unpleasant smack of cowardice. Afraid to face the truth, he deliberately shirks the one question of real policy with which Ministers were bound to deal if they desired before leaving office to fulfil their pledges to the country. Even Mr. Disraeli was never quite so cynically dishonest as Mr. Balfour has been in connection with this matter.

The Small Holdings Bill which the Government are now seeking with feverish eagerness to press through the House is not only an afterthought, but a very insignificant one. Like most of the Liberal measures brought forward by Tory Administrations, it is a sorry sham, the adoption of which will produce no benefit whatever among the class for whose special benefit it is professedly intended. We refer elsewhere to the debates which have taken place

during the week, and which have brought into full view the defects and incurable weakness of the measure, whilst they have at the same time accentuated its real character as an electioneering manoeuvre. Yet this is the precious piece of legislation to which the Irish Local Government Bill has had to give way, and the men who have been guilty of this discreditable intrigue are those who, in the Pharisaic phrase of Mr. Balfour, declare that they "are not reckless political gamblers like their opponents." The country, we imagine, will not fail to see through the transparent manoeuvring of a Ministry which is striving by any means in its power to avert a crushing defeat. Nor will the general desire for an early dissolution of Parliament be weakened by the spectacle which is now presented nightly in the House of Commons. If the present Session is to run its full course, Ministers, as we have said on former occasions, are bound to persevere with their Irish Bills and to employ all their strength in order to make them law. But this is manifestly the one thing which the Government will not do, and in these circumstances it cannot reasonably ask the Opposition to show it any quarter. For our part we feel not a little surprise at the fact that Lord Salisbury should still cling, limpet-like, to office. Everybody knows that a dissolution now will place the Tories in a worse position than that in which they would have stood if Parliament had been dissolved six months ago, and in an infinitely worse one than that which would have followed from a dissolution twelve months ago. Lord Salisbury missed his golden opportunity at the time of the disruption in the Irish party. A dissolution then—if he had ventured upon it—might possibly have given him a new lease of power; but, when he had let that opportunity slip past unimproved, he entered upon a downward course which daily leads himself and his followers into a worse plight than that which they occupied before. We have no doubt that the experience of the past twelve months would be repeated if Ministers were to remain in office for another year. Every day that passes makes their fate more certain and more disastrous. Yet, for some occult reason, they continue to ward off the moment of the final appeal to the constituencies, even though they cannot pretend that they are keeping the present House of Commons in existence for the purpose of rounding off that programme of legislative work to which Mr. Balfour referred in terms of ridiculous exaggeration in his recent speech. It is long since any problem so curious as that which is offered to us by the present policy of Ministers has been presented to the world; and we venture to say that the historian when he writes of these last days of the Salisbury Government will find himself at a loss to understand why the Prime Minister, having allowed so many golden chances to pass unimproved, permitted his party to sink further and further into the Slough of Despond before summoning them to the field of battle.

LORD SALISBURY'S PRACTICAL JOKE.

THE Prime Minister has been exercising his gift of sardonic humour in a practical way by the appointment of Mr. James Anthony Froude to succeed the late Professor Freeman in the Chair of Modern History at Oxford. As a surprise the selection has its merits. As a witticism it is passable. As an insult to the memory of Mr. Freeman it is in deplorable taste. But it deserves to be most severely condemned as injurious to the reputation of a great University, as a slight upon more competent men,

and as tending to lower the standard of historic knowledge and research. Lord Salisbury's views concerning the disposal of patronage are openly and avowedly cynical. It does not follow that his appointments are always bad. Sometimes the man whom a Minister would like to choose is the man who ought to be chosen. But, for a parallel to this grotesque nomination, we must go back to the days when Lord Palmerston, understanding that Charles Kingsley had published a historical novel, placed him in the Chair of Modern History at Cambridge. Mr. Froude's historical novel is a good deal longer than "Westward Ho," and very much better written. But, blunder for blunder, it is certainly a less accurate, and, fallacy for fallacy, it is assuredly a more misleading work. As an Oxford man, Lord Salisbury might have spared an ancient seat of learning from the discredit of enthroned incapacity. As Prime Minister of Great Britain it was his duty to consider the effect upon European opinion of an Oxford professor respected by no serious student. Mr. Froude's gifts and graces are the theme of general admiration. He is a brilliant and delightful talker, the master of an exquisite literary style, an easy, agreeable, witty, Voltairean man of the world. He will be seventy-four this month, and he may well be congratulated on his unimpaired vigour of body and mind. But these are imperfect qualifications for a Professor of Modern History in succession to Edward Freeman and William Stubbs. Mr. Froude's inaccuracy is more than notorious. It has become proverbial. The late Mr. Freeman tracked him patiently and laboriously through a labyrinth of error almost inconceivable in its perverse minuteness. Freeman used to say that in one respect at least Mr. Froude's historical narrations were useful. There was often much doubt as to the time and the circumstances in which a particular event occurred. But, whatever else was mentioned, it might be assumed not to have occurred in the way described by Mr. Froude. Some of Mr. Froude's mistakes, such as the ascription to a splendid authority of sentiments which that authority only quoted to denounce them, would have been difficult in the case of any other man to reconcile with common honesty. But Mr. Froude's intellect has been so peculiarly constituted that what would be dishonest in anyone else is a mere characteristic weakness with him.

If the difference between Mr. Froude and Mr. Freeman had been a purely personal one, or had been confined to a controversy about historic methods, Lord Salisbury might have fairly and safely ignored it. He might even have claimed a fine show of impartiality as a statesman who disregarded scholastic disputes. Even then there might be grave inconvenience in suddenly changing the whole system of historic teaching at Oxford, though Mr. Froude is a gentleman, and would not openly attack the conduct of his predecessor. But the objections to Mr. Froude are pressing and fundamental. They impugn his right to the very name of historian, and, in the opinion of most competent judges, they have been sustained. Mr. Lecky, in a gentler, and perhaps, on that account, a more effective manner, has refuted his "English in Ireland" quite as thoroughly as Mr. Freeman has upset his History of Henry the Eighth. Indeed, Mr. Froude exposes himself in every book he writes. One need not have much learning to detect him. He cannot cite a familiar passage from Shakespeare without a series of absurd mistakes. In his travels he transposes towns and rivers after an original geography of his own. In "Oceana" he tells a story which implies that Palmerston was Secretary of State for the Colonies, and that the Clerk of the Council assists in the formation of a

Cabinet. Mr. Freeman may have transgressed the limits of courtesy in attacking him; but to a conscientious and indefatigable student such habitual disregard of historic truth as Mr. Froude displays appears immoral, if not criminal. Mr. Froude's chief virtue in the eyes of Lord Salisbury is that he supports the Irish policy of Her Majesty's Government. Mr. Lecky is not an Oxford man, and his dispassionate account of the Union has not pleased his own side. Mr. Gardiner, the acute and learned historian of the Stuarts, is an ardent and genuine Liberal. To pass him over for such a loose and reckless romancer as Mr. Froude is an abuse of the prerogative which all universities ought to resent. Freeman's horror of Mr. Froude's facile misrepresentations has been set down to pedantry. That Freeman was sometimes pedantic must be admitted, but that he could appreciate imagination and brilliancy was shown by his deep and sincere respect for the scholarship and the thoroughness, the learning and the genius, of Macaulay. If there could be anything more ludicrous than Mr. Froude's appointment, it would be the defence of that appointment in the *Times*. Mr. Froude, says that journal, will now be able to write a complete Life of Lord Beaconsfield. That Mr. Froude is to history what Lord Beaconsfield was to politics may be conceded. That their reverence for facts is about on a level we cannot deny. And after Froude has succeeded Freeman, it seems quite natural that the biographer of Carlyle should devote himself to the glorification of the melancholy harlequin denounced in "Shooting Niagara."

A WORTHLESS BILL.

THE Government's reception of the proposals to enlarge the contracted scope of the Small Holdings Bill is a useful proof both of the hopeless limitations of the Bill, and of its radically unsound character. Mr. Chaplin has naturally declined to facilitate the creation of parish councils, or the admission of town councils to a share in the administration of his little Act; and for a reason which those open-minded cynics, Lord Salisbury and Mr. Balfour, have been quite ready to explain. Mr. Chaplin has indeed never been allowed to fix the measure of his own statesmanship. His superiors have done that for him. Mr. Balfour was careful to explain that the Government did not "contemplate the creation of a large number of small tenants." On the contrary, the object, in Mr. Balfour's view, was the opposite one of setting up a small number of fairly large, or, at all events, fairly "warm" yeomen. But here again the Prime Minister has entreated us to observe that he does not contemplate the material advantage of his "yeomen" so much as their regimentation in the ranks of Tory property-holders. In other words, Mr. Chaplin's Bill is proposed by men who do not believe in it, who expressly repudiate the notion that it is possible profitably to cultivate land in small holdings, and who, with unveiled sarcasm, invite the village shopkeeper or small middle-class man to join the Constitutional army—at his own risk. That there may be no doubt on this point, here are Lord Salisbury's words at Exeter:—

I do not think it (the Bill) will operate—at least to any very great extent—in relieving the particular sufferings of the poorer classes. On the contrary, it presupposes the possession of a certain amount of money for a man to undertake a small holding. The advantage which I believe it will confer is of a wholly different kind, it being a political advantage: *I do not think the small holdings are the most economical way of cultivating the land.* But there are things of more importance than economy. I believe that a small proprietary constitutes

the strongest bulwark against revolutionary change, and affords the soundest support for the Conservative feeling and institutions of the country.

Here, then, we have a plain confession that it is Lord Salisbury's, and Lord Salisbury's party's, good that is sought by the Small Holdings Bill, and not that of the small holder. "*Experimentum fiat*," says your Tory reformer; "let us see how many breakwaters we can manage to build up against land reform." The Bill has all the defects which might be expected to flow from the real aims of its authors, Mr. Chaplin, who supports his character of Mr. Balfour's butt with his usual dignity, always excepted. Not only has it no relation to any expressed demand of the agricultural classes, but it is in direct opposition even to the mandate of Mr. Chaplin's "Conferences." The conferences, both at the Memorial Hall and elsewhere, asked for a great many things—fixity of tenure for cottage and land, better housing, fair rents, parish councils—none of which the Small Holdings Bill confers on them; but they did not even mention the "chaplincies." And for a very good reason. If a fairly well-to-do villager wants to become an owner of land he can do so, through his local banker, on rather better terms than Mr. Chaplin offers him. For the Small Holdings Bill requires him to pay down at once a fourth of the purchase-money—as against the Irish Ashbourne Act, which advances the entire sum—to stock his farm, and to pay for the work which the County Council will do in the erection of a house and buildings (which would generally have to be provided), and in the preparation of the land. And all this, be it remembered, without the slightest guarantee that he is not the victim of a "plant" on the part of the landlord to get rid of worthless land at a ruinous price. Mr. Chaplin, good, easy man, was unwary enough to admit that plenty of land could be had for the purposes of the Bill. If that is the case, what need for the measure at all? Obviously there was none, save on the theory that the Government were anxious to freshen up the land market in the interests of the owners of derelict or semi-derelict land, which will need years of patient toil to bring it back to efficient cultivation. In the absence of compulsion there is no guarantee whatever (1) That the price of the land for sale will not be excessive; (2) That the land will be worth having; (3) That the new owners will not be doomed to failure from the outset. And, in that case, we take leave to doubt whether they will quite come up to Lord Salisbury's expectations as bulwarks of "Conservative feeling and institutions."

It was not surprising that the Government would have nothing to do with Mr. Gladstone's invaluable suggestion that the County Council should lease rather than sell the land, and with his pregnant proposal that the public body might lease from the landlord at a "feu" rent instead of buying from him. Both these plans would have enormously increased the scope of Mr. Chaplin's Bill, or rather they would have turned it from a worthless and disingenuous political manoeuvre into a genuine measure of reform. Mr. Balfour naturally suggested that his fellow-landlords would decline to take a "feu" rent. No doubt they would in face of the lien on the public purse that Mr. Chaplin promises them. The question, however, arises whether it is not full time to stay these incursions on the exchequer on behalf of one favoured interest, and whether we shall not set a term both to State purchase from one set of landlords and to State sale to another. It is certain that the taxation of land values will form a conspicuous part of the fiscal programme of the future. Why, then, create a new set of owners to resent and resist such an impost? The whole

dilemma—i.e., that we are either going to give away the unearned increment, or to put difficulties in the way of its taxation—would have been avoided by the substitution of leasing for purchase and sale. It is, of course, hopeless to look for such a reform from Mr. Chaplin and his friends, with their eye on the "Conservative institution" of unrestrained landlordism in town and country. But it is the direction in which we are bound to go when this useless and dishonest measure has been forgotten.

THE TRIAL OF THE ANARCHISTS.

EVERYWHERE the Anarchists are meeting with checks and disasters. This week has been a bad time for them: the police have captured them and courts have convicted them, and they merit in their misfortunes no great amount of sympathy. We might be tempted to compare the severity of the sentence passed upon the Walsall Anarchists with the comparative mildness of that awarded to Mrs. Montagu for atrocities at least equal to those which the former had planned or coquetted with. But there is no real cause for commiseration. If people will, with murderous designs, "occupy themselves with chemistry," "manufacture bombs, dynamite, and other explosive substances," and trust as "means of emancipation" to destructive engines, they must not murmur if society takes strong measures for its protection. We do not suppose that Cailles, Battolla, and the other prisoners convicted at Walsall had anything to do with the outrages committed or attempted while the trial was in progress in Paris, Madrid, Liège, Ancona, Angers, and several other places; but they cannot complain if they suffer from the general odium and alarm with which their course is now regarded. Regeneration by the bomb provokes retaliation with imprisonment and the halter.

The real interest of the Walsall trial is the light thrown by it upon the character of the men who are induced to take part in such designs. One and all are of a familiar type. Lombroso, the well-known criminologist, has depicted the varieties of persons who have sought to mask criminal instincts under political objects; Charles, Cailles, and Battolla are among them. Battolla's notion of Anarchy was "a state of society in which men lived in harmony without laws," a condition of things opposed to "that society which was based on hypocrisy, fraud, and assassination, and taught mankind to hate each other," and that "bourgeois society which had kept him from his wife and children, and them, starving, as they were, from him." All that may sound to some ears very fine. But of none of the preachers of such doctrines do we learn that they had practised self-denial for the sake of their cause, such as it was. We miss entirely the heroic element rarely wanting even in the adherents of a bad cause. In inordinate vanity, love of excitement and idleness, and a desire to be mysterious and important personages in the eyes of their companions, are to be found, it is to be feared, the motives for the plotting which has consigned them to prison. Folly is written on the face of all their designs, and we detect no redeeming element in their aberrations. In the descriptions of even the physical characteristics of Ravachol and his associates are unpleasant references to those morbid characteristics and signs of degeneracy which writers on *l'anthropologie criminelle* have noted in the *criminel-né*.

One circumstance ought not to be lost sight of. Michael Schwab, Spies, Parsons, and the other Chicago Anarchists, made no attempt to extenuate their acts. Though denying the justice of the jury's

verdict, they avowed their murderous intentions, and, when called upon to say why sentence should not be pronounced, expatiated upon the text that, "if every working-man had a bomb in his pocket, capitalistic rule would soon come to an end," and asserted their right to use all means in order to compass their ends. Very different is the language of the Walsall prisoners. Charles disavowed any intention to use bombs or explosives in England. "It was against the barbarous system of government in Russia, where he had friends, to oblige whom in their struggle against tyranny and despotism he had lent his aid in constructing these bombs. A reconstruction of society might be effected by such violent methods in a comparatively recent nationality like that of Russia, not in an old and long-settled country. When he found these bombs were not intended for Russia he at once abandoned any connection with them." Battolla, though avowedly a Revolutionist, described himself as "an Anarchist, but not one working by violent means." Insensibly and imperceptibly has come a change over the complexion of militant anarchy. Its advocates rarely avow their intention to use their weapons against the institutions of a free country such as ours. They may, indeed, as in the case of the Paris outrages, commit crimes by way of revenge. Only against countries where freedom is unknown, and particularly against Russia, do they dare to justify reckless destruction of life and limb. In this change lie seeds of promise. Where would have been Battolla's defence, with what countenance could he and his associates excuse their acts, if the despotic system of Russian rule did not exist? The end of a criminal movement must be near when a sense of shame begins to arise among its adherents.

We have no fear that men of the stamp of Cailles and Battolla will have any attraction even for a small portion of working-men. Their good sense, if not their moral scruples, will save them from meddling with "plans of action of the Cosmopolitan Society," and the murderous dilettantism connected therewith. It is significant that the Anarchists have been captured mainly by the aid of people of that class, and that those injured by the explosions have generally belonged to it. The more this outburst of activity on the part of the Anarchists is studied, the more insignificant appear its consequences, and the more certain are we that we have to do not with a true political movement, but with the spasmodic efforts of a small criminal order of men, soured, sulky, jealous, and conscious that they are "cornered."

THE TROUBLES IN ARGENTINA.

WITH the scanty information before us it is impossible to judge whether the conspiracy alleged to have been discovered in the Argentine Republic was really as formidable as is represented, or whether, if it was, the action of the Government will be successful in preventing an insurrection. Instead of speculating on these points it may be of more interest to sketch briefly the state of parties in the Republic, and to inquire into the present economic condition of the country. It will be in the recollection of our readers that the misgovernment of President Celman united against him the whole respectable portion of the population, which combined under the name of the Union Civica; that the Union at Midsummer, 1890, rose in arms in Buenos Ayres, and that the President was deserted by a portion of his own supporters, who made a compromise with the insurgents. In consequence, the insurrec-

tion ceased and a few days later the ex-President resigned. The Vice-President, Dr. Pellegrini, was made President, and General Roca, brother-in-law of the ex-President, who had himself preceded Dr. Celman in the Presidency, accepted office as Minister of the Interior. The Union Civica immediately put forward General Mitre for the Presidency, and General Roca for the Vice-Presidency, because of the part he took in bringing about the resignation of Dr. Celman, and because also of his great influence in the provinces. One section, however, of the Union Civica was always strongly opposed to General Roca. It alleged that it was he who secured the election of Dr. Celman, that he had all along had a powerful voice in his brother-in-law's councils, and that, in fact, if he were given any power he would use it ill. In consequence, the arrangement between General Mitre and General Roca broke down; but the two parties, nevertheless, combined to put forward Señor Saenz-Pena as candidate. The extreme section of the Union Civica was still dissatisfied, and in the end it broke away from the Union and formed a new party called the Radical, having for its candidate Dr. Irrigoyen. The remaining portion of the party, styling itself the Union Civica Nacional, continued to work with the supporters of General Roca for the election of Señor Saenz-Pena. There is a third party called Moderns, whose chief strength is in the Province of Buenos Ayres, and which has put forward a son of Señor Saenz-Pena as its candidate. The general impression is that the elder Saenz-Pena will be elected by a very large majority. The Electoral College, which is to choose the President, will be elected on the 12th. The allegation of the Government is that the Radicals, knowing they would be defeated, had plotted to seize by force what they could not obtain by persuasion, while the Radicals rejoice that the arrest and deportation of their leaders is a *coup d'État* entirely unjustified by anything they have done.

Assuming that there are grounds for the charges made against the Radical leaders, it seems safe to predict that the elder Saenz-Pena will be elected by a large majority. He will, however, not come into office until the autumn, and probably he will not be able to formulate his plans for reorganising the finances until next year. His character is highly respected; but he is an old man, and it is very doubtful indeed whether he has the strength or the ability to cope with the difficulties in his way. At the end of 1893 the three years' grace granted to the Republic will expire, and it will have to resume the payment of the interest on its debt unless it declares itself hopelessly bankrupt. The first thing, therefore, the new Administration has to do, however it may be composed, is to come to some agreement with the foreign bondholders for the resumption of the payment of interest. After that, the National Government will have, in some way or other, to assist the provinces and municipalities to compromise with their creditors and resume the payment of interest. Thirdly, the Government will have to reorganise the whole banking system of the Republic, to sweep away the existing insolvent banks and substitute banks which will have credit. Fourthly, it will have to make some kind of arrangement respecting the Cédulas—the bonds, that is, issued by the National Mortgage Bank and the Hypothecary Bank of Buenos Ayres on the mortgage of houses and lands, which are guaranteed by the Republic and the Province of Buenos Ayres, and which are largely held in Europe as well as at home. When all this is accomplished, the Government will have to reduce the excessive paper-money and raise it gradually to par. The task is immensely difficult,

and only a man of great ability and great determination can accomplish it successfully. There would be this much in favour of the elder Saenz-Pena, that he would have the support not only of the more moderate reformers, but also of the wealthier and more influential provincials, and likewise that he would inspire confidence in the great capitalists of Europe. But his chance of success evidently depends largely upon whether the charges made against the Radical leaders are or are not well founded. If they are not well founded, there will certainly be a reaction, and not improbably there may be serious political troubles; if they have been trumped up, confidence in—not only the present Administration, but the elder Saenz-Pena—will be dissipated. Even if they have been accepted in a panic, people will feel that the men who could lose their heads on such an occasion are ill-fitted to deal with a situation so grave and complicated.

Meantime there is no doubt that the country is recovering commercially. As it is no longer possible to live by speculation there has been a steady migration from the towns to the rural districts. The area under cultivation has been extended, and as the crops of the past two years have been good the wealth of the Republic has increased. There has even been a considerable fall in the gold premium, from about 360 per cent. to about 250 per cent. Argentina exports much more than it imports, and, therefore, on the mere trade of the country there is always a considerable balance in its favour. Formerly, however, the sums that had to be paid in Europe in interest upon the debt of all kinds changed this favourable balance into a deficit. If the country were excused from sending gold to Europe, the Committee argued that its wealth would increase so rapidly that the paper money would rise in purchasing power, and the difficulties of the Government would be correspondingly reduced. As a matter of fact, however, the paper money has not risen in anything like the proportion expected, firstly, because the present Administration has committed so many grievous errors that distrust has continued; and, secondly, because the waste of resources under President Celman was even greater than anybody had believed. The new Administration, therefore, to pay its way at home and to help the municipalities and the banks, has had to issue so much fresh paper money that the commercial improvement has to a great extent been neutralised. Still, there is no reason to doubt that if an honest and capable Government now comes into power and seriously undertakes to deal with the several difficult problems it has to face, the position is so much improved that it ought to be able to succeed in a comparatively short time.

CHRONICLE OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

THE dynamite panic in Europe, which has been considerably diminished by the conviction of the Walsall anarchists and by the arrest and frank confession of Ravachol in Paris, was revived on Monday by the discovery of an attempt to blow up the Spanish Chamber of Deputies. A Frenchman named Delboche, and a Portuguese named Ferreira, who had been watched for some time by the police, were arrested at the very door with bombs upon them; and, from papers in their possession, they seem to have intended to blow up both Chambers, the Law Courts, the Council of State, the Ministry of War, and the Bank of Spain. However, the police had full information of their intentions, and have since made a number of other arrests. Both have since con-

fessed. Moreover, there have been other explosions, harmless to life or limb, in Barcelona and Valencia, and near Seraing in Belgium, more serious at Angers and Roubaix in France. At various places in the latter country bombs have been discovered; at Lyons, the police have made a descent on a secret factory of dynamite; the public alarm has of course been worked upon by practical jokers, and has found significant and curious expression in the good-fortune of Lhérot, the lucky waiter who was instrumental in arresting Ravachol. The French are not a liberal people, yet every post for some days brought Lhérot gifts of money, often anonymous, including in some cases sums of 100 and even 500 francs. These gifts were of course diversified with threatening letters.

Ravachol's confessions, however, should mitigate this alarm. On Saturday he confessed that he, Gustave Mathieu (who is not yet arrested), and three other accomplices, have been the agents in all the recent explosions. He himself placed the bombs at the houses in the Boulevard St. Germain, and in the Rue de Clichy on Sunday week; Mathieu placed that at the Caserne Lobau. His accounts of his movements have been corroborated by independent evidence. When arrested, he says, he was arranging for further explosions; and he has described the special explosive he used. But though some of his associates are still at large and some of his dynamite still undiscovered, the anarchists are being rapidly cleared out of France as well as Spain; and Ravachol's associates are so few, and his declarations so full, that the panic is subsiding—though, of course, the Royalists and Clericals have done their best to exploit it for their own purposes, and to call for a "strong Government" to ensure public safety.

There have been fresh disturbances in churches—at Nancy Cathedral, during the delivery of a lecture on Socialism by the Bishop; at Marseilles, at Beauvais, and in Paris. At Nancy, there was a free fight between the Catholic and the Freethinking sections of the congregation, apparently because the latter could not hear the Bishop, and so started conversation. The accounts, however, differ. In all the cases the clergy seem to have acted with marked absence of tact. The Archbishop of Paris has issued a circular letter explaining away the recent Encyclical.

France has serious colonial troubles on her hands. In Tonkin last week, a fort occupied by brigands (so-called) expelled from the Delta was taken with no great loss; but as three thousand men are under arms, the recent favourable reports as to the state of the country have been questioned in the Chamber. These, it was explained, refer only to the Delta. In the French Soudan an exploring expedition has met with a severe disaster, and the position of the survivors is very serious. In Dahomey, matters are still worse. King Behanzin, whom the French subsidise in return for his cession of Porto Novo, now refuses to recognise his obligations, and threatens an invasion of French territory. As a march on his capital is undesirable at this season, the Government contemplate a rigorous blockade of Whydah, which is held by troops armed with Mauser rifles, in which French patriots see the hand of Germany. A debate on West African affairs commenced on Thursday in the Chamber.

Our Copenhagen correspondent writes:—As one might safely have foretold six months ago, the Danish Parliament was sent about its business on April 1st, the two Chambers having, as usual, been unable to agree about the Budget. The Landsting, on the whole, supports the Government, whereas the Folkething has (from a Ministerial point of view) very erratic notions of its own, especially about military matters. For the ninth time M. Estrup has issued a Provisional Budget, and no one now seems to mind what eight years ago caused such indignation. Whatever fault the present Danish Ministry may have, however, they are eminently honourable, and some fine day the constitutional

machinery will get into order again. Thanks to the co-operation between the Government and the Moderate Left, a considerable amount of useful legislative work was got through during the past session. New elections to the Folkething all over the country will take place on April 20th, and unusual interest attaches to the event.

The Dutch Chamber has adjourned, and the Portuguese is dissolved. The elections to the latter are expected in August.

Though the Prussian Ministry is reconstituted, the crisis is certainly only delayed. The old Conservatives and the Independent Conservatives are at daggers drawn over the recent opposition of the latter to the School Bill; and in the Prussian Parliament it has been necessary to adjourn a supplementary vote for the sums necessitated by the Ministerial rearrangement, because the Conservatives and Catholics would have defeated it, and Count Caprivi would have resigned. Indeed, it is said, he only retains the Chancellorship at the Emperor's request, in view of important debates on military questions next winter. It can hardly be wondered at that Prince Bismarck's seventy-seventh birthday was celebrated on Friday week with special enthusiasm, or that people are beginning to estimate the probabilities—slender as they are—of his return to office. The Guelph Fund Bill has now passed both Houses of the Prussian Parliament. More Anarchists have been arrested in Berlin.

The frank declarations of the Italian Premier at the end of last week, that the "Erythraean colony" in Abyssinia is worthless, and is only retained for the honour of the Italian flag, are a significant comment on the value of the hopes recently expressed by Sir Evelyn Baring as to Italian assistance in putting down the slave trade. The outgoing military governor has declined to meet his successor, and the difference between Italy and Menelik as to the control of the Italian Protectorate over his communications with foreign Powers is still unsettled.

The Italian Chamber, whose meetings have recently been very ill-attended, has adjourned till May 4. A Divorce Bill is before it, which permits divorce only where the parties have been judicially separated for some years, or where one is in penal servitude for twenty years or more. It is stated that the offer of the United States to pay 100,000 dollars to the relatives of the Italians lynched at New Orleans has been declined by the Italian Government.

The Hungarian Parliament has rejected by 110 to 82 a proposal by an extreme Nationalist for the establishment of a separate Hungarian Court. The Finance Minister, however, promised that something more should be done to "bring out the duality of the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy"—probably on the twenty-fifth anniversary this year of the Emperor's coronation as King of Hungary.

The various Provincial Assemblies of the Empire have been prorogued this week. Those of the Tyrol and of Dalmatia respectively have followed that of Bohemia in Nationalist demonstrations.

Some alarm has been created at Vienna by the renewed report that Russia and Germany are about to enter into negotiations for a commercial treaty; since, should Russian cereals be favoured, much of the value of the present treaty between Austria and Germany will be lost to the former country. The reports as to this treaty, however, are quite uncertain: some have been contradicted, and no one knows in what state the negotiations are. Much is made by the *Times* of Wednesday of their effect on the Franco-Russian alliance. Such a treaty may hasten the inevitable disasters of French Protectionism; but when the explosion comes which sets Europe ablaze, commercial treaties will hardly stand in the way.

The Servian Ministry has been rearranged; but the settlement is far from final.

The Khedive still awaits investiture, as the firman from the Sultan is not in accordance, in the matter

of the boundaries of Egypt, with those granted to Ismail. In particular, it excludes the Sinai peninsula from Egypt. The Turkish envoy refuses to allow the contents to be known before its public reading, and the Egyptian Government and Sir Evelyn Baring very properly protest.

A Bill absolutely prohibiting Chinese immigration to the United States has passed the House of Representatives. The Rhode Island elections have resulted in favour of the Republicans, which ensures the re-election of a Republican to the Federal Senate.

We deal elsewhere with the disturbance in Argentina. The facts as to the Venezuelan revolution are alleged to be as follows:—For some time it has been proposed to lengthen the Presidential term of office, now two years, to four. The question was to come before Congress when the present President, Palacio, went out of office. He resolved to avail himself of the law, and the Chambers, meeting to select his successor, could never secure a quorum. Though not re-eligible, he refused to retire when his term expired last February; and when the Supreme Court declared his office vacant, he sent the judges to prison. Since then a battle is reported, and the insurgents are said to have captured a gunboat; but the news is quite uncertain.

A revolution is expected in Hawaii.

EDISON IN HIS WORKSHOP.

MR. EDISON, while not what is called a "Society man," is distinctly sociable. He tells a good story and lives in a house filled with evidences of good taste in the matter of paintings, decoration, and architectural proportion.

The first impression he made upon me was one of manly beauty; then of keen sense of humour; finally, power of concentration. He has, besides, abundant facial evidence of good nature, generosity, and honesty.

He is above medium height, totally devoid of self-consciousness, speaks with the precision of Moltke and the persuasiveness of Lincoln.

He belongs to a literary club that meets in the parlours of the different members, and at the time to which I refer (January, 1892) it met at his house, and I had been asked to deliver a little "talk." The members of that club will, I am sure, forgive me if I say that the talk with Edison is the only one I remember—not so much the talk in the drawing-room as the one next morning amidst the electric motors of his marvellous laboratory. It is this talk that I refer to at present.

Mr. Edison is a trifle hard of hearing—I had to speak very distinctly in order to make him understand.

"Can you not do something for your hearing?" I asked.

"Easily, if the drum was sound," was his answer. "When I was a boy," he continued, "I sold peanuts and newspapers on the railway trains. One day a baggage porter lifted me from the ground by my ears—the membranes snapped, and that is how I became deaf."

Mr. Edison told this as pleasantly as though he referred to the loss of nothing more serious than a lead pencil—then continued:—

"Institutions for the deaf send to me for assistance, and I have effected cures where the drum was sound. Some, whose nerves are paralysed, cannot hear the sound resulting from a great many vibrations; but by experiment we sometimes find the exact number of vibrations—perhaps fourteen—fifteen to the second—corresponding to the sound they can appreciate. This sound we continue until we note an improvement in the nerves, and then we gradually and very slowly increase the vibrations, finding the drum to act in sympathy with the restored

vitality of the previously paralysed nervous force. Of course, if the drum is pierced or injured we can do nothing."

As we stood in a room buzzing with magnetic machinery, I remarked, by way of a joke, "I suppose the next thing we shall hear of will be an instrument to frighten away microbes!"

"Certainly," he said; "I have been working that out, and I see no reason why it should not prove of value. Microbes flourish at a certain temperature and in a certain condition of external surroundings. Everyone knows that they are exceedingly sensitive, and therefore easily affected. Now suppose that your lungs are attacked, my object would be to pass electric currents and counter-currents through your system"—and here he placed his thumbs under his arm-pits, indicating the direction which the disturbing fluid might take.

"Experiment would determine the most favourable conditions under which the patient might be treated, and the amount and character of the shock to be applied. Experiments have shown how rapidly microbes propagate when left undisturbed, and also how rapidly their growth is checked by simple chemical means."

Mr. Edison spoke hopefully of this cure in connection with cancerous disease, special reference being had to the sad ending of the late German Emperor.

His "den," as he called it, is a square room filled with chemical bottles and co-related smells—a small room, the least pretentious of his whole vast establishment.

"This is where I spend most of my time," he said. "Chemistry is my hobby."

I confessed that I had associated him more with mechanical work than chemistry, to which he said:—

"Mechanics are to be had—I can't get good chemists. In five minutes I can make a mechanical drawing that will occupy a clever man five weeks in executing; but I have nobody whom I can trust with the drudgery of laborious chemical experiments—I have to do that myself. We don't seem to have any chemists in this country. Germany is the only place where chemistry is well taught, and the German chemist who comes to this country prefers to run a chemical laboratory on his own account."

The atmosphere of his "den" was so filled with strong odours that I asked if his health was not injured by working here. He answered: "On the contrary. These offensive odours are disinfectants. We chemists don't catch the influenza or grippe. My work here is eminently productive of good health, and I at least enjoy it."

This recalled to my mind a visit I once paid to a sulphuric acid factory on the Hudson River near West Point. The fumes within the building were so strong that I could hardly breathe, and even half a mile away I had to cough if I was to leeward of the works. There, however, I was equally surprised to learn that the health of those working under such conditions was not unfavourably affected.

Mr. Edison, I may say, in parenthesis, is the embodiment of robust health. The form of his head and face suggests Napoleon, if at the same time we can associate with that ruler eyes sparkling with good-nature, a skin that seems to wrinkle only with laughter, and lips that form themselves readily into a sympathetic smile. He is fond of a joke, but not at the expense of others. In his conversation is no trace of brag. To hear him speak of Helmholtz, Siemens, and Hoffmann, one might suppose him to be one of the young students of those masters. Speaking of his rivals, he discusses them as frankly and generously as if he were the captain of a college crew considering the members of a boat with which he is about to race.

"Competition is very keen," he said, "and I know that I must meet it by the usual methods common to all commercial enterprise. It is not enough to invent

something that is useful: that invention must be so applied that people can afford to buy it at a reasonable price. With this object in view, I have to keep experimenting all the time to see if I cannot secure the same object in a lighter form or with less expensive material."

We passed into a large building, which reminded me somewhat of the ordnance shops at Woolwich in that under one roof appeared to be gathered together a sample of every article or material ever used or likely to be used by man. My mind refuses to recall the thousands of objects I saw, all of which Mr. Edison has collected at great expense—I think about £40,000. Not that there was immediate use for them, but that he might some day or other need them for experimental purposes.

I saw specimens of every kind of file, of screws, of hinges; indiarubber in every form and quality; every skin of every animal on earth; backs of turtles, and teeth from antediluvian sharks; the wood of every tree, vegetables and minerals in bewildering variety; specimens of every loom; felt-matting; pottery-work; specimens of soap: there was not a thing I could suggest that was not properly labelled in this extraordinary museum.

"I tried to do without this expensive collection," Mr. Edison told me, "but it proved bad economy."

On my expressing surprise, he said: "I am frequently blocked in the midst of an experiment for want of a substance with the exact properties I require. To stop then, and hunt for it in the ordinary mercantile channels, means a delay of perhaps several days: this I cannot afford. I must have on hand every substance to be procured; I can then set fifty men, if necessary, experimenting with every possible material, and the result is that I am pretty sure to get what I need. For instance, before I could find the right carbon for my incandescent lamp, I had to experiment with ever so many substances, until I found what I wanted in the bamboo from the North of Japan."

"To keep up this collection I send adventurous spirits into all sorts of out-of-the-way places in search of useful material: my last man, for instance, penetrated way up the Irrawaddy, and brought back most valuable stuff."

To my question as to where he found the best young men to train as his assistants, he answered emphatically—

"The college-bred ones are not worth a —. I don't know why, but they don't seem able to begin at the beginning and give their whole heart to their work. With me, a young fellow works his first six months with no pay, although, if he is intelligent and very poor, I sometimes pay his board. The second six months he gets five dollars (£1) a week, and if he has stuck to it one year then his wages go up steadily for just what he is worth."

"I find my best material in the ragged boys of New York: boys whose parents are poor; boys who are quick-witted, anxious to move up, and will do anything to get along. College boys are soon discouraged—do not like hard work—think it beneath them to sweep out the office—imagine they know something, when practically they have to begin at the bottom."

Mr. Edison did not conceal his contempt for the college training of the present day in so far as it failed to make boys practical and fit to earn their living.

"The best stuff I have here," he said, "is pure American"—meaning lads with two generations of American training behind them. He considered the American to be the most ingenious, the most practical, and therefore the most useful workman, though ready to acknowledge the great value of Germans as patient and scientific investigators.

POULTNEY BIGELOW.

London, April 5th, 1892.

(To be concluded.)

CURRENCY REFORM IN AUSTRIA.

AT Vienna and Pesth commissions have recently been sitting to deliberate on the establishment of a metallic standard for Austria and Hungary, certainly a measure of the highest importance for the economic welfare of the dual monarchy, and at the same time quite a novelty, for for more than a century since the Seven Years' war down to the present time Austria has nearly always been under the reign of inconvertible paper money. The only exception we know of was from 1842-1848, when the paper florin rose to its nominal value. But that passing prosperity was destroyed by the revolution of 1848, and since has never been reattained; on the contrary, the rate of exchange has been continually exposed to great and sudden variations. Now such a state may be profitable to speculative bankers, who know how to calculate the influence of political and other factors upon the money market, but it is ruinous for trade. For instance, the Vienna publishers had to make up their accounts for the year 1858 at the end of December, but at the Easter Mass of Leipsic, 1859, when they had to receive payment, the value of the florin had declined by 20 per cent. on account of the war with France. This instability was equally prejudicial to the exchequer, which had to pay large sums for the interest of the external metallic debt, and had to buy bullion or foreign bills at a heavy premium. It was universally acknowledged that the re-establishment of a sound metallic currency was imperiously wanted, but the condition for this reform was the previous re-establishment of the equipoise of the Budget. This condition is at last fulfilled. The Hungarian Budget for the last two years shows a considerable surplus; that of Cisleithania has at least done away with the hitherto chronic deficit. In consequence the funds of both parts of the monarchy have gone up considerably, and the rate of exchange has shown more steadiness than for years before. Peace seeming secured at least for the near future, the Finance Ministers of Austria and Hungary, therefore, believed the moment to have come for taking in hand the sadly wanted reform; and, after having attained the necessary understanding and taken the preliminary steps with regard to the money market, they convoked the above-mentioned commissions of experts, placing before them a series of questions which are to be solved before the Bills for carrying the reform can be presented to both Legislatures. These questions may be classed under the following heads:—

1. What system of currency is to be adopted?
2. Provided a gold standard is to be adopted, what part is to be assigned to silver coins and paper money?
3. What monetary unit is to be adopted as the money of account?
4. What relation between the present basis of currency—the florin as it stands now—and the future monetary unit shall be adopted?

1 and 2. As to the first question, both governments and nearly all the members of the two commissions agree—that only by the adoption of the gold standard can a firm basis be gained. No one thinks of a silver currency, and, as far as we can see, only one voice—that of a Cracow professor—has been raised for bimetallism. The proposal to raise the price of silver by an international convention is acknowledged as chimerical. The embarrassments of the countries comprised in the Latin Union are so manifest that Austria cannot feel tempted to embark gratuitously in the same difficulties. Nor is she inclined to come to Mr. Foster's assistance by taking upon her shoulders a share of the responsibilities in which the silver interest in the United States has entangled the government. Gold being the coin of the world's commerce, it is to be the future standard of Austria-Hungary as of Great Britain, Germany, Scan-

dinavia, etc. The next question is, How much of that metal will be required for replacing the present paper and silver currency, and for efficiently maintaining the gold basis? The present monetary circulation can be estimated at 379 million florins in paper money, and 78 million in silver and copper. Besides, the Austro-Hungarian Bank has issued notes to the amount of 402 million florins, for which it keeps a reserve of only 80 million in gold and 167 million in silver. Now it is evident that if a gold basis be efficiently maintained, paper and silver must be reduced to a secondary part. The example of Italy in this respect forms a significant warning. That country in adopting the gold standard retained silver and paper as legal tender; but the cheaper metal always expelling the more precious, the gold obtained by the gold loan of 600 million lire rapidly went out of the country. Paper money now again is the only currency to be seen in Italy (except small silver coins), and the only result of the operation was a large addition to the National Debt. Germany, also, has committed the mistake of maintaining the thaler as legal tender, whilst demonetising all other silver coins. This measure, which was intended to be merely provisional, has not yet been formally repealed. It was a serious drawback, and if it has not acted in the same pernicious way as the Italian proceeding, the reason was that the mass of thalers was comparatively small. Silver and paper, then, must be reduced to token money, as in England and Germany; and, further, must be allowed to circulate only in such quantities as will not endanger the gold basis. How large this quantity may be is a matter for estimate. Germany has admitted 10 marks silver (the mark = 1s.) per head of the population, and 2½ marks in nickel and copper, and this quantity has not proved too large, although, besides the depreciated pieces of ½, 1, 2, and 5 marks, the thalers had remained in circulation. Austria possesses about 238 million florins in silver and copper, of which 160 million are reserves of the bank, and 78 million circulate. This quantity, about 6 florins per head, will not be too much for the future token money, but it is different with the paper money and bank-notes. The former amounts to 379 million florins, whilst Germany has only 60 million (120 million marks *Reichskassenscheine*), which the State is bound to exchange for gold at demand. It is clear that this mass of inconvertible paper must be greatly reduced if the gold standard is to be lasting; besides, the bank has issued notes for 402 million, and has only gold for 80 million florins. As regards the paper money, 300 million appears to be the highest amount which may be left in circulation, so that 279 million must be withdrawn. Of the gold necessary for this operation, the two Finance Ministers have 80 million in ready cash, so that 199 million would have to be procured by a gold loan; but it is further evident that the gold reserve of the bank, amounting equally to 80 millions, is quite insufficient. If the present issue of 402 million is to be maintained, the bank must have at least the equivalent of 300 million florins in gold in its vaults, in order to be able to pay its notes on demand. Thus the sum required for the maintenance of the gold standard would amount to 419 million florins. This is a large sum, which will entail an additional expenditure of about 17 million florins per annum; but if, in order to lessen it, a smaller sum should be fixed upon, the new standard will scarcely be firmly established. If, however, the bank restrains the issue of notes, comparatively less gold will be wanted; and this is possible, as, with the introduction of a gold currency, cheques and clearing will be resorted to.

3. As to the unit, no one proposes to maintain the florin, because the coexistence of the old paper—or silver—florin, the old gold ten-florin piece, coined occasionally, 20-franc pieces, and a new gold coinage based on the florin would engender confusion. The choice seems to lie between the adoption of the mark

and the franc: the first would be a new and powerful economical bond with Germany; with the franc, the Empire would adopt the unit of the Balkan States, Roumania, Servia, Bulgaria, Greece, and of Italy. Nothing has hitherto transpired to show which of the two has the most chance.

4. The last, but not least important question is, What shall be the relation of the value of the new monetary gold unit and the present florin? The latter ought, at the former par, to be worth 2s.; but, in fact, its purchasing power is, at an average, only 1·72s. This value has fluctuated widely, but the average of the last five years may be taken, during which the rate of exchange was comparatively stable; and, according to that average, for 100 florins gold in Napoleons 119½ florins in paper were paid in that period. At the end of 1890 the rate of exchange had risen to 1·80; afterwards it fell to 1·73. Taking 1·72, as we have said, the average value will be pretty exactly hit. This, then, would be the relation according to which all former contracts expressed in florins would have to be calculated in the new gold unit.

We do not venture to say that the decisions of the commissions will be just the same as we have assumed; we wanted only to give an outline of the issues in question, but these we believe we have sketched pretty exactly. The importance of the reform can scarcely be overrated; it will cost heavy sacrifices, and the first condition of success is the maintenance of peace. The mere threat of serious political complications would make it well-nigh impossible. But if the aim be attained, the Empire will, for the first time, obtain a sound basis for its economical development, and that can scarcely be too dearly paid for.

HEINRICH GEFFCKEN.

FROM GREEN BENCHES.

THE personal still rules the forum, as well as the camp and the grove. The spectacle of the House of Commons on Thursday afternoon would have brought that completely home to the mind of anybody who had any doubts left upon it. One would have thought that the House of Commons had suddenly drunk of the waters of perpetual youth, and that by some process the tide of years had rolled back and we were in 1886, when this Parliament was still in infantile age and spirits, and the world lay all before it. The Tory benches, which have presented to the world such a beggarly and ghastly array of emptiness—if that be a permissible phrase—were crammed to the very last place; and the unusual sensation of finding themselves in such a goodly company had its effect on Tory spirits. There was a return of some of the old spirit of arrogance and intolerance—especially to persons and things Irish. When the Speaker rebuked Mr. Patrick O'Brien for some question as utterly trivial, there was a hoarse shout, such as used to go up in the days when Mr. Mandeville and Mr. William O'Brien were still in Tullamore Gaol, and Mr. Balfour was regarded as a man of genius, and Coercion as statesmanship. The Liberal and the Irish benches had also been greatly strengthened for the occasion; the public—as eager as the House for the dramatic—crowded every gallery and swarmed in every lobby; and there was in the universal air that curious hubbub which tells of suppressed excitement and eager expectation.

But the mills of the Parliamentary gods grind slowly, and never with more exasperating slowness than when everybody stands on the tip-toe of expectation. The rage for asking questions on all and every imaginable subject has passed into something like an acute insanity, and the House had a most aggravated and prolonged attack on Thursday evening. There were nobody knows how many questions on the paper—some said, one hundred and nine; others

ran the number up to the thousands; but as every question was supplemented by three others, it is certain that at one portion of the evening the whole House lost count, and heads grew too dizzy to retain the power of distinguishing thousands from hundreds. There never, indeed, was anything like it. On top of the hundred and nine questions there were the three hundred and ninety supplemental questions to which allusion has been made; but that was not all. Either the Member or the Minister was not in his place, and the House of Commons—patient, uninventive, and staggering, like the weary Titan, under the sins of its own creation—still retains the good old plan of patiently beginning the business all over again when the question is thus left unasked and unanswered. It thus came to pass that when the hundred and ninth question was at last reached, and there was an audible sigh of universal relief, the season of interrogation was only beginning. No. 1 was put to the Minister; the House groaned. Then a gentleman, hurried and breathless, advanced on as far as No. 5; there was a deeper groan. And so it went on throughout nearly the whole weary hundred and nine once again. Nor was this all; it is an exhausting story, and it bores to tell, as well as to hear. By some diabolic mischance, either the Minister or the Member happened again to be passed by in the course of the flood of questions, so that when one hundred and nine was reached again, there was a Member here indignantly calling for the reply to No. 2, and there striking out the terms of No. 85, and there dragging back again to No. 7; and Mr. Conybeare stood on his legs for at least half an hour, shouting at regular intervals to the Speaker with a question of which he had given private notice. Nature comes in with the remedy when the evil has got thus far. Before questions were finally done with, the House had become utterly demoralised and disintegrated. The buzz of universal conversation rose upon the air; nobody could hear even his neighbour, and the monotonous shout of the Speaker for "Order, order," might as well have been addressed to an American cyclone. Dazed, disorderly, distrait, broken into its original elements—thus the House of Commons approached the grand inquisition on the directors of the Cambrian Railway.

At last the culprits stood at the bar. They were of the type of blameless Briton whom one would expect to be railway directors. Their faces were deferential, a trifle flushed in one case, a little pale in the other, but all subdued to the machine-like impassivity which dignity imposes on every Englishman in circumstances of great pith and moment. The cut of their clothes was excellent; and their ties a delicate medium between the sombre and the gay. It was well for these gentlemen that one of their colleagues happened to be a Member of Parliament, and such a Member as Mr. Maclure. Falstaffian in figure, cheery, genial, a lover of all the good things of this world, and rather fonder of his opponents than of his own brother, Mr. Maclure could not be taken seriously; and the idea of the Clock Tower or Newgate in the case of that humorous and pleasure-loving soul was grotesque. But there once rose something like an angry shout from the Radical benches when the apology seemed to fall very far short of what was expected. It was Sir Michael Beach, however, who did the real mischief. Evidently embarrassed, almost as nervous as Mr. Maclure—the shaking of whose hands against the manuscript of his little speech could be heard all over the House—Sir Michael Beach did his work very badly. The speech was rather an apologia for the directors than a remonstrance and a condemnation; and the growing restiveness of the Radicals showed plainly that anything like concerted and unanimous action was impossible, and the question of privilege was thrown into the caldron of a party fight.

And yet it was not a straight party fight. Mr. Gladstone—retaining all the old-fashioned love of the proprieties, with more than half a century of

memories (some of them painful and humiliating) of such conflicts fresh in his mind, and still exercising all the responsibility of leadership—Mr. Gladstone tried to stem the tide on his own side. But for once his authority could not prevail, and there was a break—visible, yawning, and painful—between the more ardent members of the Liberal party and their great leader. Never was there a more significant scene, one which marks more clearly the opening of a new epoch, than this rupture between leader and led. It was the conflict between a venerable past—mindful of tradition and the dignity of the great Mother-Parliament of the world, slow to move, unwilling to strike—and the new age, bustling, a little inconsiderate and rash, and not free from the rancour and vindictiveness of class passions. It were impossible to tell coherently the results that followed from this conflict between the Liberal party and its chief, and between the past and the future. There were cross-divisions, the like of which were never beheld before. At one moment Mr. Balfour shouted "Aye!" aloud to Mr. O'Connor's amendment, while that gentleman walked into the lobby to help in strangling his own offspring. In one division the burly form of Sir William Harcourt stood at the head of the Liberal forces; in the next he was walking humbly behind the Tory leaders. But all things come to an end; and half an hour after midnight the Speaker had rebuked the erring directors with that splendour of diction and in that fine resonant voice which belong to him when he stands up to represent the outraged dignity of the Imperial Parliament.

In comparison with all this, the rest of the week's proceedings have been tame. Monday and Tuesday were principally occupied with various unsuccessful attempts to make the Small Holdings Bill workable by introducing compulsion and Parish Councils. Wednesday was devoted to the important, but unexciting, subject of the rating of machinery.

THE CRY OF THE CHILDREN.

NOTHING is more surprising in the case of Mrs. Montagu than the mitigation of her offence suggested by the jury. They recommended her to mercy on the ground that she had tortured a baby to death under "a mistaken sense of duty." This singular view is supported by some organs of the Press, in which we read that it is impossible not to sympathise with Mrs. Montagu in her belief that by inflicting horrible barbarities on her children she was saving their souls. Now, if history teaches anything, it teaches that many of the worst crimes which have disgraced humanity have been committed under what is called religious conviction. Torquemada was doubtless animated by "a mistaken sense of duty," but the world is agreed to regard him as a fiend, and not as an instrument of religion. Religion would be simply a hideous mockery if it were accepted as a justification or even a palliation of cold-blooded cruelty. Of all the aberrations of the moral sense, that which leads to crime and calls it the saving of souls demands the sternest and most signal repression on the part of civilised society. All that rationalism has wrested from the tyranny of bigotry would be of little avail if we were to begin now to pity the mother who deliberately makes her child's life a horror, ended by a painful death, in order to chasten the forwardness of original sin. On the most favourable view, Mrs. Montagu's conduct was that of a criminal lunatic. The Crown has postponed the charges of cruelty to the children who have survived their mother's precious balms, although there is evidence to show that this woman habitually treated her little ones, all of them under ten years of age, with gross inhumanity. They are said to have been kept without food for the most

trivial offences, dragged about by the heels with their heads on the floor, beaten and bruised and mangled, till the servants were forced to leave the house to escape from the sickening spectacle. It did not sicken the governess, who appears to have been a worthy associate of Mrs. Montagu in this pious work. It did not sicken the father, who has publicly justified his wife. It commended itself to a friend of the family, a lady who testified in court that the baby girl who died of this maternal brutality was a child of very independent will. When she was two years and eight months old this desperate insurgent against piety insisted on going upstairs by herself, and even refused on one occasion to go to prayers. The irony of prayers in such a household did not strike the friend of the family, who gave her evidence with much confidence and volubility till the judge, who had probably never seen such a specimen of a woman, ordered her to stand down.

It has hitherto been supposed that the operations of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children are confined to the families of drunken and depraved parents amongst the poorer classes; but the abominations of Cromore show that children need protection in a very different sphere. It would be comforting to feel assured that Mrs. Montagu is the solitary instance of a peculiarly shocking form of depravity. There is, however, only too much reason to suspect that barbarity to children is a phase of the asceticism developed in some minds by the blight of superstition. We do not wish to lay too much stress on the extraordinary utterances of an Irish priest who seems to have converted Mrs. Montagu to the Catholic faith, and who, when the charges against her were first made known, attributed them to Protestant prejudice. This worthy man was ill-informed, and probably regrets now that he did not hold his tongue. But Mrs. Montagu's conversion evidently aggravated her disposition to religious mania, and this, unfortunately, is a disease which is not uncommon in these islands. Too many minds are unhinged by the process which they call the saving of souls, and in this condition they are as liable to outbreaks of inhumanity as people with an hereditary taint of insanity are to homicidal impulse. The fact that Mrs. Montagu was not treated as a monster by her nearest relative and her bosom friend suggests that systematic cruelty to children—whose training, of all things in the world, demands the most tender solicitude—may come to be regarded as a matter of course by people who are apparently in their right minds. The ordinary maniac is promptly removed to an asylum, but the religious maniac may inspire respect as a woman of high principle. She may go on bringing children into this world for the purpose of tormenting them into a fitting state for the next. A child will actually be born before long in Mrs. Montagu's cell, with the prospect that when it becomes possessed of a will, which must be curbed at the mature age of three, it may meet the fate of its sister who was suffocated in a cupboard. For the most appalling thought in the business is that when Mrs. Montagu is released she will resume her religious discipline over her family. Her "mistaken sense of duty" will tell her that she is the victim of black injustice; and when she gets the chance she will recommence the task of saving her children's souls in spite of the opinion of a wicked world. Meanwhile, these poor little sufferers are in the hands of a father who is in perfect sympathy with their mother's ideas. Mr. Montagu is a magistrate, and, unless he should be removed from the bench, he will doubtless continue to discharge his official duties with a fine reprobation for public offenders and an elevating consciousness that he is the Brutus of the domestic circle, temporarily deprived of his helpmeet in the castigation of wilful infants of three.

Public opinion is naturally chary of interference with parental jurisdiction, and there is a disposition to regard a case of barbarity to children as exceptional. But the experience of the society to whose indefatigable exertions the punishment of Mrs.

Montagu is due scarcely countenances such optimism. When an organisation of this kind is compelled to penetrate the privacy of a household conducted on superior principles of morality, it may be suspected that there are more interiors in which the bitter cry of the children never reaches the public ear. Tiny slaves of a discipline which would have made Mr. Murdstone hide his diminished head may be breaking their hearts in many a house which is governed by the spiritual fervour of "a mistaken sense of duty." But such piteous misery as we already know raises the graver question whether parental rights which are so shamefully abused should be any longer recognised. Why should a miscreant like Mrs. Montagu have any more opportunities of making her home a hell for her children? It would be well for such of her relatives as do not share her husband's admiration of her methods to use all the pressure they can command during the next twelve months to get these unhappy babies out of his charge. Better that they should be saved from any renewal of the maternal supervision than that the family should be plunged into another public scandal, which would lead to a general demand for the forcible rescue of the children from salvation by a madwoman.

A NEW EGYPTIAN PAPYRUS.

ALMOST before scholars have recovered from their first excitement over the Constitution of Athens, and before the Flinders-Petrie papyri are fully deciphered, another work of classical Greek literature has come to Europe from an Egyptian tomb. This time it is a speech of the statesman Hypereides that has been discovered, and the Louvre that has been favoured by fortune. A few months ago, a Greek trader, saying he lived in Upper Egypt, near Denderah, came to M. Revillout, the Egyptologist and Professor at the Louvre, with a hieratic MS. which he generously offered to the museum for 100,000 francs. This offer was declined, and we hear no more of the hieratic MS. In two days, however, he returned with a roll of papyrus, Greek on the right side and demotic on the reverse, so far as could be seen without unrolling the stiff, clay-encrusted material. For this he asked 6,000 and obtained 1,500 francs. The difficulties of unrolling and arranging seem to have been even greater than is usual with papyri, and the deciphering is not finished yet. M. Revillout, however, who has undertaken the work of editor, has published a preliminary account of it* in the *Revue Égyptologique*.

Hypereides was a contemporary and fellow worker of Demosthenes. He was a leader of the patriotic or Anti-Macedonian party; he was the Gambetta of the desperate Lamian War; he had a price put upon his head by Alexander, and he died under the tortures of Antipater. His political speeches, however, do not appear to have been so celebrated or successful as his legal pleadings. Longinus, or the unknown author of the Treatise on the Sublime, even sets him above Demosthenes in this particular line, and says that "if Demosthenes had pleaded the cases of Phryne or Athenogenes, he would only have shown how far Hypereides was his superior." It is precisely the speech against Athenogenes which has now been discovered. The grounds of identification are satisfactory. The names of speech and author are both lost on the papyrus, but it is decidedly a speech against Athenogenes, and two remarkable expressions which are quoted by Harpocration from Hypereides' speech against him are found in this speech. The case is rather an interesting one, and, as M. Revillout admirably explains in his article, had a very important influence on all subsequent law. Private contracts were specially protected by a Solonic law

from interference on the part of any judicial or legislative body. The only requisite to secure the absolute validity of a contract was that it should be duly written, sealed, and deposited. It is just such a contract that Hypereides seeks to have annulled on the ground of fraudulent intention. His client seems to have been a sad goose. A small farmer, living close to Athens, he was induced to lend some money to a certain perfumery; or, in modern language, to take a share in it. An attractive Corinthian interested herself in the transaction, apparently from pure affection and good-will, and induced him to make offers to buy the whole establishment; it seems that she dealt there herself for scent. She surmised, with regret, that the owner, Athenogenes, would be very reluctant to part with the place; the profits were so large, and the slave, Midas, who managed it, so full of rare secrets in his trade. And reluctant he proved to be. The countryman offered better and better terms; the fair Corinthian was a zealous agent for him; but Athenogenes would not even let him see the accounts or speak of the transaction in detail. At last the Corinthian appeared with the good news that Athenogenes had relented, and if the farmer would only strike when the iron was hot he might buy the property at once. The condition proposed was that Midas, the slave-manager, should be liberated but continue the management; the countryman was to be sole owner of the factory and shop, allowing Midas a percentage. The farmer and Athenogenes met in a private room off the Agora; Antigona, the Corinthian, was present. Athenogenes was courteous himself: he regretted his former haughtiness and was ready to make amends; for this change of mind the farmer must thank Antigona. (He had paid her 300 drachmae for her services already.) To prove his good-will, Athenogenes was ready not only to sell the business, but to sell the manager, Midas, as well, and make no extra charge! If Midas were freed, the farmer would have no hold over him; he would only be able to exact a percentage on the profits of the business, in which Midas might possibly defraud him; he would not be really identified with the concern. Buy Midas, and both Midas and the business would be under his direct control and responsibility. This involved, certainly, taking on the current debts of the house—e.g., the claims of Pancalos and Polycles, and such others as there might be; he could not remember the names of the others. . . . The countryman accepted with delight; Athenogenes produced a form of agreement ready written, and the two signed it at once in the presence of a witness. Before depositing the document with a third party, the farmer took the precaution of calling upon Pancalos and Polycles, to ask the actual amount of their claims. They were just what Athenogenes had represented. The deed was duly sealed and deposited.

In two months all the claims had come in: the concern was hopelessly and ludicrously bankrupt. Not only that, but Athenogenes, while owner of the business, had been in the habit of borrowing money for his personal uses and paying his private creditors by giving them claims on the business. The farmer found himself proprietor of a factory and shop which were choked with debt on their own account, and, besides that, responsible for the personal extravagances of the former owner. Meanwhile the contract is formally signed, sealed, and delivered; and such contracts are specially guarded by law and pronounced irrevocable. "Since you so deceived me," he says pathetically in his speech, "I have had no rest; I have read the laws day and night to find some escape from your clutches, and all other business I have treated as a relaxation!" The plaintiff's case is: first, that there is a law insisting that any suppression of the truth at a sale of a slave or other marketable commodity is ground for the annulment of the sale. Unfortunately, this was by precedent only understood to apply to unwritten contracts coming before the ordinary market officials. Still,

* Mémoire sur le Discours d'Hypéride contre Athénogène. Par M. Eugène Revillout. Paris: 1892.

he urges, if a slave has fits and the seller does not mention it, the sale can be cancelled; how much worse are debts than fits! Secondly, he pleads that a will can be set aside on the ground of undue influence, if the testator acts "under pressure from a woman." Did not he himself act under the pressure of a wicked and designing woman? There are other arguments, mostly a little far-fetched, and suggesting a somewhat desperate state of mind on the part of Hypereides' client; but they cannot be fully appreciated until the whole MS. is printed. At any rate, Hypereides won his case.

The editor claims that this is the oldest classical MS. in existence; "it reaches back with certainty as far as the time of the Ptolemies." Unfortunately this is a little vague; we must wait for further information before admitting M. Revillout's claim. The fragments of Plato and Euripides in the Flinders-Petrie papyri are shown by the documents found in the tomb with them to be at least as ancient as the third Ptolemy, Euergetes, 247-222 B.C. The Aristotle is probably about 100 A.D.

It is a very strange thing that Hypereides exists almost entirely in Egyptian papyri; the first fragments were published in 1847 by Babington for the British Museum; further fragments and two practically complete speeches in 1853 and 1856. All have come from Upper Egypt, from the neighbourhood of Thebes or Denderah. They can hardly all belong to one collection, as they are of very different dates and seem to have been found in very different places. However, both museums and Arabs know how to keep these things a secret from the world.

CHATEAUBRIAND.

A NEW literary estimate of Chateaubriand is hardly to be expected at this time of day. Sainte-Beuve with his brilliant monograph "Chateaubriand et son groupe littéraire" has taken the wind out of all his successors' sails. Accordingly M. de Lescure in his "Chateaubriand," the latest volume of "Les Grands Ecrivains Français" (Paris: Hachette), deals with his subject rather from the biographer's than the critic's point of view. Chateaubriand's was a long life (1768-1848) and an eventful, but its events belong not so much to literary annals as to the history of camps and courts, politics and affairs. It began in an atmosphere of what Dr. Johnson would have called inspissated gloom, in the Château of Combours, half-prison, half-fortress, near the coast of Brittany. His father was a tough old sea-dog, as proud as Lucifer and as poor as a church-mouse, altogether a by no means genial person. "He was tall and bony," says his son, "with an aquiline nose, thin pale lips and deep-sunk eyes . . . He had but one passion—his name. His habitual mood was one of profound melancholy, aggravated by age, and of silence which was only broken by outbursts of violence . . . The first feeling you had on seeing him was a sensation of fear." Terror of this Giant Blunderbore, lonely communings with the sad sea waves, and perhaps hereditary tendency to melancholia, gave the son a turn for brooding and morbid self-analysis. An unusually adventurous youth failed to take the nonsense out of him. At the outbreak of the Revolution he sailed for America, apparently with some vague project of looking for the North-West Passage. He did not find it, but he did better, he dined with Washington, and laid in a stock of "impressions" of the New World which he afterwards utilised in "Atala" and "René," the earliest examples of that "exotism" in literature of which we have, so far, had the last word in the works of Pierre Loti. When the Chevalier de Florac was giving lessons on the fiddle, and young Thomas Newcome had his little affair of the heart, Chateaubriand was also in London, in an obscure lodging in Holborn, living from hand to

mouth by hack-translations. He, too, had his romantic love-affair—the lady was Miss Charlotte Ives, daughter of a parson in Suffolk—which had to end only in tearful good-byes, the sentimental *émigré* happening to have left a wife behind him in France. Five-and-twenty years later (1821) Chateaubriand was again in London, this time as ambassador, and was visited by his old flame Charlotte, who, instead of going on cutting bread and butter in the interval, had, very prudently, married an admiral. During that quarter of a century many things had happened to Chateaubriand. He had become reconciled to Napoleon, who sent him as secretary of embassy to Rome; he had quarrelled, first with his diplomatic chief, and then (over the murder of the Duc d'Enghien) with the First Consul, had been, as the old-fashioned historians say, "disgraced," and found himself, with the Restoration, a minister and diplomat almost in spite of himself. His career of statesmanship under Louis XVIII. and Charles X. is described in full, not to say tedious, detail by M. de Lescure. He died in the very midst of the Revolution of 1848, a few months before the great friend of his later life, Mme. Récamier, and fifty thousand people attended his funeral at Saint-Malo, where, twenty-seven years later, a bronze statue was erected in his honour.

Of Chateaubriand as a literary artist M. de Lescure, for the reason already hinted at, gives us no new picture, but is practically content with the policy of saying "ditto to Mr. Burke." It is among the commonplaces of criticism to point out the supreme importance of Chateaubriand as a pioneer. With him began the literature of the nineteenth century, says someone—M. Brunetière, if we remember rightly. His "Atala" was the beginning of that peculiar product of this century, the exotic in literature. His "René" was the beginning of what we call Byronism, which, again, the French call the "mal du siècle." His *magnum opus*, the "Génie du Christianisme," was the beginning of the Romantic movement. In its own day it was something even more than the manifestation of a new literary force, it was an important religious document. It appeared—Chateaubriand had something like the journalist's sense of "actuality," and generally contrived to publish his books at an appropriate juncture—at Easter, 1802, on the very day on which Notre Dame was solemnly reconsecrated in the presence of Napoleon, Josephine, and the whole official world of the First Consulate. It was the book of the moment. It must be remembered that for twelve years the churches had been shut or turned into club-rooms, refectories, prisons, or profaned by the orgies of the Feasts of Reason—in fact, had become "secularised" to an extent of which even Mr. Massingham and his cathedral-nationalising friends would probably disapprove. The religious Renaissance, of which the Concordat of 1802 was the outward and visible sign in politics, found its literary expression in "Le Génie du Christianisme." To-day the book has become, so to speak, depolarised. As a religious manifesto it is no longer worth considering: that was an affair of its date, and it vanished with that date. What was then merely accessory and subsidiary in the book, its purely literary side, its aesthetic standpoint, is now seen to have been of the first importance. This aspect of the book was important in two ways. First, it restored the Christian ideal to its place in the realm of the imagination—the place it had held in the "Divine Comedy" and "Jerusalem Delivered," and "Paradise Lost." It was a protest against the essentially Pagan character of eighteenth century classicism. It brought the religious instinct into the old literary conflict, the old conflict of Perrault and Boileau, of Fontenelle and Saint-Sorlin, of the Ancients and the Moderns. The question was whether poetic literature, for instance, was to continue to imitate Homer and Virgil: to use the old mythologic machinery: to find its material in fictions which neither the poet nor his readers believed: or whether it was to draw its inspiration from truths which modern men did

believe. The Moderns, in the Parliamentary phrase, "had it," and that they had it is due largely to Chateaubriand. Again, in restoring Christianity to its rights over the imagination, Chateaubriand's book restored the cult of the Gothic cathedral and with it that of the Middle Ages. Thanks to it, the Middle Ages, which not only for the "philosophers" of the eighteenth century, but also for the writers of the seventeenth and sixteenth, had merely been a vague period of error and ignorance, resumed their proper place in the national history. To say this is, of course, to say that the "Génie du Christianisme" was a great piece of pioneer-work in the cause which was afterwards to be known as Romanticism. Here, then, is the real importance of Chateaubriand. It is this M. Emile Faguet, for instance, has in mind when he writes: "Chateaubriand is the greatest date in French literature since the Pléiade: he brings a literary evolution of close on three centuries to an end, and begins another which is still in progress." Yet it is this, the most luminous, the most helpful view of Chateaubriand for modern students which M. de Lescure, strangely enough, takes very little pains to make clear. He gives a long catalogue of writers who have been influenced by Chateaubriand, but what this influence precisely was, and the key to it, he leaves the reader to discover for himself. Had he devoted a little less space to the diplomatic and ministerial alarms and excursions of Chateaubriand, the man of affairs, and a little more to the critical standpoint of Chateaubriand, the man of ideas, he would, we think, have produced a more useful book.

OPERATIC TRIALS.

A PART from musical pieces of the burlesque kind, the only English operas, or operettas, given in the English language that are now to be heard are those performed from time to time by the pupils of the different academies of music in which London is so rich. A French writer of the last century thought it strange that with so many religions we should have but one sauce. It is, perhaps, more curious still that, with four schools of operatic music, we have not one theatre for operatic representations. Contrast this with the remarkable fact that, while there are a score of ordinary dramatic theatres in London, there is not one training school for actors and actresses.

To maintain four operatic schools in view of a non-existent Opera seems, at first sight, about as reasonable as to keep up in Switzerland a like number of naval schools in view of a necessarily non-existent marine. But in artistic matters it is sometimes difficult to distinguish the cart from the horse. Supply causes demand, not demand supply. A new Adelina Patti will not come into the market simply because there is a demand for such a vocalist. But let a second Patti appear, and a call for her services will be created by her very appearance. In like manner our four schools of operatic music may at least suggest to some manager really entitled to the time-honoured epithets of "spirited" and "enterprising" the propriety of turning the talent of the young students to practical account. The performance of the *Marriage of Figaro*, given a fortnight ago, half privately, at the Soho Theatre by the pupils of Mr. Gustave Garcia, would certainly, presented night after night, please the general public. It delighted an audience consisting for the most part of musicians and amateurs of music.

A representation of *Fra Diavolo*, by the students of the Guildhall School of Music, is promised in the course of the present month at the Lyric Theatre; and an unfamiliar opera will, as usual, be brought out, when the season arrives, by the Royal College of Music. Only a week ago a number of operatic acts and scenes were performed by students of the Royal Academy; as to which it will be enough to say that,

although many of the vocalists showed considerable promise, the representations, by reason of the absence of a full orchestra, were wholly unworthy of the institution.

In war it is a maxim that manœuvres must not be attempted in presence of the enemy. This however does not hold good in theatrical affairs; and in contests between managers and the public tactical changes of an important kind are often made. If in its first presentation a piece does not please the audience—which under these circumstances becomes a foe—it is cut down, written up, enriched by the introduction of "gag," or otherwise varied, in the hope that it may at last triumph over its adversaries. At the Prince of Wales's Theatre the work of doubtful character described so daringly in the playbill as an "opera," and entitled *Blue-eyed Susan*, has undergone, since its first production, so many alterations that it may be doubted whether in its changed condition its own parents (it confesses to three) would know it. Several pieces of music have been left out; jokes and comic scenes—the invention, it would seem, of the actors themselves—have been brought in; a singer has in one part been replaced by a dancer, while in another a male vocalist has been substituted for a female one. Few go to the Prince of Wales's to see *Blue-eyed Susan*; but many are attracted to that theatre by the droll acting of Mr. Arthur Roberts and the delightful acting of Miss Phyllis Broughton. Seldom, however, does it happen that a piece gets over the effect of a first bad impression; so that "manœuvres in presence of the enemy," though practised sometimes by managers under the compulsion of necessity, are, after all, far from being desirable even at theatres. The actors should be prepared to meet the public before the public comes in sight.

A little musical piece has been produced "in front" of the more formidable *Blue-eyed Susan*, which may at least lay claim to the merit of being harmless. *Dona Luiza* is its unpretentious name; and its simple plot shows that when Mr. A. and Miss B. love one another and Mr. C. and Miss D. do the same, then for Mr. A. to marry Miss D. and for Mr. C. to marry Miss B. would be "aburd." Here we have one of these normal plots of which Mr. Grossmith, in his entertainment, gives so instructive an account in connection with the typical British farce. If the intrigue of *Dona Luiza* is poor, so, to a remarkable degree, is the dialogue. Both, however, are in a measure redeemed by the songs, which, besides being written with spirit, are, in a metrical sense, nearly perfect. "Clerking" is not a good word; nor, if it were, would "working" be a good rhyme to it. But with this solitary exception the rhymes of the new librettist, Mr. Basil Hood, are as unimpeachable as his rhythm and his versification generally. Mr. Hood is in more than one respect a close imitator of Mr. W. S. Gilbert, but he lacks both the humour and the invention of that writer. All the more reason, then, why he should continue to cultivate, after the manner of his excellent model, the talent he really possesses for rhythm and rhyme. The songs of *Dona Luiza* have been set to lively and often picturesque dance tunes by Mr. Walter Slaughter; and they are well sung by vocalists who, in *Blue-eyed Susan*, have to content themselves with inferior positions.

THE DRAMA.

IT is a great pity, for many reasons, that a successful play has a commercial value. In the first place, there is a chance, on Wordsworthian principles, that a little plainer living for our dramatists might be conducive to a little higher thinking. Secondly, the "potentiality of growing rich beyond the dreams of avarice" by writing a successful play lures scores of men to the stage who would be more usefully

employed in cutting coats or breaking stones. Thirdly, if popular plays did not "mean money," dramatic critics, who are compelled to go afoot, would not be soured with envy by the sight of playwrights and players lolling in luxurious chariots. I omit many other excellent reasons to come to my lastly, which is, that intelligent men would desist from the exercise of filling the public belly with the East wind by delivering lectures or publishing books on the art of play-making. After listening, some time ago, to Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, I came to the conclusion that a lecture on this particular subject was the abomination of desolation spoken of in the book of the prophet Daniel. But I was too hasty. A book on play-making can, I find, be an even more futile thing than a lecture. Here is Mr. Frank Archer, who was once an excellent actor of polite comedy, and who, now that he has (as I am told) retired from the stage, might be cultivating his garden, like Candide, publishing a thick volume on "How to write a Good Play" (Sampson Low), when he knows all the time that such matters are not to be taught by a whole library of books. Indeed, he confesses as much. "A book can no more enable a man to write a play than to compose a sonata, paint a picture, or carve a statue." And yet Mr. Archer has written this book. I fancy he must have written it a long while ago, some years before the "Dramatic Renaissance," for, save a passing—and exceedingly fatuous—allusion to Ibsen, he takes no account of the modern currents of dramatic energy, of the movement, for instance, towards realism, or of the reaction against sentimentalism, and he culls his examples from work, not the best work, of a past generation, from Westland Marston, from Albery, from H. J. Byron. He never seems to suspect that the plays of these men are as dead as they themselves are; that an entirely new school of dramatists has arisen; that the playhouse of to-day is all in a ferment with new ideas. Where has he been all this time? Asleep on the Catskill Mountains?

He never seems to guess that a good play is an intellectual manifestation, a work of art. For him "good" simply means "successful." And of a successful play he attempts a formal definition. "A sympathetic and well-constructed drama that yields the fullest opportunities to a clever company of actors in their respective lines, and that will stand a reasonable test of time." Unfortunately he neglects, at the same time, to define "sympathetic" and "well-constructed" and "reasonable." His reference to the clever company of actors lets the cat out of the bag. He is an actor, and when he talks of a "good" play, he is thinking, like all actors, of an "actors' play." An actors' play has for its object the exhibition of histrionic tricks; and it is manufactured out of an actor's reminiscences—i.e., scraps of other plays. A true play, it need hardly be said, is no more written for the sake of its players than a true picture is painted to use up the artist's surplus stock of burnt sienna. Nor is it manufactured out of other plays. It is not manufactured at all. It is an organism: it grows: cut it and it bleeds. But Mr. Archer supposes that good plays are to be artificially concocted; and accordingly he gives us a number of cookery-book recipes. But even cookery may be made scientific: may be shown to rest upon a why and a wherefore. Mr. Archer's is wholly unsystematised. He casts a roving eye over the plays that he knows; selects successful tricks from them here and there at haphazard; and says, in effect, if you want to write a good play, you must reproduce as many of these tricks as you can. Thus he remembers a capital scene of "equivoke" from *The Clandestine Marriage* and another from *The School for Scandal*. Therefore you must have "equivoke." Many famous plays have had a pleasing "love interest." Take, then, two quarts of the best "love interest." There is an effective "quarreling scene" in *The Provoked Husband*. Quick, in with

your "quarreling scene"! *The Hunchback* has a capital scene of mimicry. Add, then, a pinch of "mimicry." Serve hot, with melted butter, and you have your intrigue. But an intrigue involves characters. Well, these, too, can be had, second-hand, cheap. Don't go to nature itself and study your characters *sur le vif*, that would be tiresome; besides, it would be a breach of the rule that "conventionality is one of the spokes in the strong wheel of Experience, and cannot be safely ignored and dispensed with." No; take your characters, ready-made, out of the Green Room list—one "heavy lead," one ditto "father," one "walking gentleman," one *soubrette* "with song," and so forth. Now it is possible that Mr. Archer is giving all this advice in a playful spirit of what James de la Pluche called "ieryny;" if so, he should have remembered that what is play to him will be death to some of us. For hundreds of ingenious persons will take him seriously, and will be for adding their several spokes to the strong wheel of Experience—at *matinées*.

A. B. W.

MR. WHISTLER'S PORTRAITS.—II.

ALTHOUGH it is a hundred times superior to the best portrait that Sir John Millais ever painted, I do not think that the portrait of Carlyle is equal to a fine Whistler, a fine Velasquez, or a fine Hals. Now that the standard by which I am judging this work has been fully established, without fear of being misunderstood, I shall be able to criticise this picture lengthily and at my ease.

I will begin by saying that I never saw the picture before. I did not see it in the New Gallery when I went there to study the artistic taste of our gracious Queen. I hear that Messrs. Carr and Hallé, knowing well the superior attractions of those Royal calves and bosoms, placed the picture high up over a doorway. But I do not think that it was the hanging of the picture that prevented my seeing it. I do not believe that the portrait of Miss Alexander, the mother, the Infantes in the Louvre, or any supreme work of art could be hung so that it would not be seen. The presence of a supreme work of art makes itself felt instantaneously, even if it be hung high up in the chimney. So I believe I did not see Carlyle in the New Gallery because I am not disposed to place it in the very front rank. It seems to me to be wanting in charm—a strange fault to find in Mr. Whistler, who, like all the great masters, knows how to endow all his work with that most essential quality. I must try and justify this strange criticism.

The portrait has been painted about an arabesque similar, I might almost say identical, to that of the portrait of the mother. But as is usually the case, the attempt to repeat a success has resulted in a failure. Mr. Whistler has sought to vary the arabesque in the direction of greater naturalness. He has broken the severity of the line, which the lace handkerchief and the hands scarcely stayed in the first picture, by placing the philosopher's hat upon his knees; he has attenuated the symmetry of the picture-frames on the walls, and has omitted the black curtain which drops through the earlier picture. And all these alterations seemed to me like so many leaks through which the eternal something of the first design has run out. A pattern like that of the egg and dart cannot be disturbed, and Columbus himself cannot rediscover America. Turning from the arabesque to the painting, we notice at once that the balance of colour, held with such exquisite grace by the curtain on one side and the dress on the other, is absent in the later work; and if we examine the colours separately we cannot fail to apprehend the fact that the blacks in the later are not nearly so beautiful as those in the earlier picture. The blacks of the philosopher's coat and rug are neither as rich, as rare, nor as deep as

the blacks of the mother's gown. Never have the vital differences and the beauty of this colour been brought out as in that gown and that curtain, never even in Hals, and he excels all other painters in this use of black. And Mr. Whistler's failure with the first colour, when we compare the two pictures, is exceeded by his failure with the second colour. We miss the beauty of those extraordinary and exquisite high notes—the cap and cuffs; and the place of the rich, palpitating greys, so tremulous in the background of the earlier picture, is taken by an insignificant grey that hardly seems necessary or helpful to the coat and rug, and is only just raised out of the commonplace by the dim yellow of two picture-frames. It must be admitted, however, that the yellow is perfectly successful; it may be almost said to be what is most attractive in the picture. The greys in chin, beard, and hair must, however, be admitted to be beautiful, although they are not so full of charm as the greys in the portrait of Miss Alexander.

But if Mr. Whistler had only failed in these matters, he might have still produced a masterpiece. But there is a graver criticism to be urged against the picture. A portrait, as I said last week, is an exact reflection of the painter's state of soul at the moment of sitting down to paint. We read in the picture what he really desired; for what he really desired is in the picture, and his hesitations tell us what he only desired feebly. Every passing distraction, every weariness, every loss of interest in the model, all is written upon the canvas. Above all, he tells us most plainly what he thought about his model—whether he was moved by love or contempt; whether his moods were critical or reverential. And what the canvas under consideration tells most plainly is that Mr. Whistler never forgot his own personality in that of the ancient philosopher. He came into the room as chirpy and anecdotal as usual, in no way countenanced or put about by the presence of his venerable and illustrious sitter. He had heard that the Chelsea Sage wrote histories which were no doubt very learned and all that sort of thing, but he felt no particular interest in the matter, and dismissed it with an epigram. Of reverence, respect, or intimate knowledge of Carlyle there is no trace on the canvas, and looked at from this side the picture may be said to be the most American of all Mr. Whistler's works. "I am quite as big a man as you," to put it bluntly, was Mr. Whistler's attitude of mind while painting Carlyle. I do not contest the truth of the opinion, I merely submit that that is not the frame of mind in which great portraiture is done. The drawing is large and ample, vigorous, beautifully understood, but not very profound or intimate: the picture seems to have been accomplished easily, and in excellent health and spirits. The painting is in Mr. Whistler's later and most characteristic manner. For many years—for certainly twenty years—his manner has hardly varied at all. He uses his colour very thin, so thinly that it often hardly amounts to more than a glaze, and painting is laid over painting, like skin upon skin. And regarded merely as brushwork, the face of the sage could hardly be surpassed: the modelling is that beautiful flat modelling, of which none except Mr. Whistler possesses the secrets. What the painter saw he rendered with incomparable skill. The vision of the rugged pensiveness of the old philosophers is as beautiful and as shallow as a page of De Quincey. We are carried away in a flow of exquisite eloquence, but the painter has not told us one significant fact about his model, his nationality, his temperament, his rank, his manner of life. We learn in a general way that he was a thinker; but it would have been impossible to draw the head at all and conceal so salient a characteristic. Mr. Whistler's portrait reveals certain general observations of life; but has he given one single touch intimately characteristic of his model? An outside observer superficially, a within that has not been divined—that is Mr.

Whistler's portrait of Carlyle. This criticism may seem severe, but remember we are judging the portrait by the highest standard; lower the standard one inch and we have for the portrait nothing but praise and worship. Mr. Whistler is too deeply interested in his own personality; he cannot bring into his study of his sitter that humility of observation which great portrait painting requires, and his portrait of Carlyle is a striking example of this fault. Can we look at it without thinking how easily Velasquez, Hals, Holbein, Gainsborough, or Degas would have told us what Mr. Whistler was content to leave unsaid? I say content, for has he not described the picture "Arrangement in Black and White—Thomas Carlyle"? But if the portrait of Carlyle, when looked at from a certain side, must be admitted not to be wholly satisfactory, the portrait of Lady Meux, if looked at from the same side, is clearly not only a defeat but an absolute rout. The dress is as beautiful a piece of painting as ever was done, but the head!—I can't criticise what is non-existent.

I have spoken at length of Mr. Whistler's portraits and said nearly all I was minded to say, but I have paid a heavy price for so doing. I have left myself no space to speak of the nocturnes, which are what are most rare and original in the work of this incomparable artist. I believe the future will treasure these pictures with the same reverence and care as the Elgin marbles. From our murky Thames Mr. Whistler has gathered beauty as august as Phidias took from Greek youths. The nocturnes awake in me the same piercing sense of sheer beauty as do the marbles. The comparison may seem remote to many, but it is the nearest I can find. Nocturne 11 is the picture which Professor Ruskin declared to be equivalent to flinging a pot of paint in the public's face. The black night which fills the garden even to the point of obliterating the sky is not black paint, but obscurity. The whirl of the St. Catharine's in the midst of this darkness amounts to a miracle, and the exquisite drawing of the shower of falling fire would certainly awaken envy and despair in the breast of Rembrandt. The line of the watching crowd, whose presence is more felt than seen, is a triumph which, in its way, has never been equalled. There is in the second room another nocturne in which rockets are rising and falling, and the drawing of these two showers of fire is so perfect that when you turn quickly towards the picture the sparks really do ascend and descend.

Mr. Whistler has not forgotten to reproduce the absolutely insane nonsense which Mr. Burne-Jones, Mr. Frith, and the art-critic of the *Times* (presumably our scalped 'Arry) talked about these pictures. These "critical opinions" have caused much irritation in artistic circles, and many would willingly see the gentlemen in question crucified. On this point, however, I take a different view. I hold that the occasion of calmly contemplating their own stupidity which Mr. Whistler has afforded these gentlemen is nearly sufficient punishment, and that if they were all interviewed on the subjects of the catalogue I believe that the ends of justice would be sufficiently met.

G. M.

THE WEEK.

It was DR. FAIRBAIRN, if we rightly remember, who in the phrase "inimitable gravity" invented a crystalline description of a prominent characteristic of MATTHEW ARNOLD. Men must take themselves seriously; but it is not wise, as MATTHEW ARNOLD once did, to summon the whole world to witness the fact that he had discovered that "what is not sense must be nonsense:" he had changed his mind about a certain passage in ISALAH, deciding that, after all, the English version ought to be a true translation of the original. Nor is it wise, we think, from any

point of view, on the part of MR. THEODORE WATTS, to fling down on WALT WHITMAN's coffin the label, "Jack Bunsby of Parnassus." He says he regrets now that he should ever have given WHITMAN such a name, and points out that it was used in a "Pickwickian" sense. Why, then, does he refer to the matter? Few knew that he had employed the phrase, and those that did had doubtless forgotten the fact. But it is quite evident from MR. WATTS's article in the *Athenæum*, that, however deeply he may regret having applied the nickname to WHITMAN, he firmly believes that it was deserved; he bases all he has to say on a comparison between Captains Bunsby and Cattle, and Whitman and his admirers. As was said last week, "The writer is yet to find who can write more than very inadequately" of WHITMAN. MR. WATTS, directing the small end of the telescope across the Atlantic, is an altogether inadequate observer of one whom it is impossible to docket and define until he can be surveyed through the thought of many generations. Gravity, inimitable or not, will drop a ready plummet into any ocean, and announce soundings as soon as all the line is paid out, although the lead may be miles from the bottom.

A LONG article by M. DE WYZEWA in the *Revue Bleue* on MR. OSCAR WILDE is a much more satisfactory piece of international criticism than MR. WATTS's shabby obituary notice of WHITMAN. We cannot quite agree with M. DE WYZEWA that the French have avenged themselves for our discovery before them of the importance of LAMARCK and COMTE "by revealing to the English the genius of an English writer, MR. OSCAR WILDE"; for in this country there are many of MR. WILDE's immediate contemporaries, and many men older than himself, grey professors of literature among them, who have perceived that there has been no such original appearance in English literature since MR. SWINBURNE, and who hail with pleasure and with no *arrière pensée* French acknowledgment of his significance. We are not in accord with much of M. DE WYZEWA's criticism, but when he selects "Intentions" as the most vital and generative of MR. WILDE's published works we heartily agree.

THE latest literary announcements are—in poetry, a new edition of SIDNEY LANIER's works (GAY & BIRD); DR. GARNETT's "Chaplet from the Greek Anthology" in MR. UNWIN's "Cameo Series"; "The Child set in the Midst" (LEADENHALL PRESS), a selection of poetry about children addressed to adults, edited by MR. WILFRID MEYNELL; and a complete edition in two volumes of SAVAGE LANDOR's poems (DENT), edited by MR. C. G. CRUMP. In biography, a second edition of MRS. JANET ROSS's "Three Generations of Englishwomen" (UNWIN), enlarged with much that is new concerning the Norwich TAYLORS and their descendants; and a "Life of Michael Angelo Buonarrotti" (NIMMO), by MR. J. A. SYMONDS. In fiction, "Two Aunts and a Nephew" (HENRY), by MISS M. BETHAM-EDWARDS; "Sunset Pass" (GAY & BIRD), by CAPTAIN KING; and "A Son of Old Harry" (BRENTANO), by ALBION W. TOURGÉE. In travels, MR. HAMILTON AIDÉ's "Voyage of Discovery" (OSGOOD); and "To the Snows of Thibet through China" (LONGMANS), by MR. E. A. PRATT.

TO MR. SIDNEY COLVIN MR. ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON entrusted the choice and arrangement of the papers written before he departed to the South Seas, and which now appear under the title "Across the Plains" (CHATTO). MR. SIDNEY COLVIN, in lieu of a preface, adopts the quaint device of writing a letter to the author. It is curious to see

him informing MR. STEVENSON that "the tone of the concluding pieces" is "less inspiring than your wont," since "they were written under circumstances of especial gloom and sickness," and quoting to MR. STEVENSON his own words—"The truth is, I was far through, and came none too soon to the South Seas, where I was to recover peace of body and mind." Some of the essays are not by any means recent, as they originally appeared in *Fraser's Magazine*. The others were contributed to *Longman's*, *The Magazine of Art*, and *Scribner's*.

MESSRS. GRIFFITH, FARRAN & Co. have published the PRINCESS KARADJA's "Étincelles." It is a very attractive-looking volume, each page being decorated with several woodcuts let into the text—Japanese archers, and storks, and dragon-flies, and basil-pots, obelisks, and gardens, and odd things and lovely things. We take one or two of the "étincelles" at random. "Assurer quelqu'un de sa bonne foi, c'est admettre qu'on en puisse douter." Was there any need for that? Is it not covered by "Qui s'excuse s'accuse"? But these—"L'ambition, c'est la locomotive qui fait avancer l'humanité," and "La charité est un cheque tiré sur le ciel," have more sparkle. Doubtless there are many better things in the Princess's three hundred and thirty-three "étincelles."

To the fourth edition of his "Leading Cases done into English" (MACMILLAN), SIR FREDERICK POLLOCK has added a number of "Other Diversions," consisting of English, Greek, and French verses in a variety of measures. SIR FREDERICK POLLOCK dedicated his parodies to MR. SWINBURNE upon their appearance in 1876, in order that he might feel secure by the best possible warrant that parody does not necessarily imply any want of respect for the original. SIR FREDERICK must feel infinitely securer now, since MR. SWINBURNE got into the same boat with him. It is a mystery to us how four editions of "Leading Cases" should be required, good as they are, while the "Heptalogia," the most wonderful parodies ever written, is praised, but hardly read.

IN his "Studies at Leisure" (CHAPMAN) MR. W. L. COURTNEY has included "Kit Marlowe's Death," the dramatic sketch written for the Marlowe celebration a year ago. The other contents of the volume consist of essays on literary and philosophical subjects.

A FUNCTION of much scientific importance took place at the latter end of last week, at which an examination of the standards of weight and length was made. To point out the great value of such standards to such a commercial nation as ours would be quite unnecessary; and, indeed, so fully has its importance been recognised, that it has been the subject of minute inquiry by many men of science, no one taking so much interest in it as did the late SIR GEORGE AIRY, who for a long time was chairman of the Standards Commission. Since the fire which, in the year 1834, destroyed all the old Imperial standards then deposited at the old House of Commons, great precautions have been taken, and at present there are several duplicate copies located at the Royal Society, Royal Observatory, and the Royal Mint. The last time that the Imperial standards were examined was in 1872, so that for these twenty years they have been reposing silently in their respective cases. By the Act of 1878 it was decided that the copies should be compared with one another periodically, and this has been done, the period being taken as ten years. At the present examination there were present, besides the officers of the Standards Department, the Speaker and the President of the Board of Trade,

If housekeepers are in earnest in wishing to benefit the unemployed in East London, they should buy BRYANT & MAY's Matches, and refuse the foreign matches which are depriving the workers in East London of a large amount in weekly wages.

and the special object was to compare the Board of Trade standards with those immured in the Houses of Parliament.

THE method of procedure with regard to the standard yard was to measure it with an instrument known as a comparator. So delicate is this instrument, that differences of length down to the ten-thousandth part of an inch can be recorded. To measure the weight of the standard pound, a balance capable of showing differences of weight approaching one five-thousandth part of a grain was employed, and it was enclosed in a copper case, while being used, to protect it from all unnecessary currents of air. The standard yard itself is a bar 38 inches in length, and the length of the yard—i.e., 36 inches—is the distance between two fine lines marked on gold studs which are inserted in two recesses, the standard pound consisting of a platinum cylinder 1·35 of an inch in height, and 1·15 in diameter. This, in 1856, was found to be 0·00314 grains lighter than the Imperial standard deposited with the Board of Trade. The actual result of the examination is not yet known, but it appeared that the condition in which the copies were found was satisfactory. It is a little singular that no member of the Royal Society or any representative of Science was asked to be present. Doubtless if it had been intended to inquire into a point of law or religion, instead of such a minor detail as the examination of standards, about which the whole world of Greater Britain is interested, the attendance of the whole bench of Judges or Bishops, as the case might be, would have been considered essential.

MR. JOHN MURRAY, who died last Saturday within a fortnight of entering his eighty-fifth year, was a link with more than one extinct phase of literature and social life. As a boy he had known CRABBE, SOUTHEY, and GIFFORD, the last representative of that "correctness in poetry" which is associated with the name of POPE; he had been present at the burning of BYRON'S Memoirs; he had heard SCOTT avow himself the author of "Waverley"; he had been victimised—as has been shown in these columns—by the young BENJAMIN DISRAELI; and he was practically the originator of the modern guidebook, which has now advanced somewhat beyond his conception, or perhaps fallen below it. In spite of all revision and reconstruction, "Murray's Handbooks" still appeal to the wealthy, leisured, and cultivated traveller, rather than to the modern tourist in a hurry. To the last, we believe, he edited them himself, striking out those practical hints which are the boast of BAEDER, but which he deemed derogatory to the dignity of gentlemen, who naturally should travel with a courier. His Handbook to Greece still, we believe, all but ignores the Greek railway system, as "unsuited for travellers with any feeling for the country," and omits nearly all the country inns. None the less, even MR. COOK'S tourists owe MR. MURRAY a debt of gratitude. So, by all accounts, do authors, to whom he was the very antipodes of the typical publisher of tradition.

AMONG the other deaths announced since our last issue are those of LORD LEITRIM, who was best known as successor to his uncle; LORD ARTHUR RUSSELL, M.P. for Tavistock 1857-85, and brother of the late DUKE OF BEDFORD; MR. W. J. BEADEL, Conservative M.P. for the Chelmsford division, and late President of the Institute of Surveyors; MR. JOHN WOODS, formerly Minister of Railways of Victoria in MR. BERRY'S Cabinet; MR. J. BRINSLEY RICHARDS, *Times* correspondent at Vienna from 1885 to last year, and since then representing them at Berlin; the REV. W. J. H. CAMPION, tutor of Keble College, Oxford, an authority on political philo-

sophy and one of the band of Oxonian "Christian Socialists"; MR. JONATHAN DUNN, a well-known Yorkshire agriculturist; MR. JOHN SADDLER, who was probably the last of the line engravers; MR. TIDEY, a miniature painter, and therefore another link with the past; MR. JOHN RHIND, the sculptor; and the REV. DR. JOHN COLLINGWOOD BRUCE, an antiquary and an authority on the Roman Wall in Northumbria.

BULGARIA AND SERBIA.

IT is natural enough that those who are anxiously watching the heavy clouds gathering and lowering over the frontiers of Russia and Germany should forget, for a time at least, the threatening storm concentrating slowly over the Balkan peninsula. Yet the thunderstorm may burst as surely and fatally over the Balkans as over the wide fields of Galicia—and as soon.

What a pitiful sight it is to see countries so favoured by nature so rent and demoralised by grasping ambitions and unscrupulous hate! In Serbia confusion seems worse confounded by the bitterness with which ex-King Milan has flung down, in the face of his country, his contemptuous demand to be freed legally from all ties which bind him to it; and by the—perhaps natural—furious indignation which that strange demand has raised in the Skupshtina. In Bulgaria men's minds are full of righteous anger at the periodically recurring attempts—some of them, alas! but too successful—at political murder; in Greece there are financial disorder, Cabinet crises, and rumours of abdication, that God grant may only remain rumours; in Roumania there are active preparations for war—if but defensive war—and also schemes openly and boldly carried on for the removal of Charles of Hohenzollern from the throne he has so long and wisely filled for the good of his adopted country; in Montenegro there is the painful sight of a hardy and valiant people suffering from hunger, and yet incessantly engaged in bloody feuds with their neighbours the Albanians.

It is strange and unexpected, but certainly most true, that the State in South-Eastern Europe which shows at this moment the most steadiness and dignity is that ruled by the Sultan Abdul-Hamid. Nevertheless, we must give due credit to the Bulgarians. Every blow that the Russian Pan Slavists have aimed at the little State has been turned, more or less speedily, to its advantage. Even the infamous and cowardly assassinations of those good men and good Ministers, Beltscheff and Vulkovitch, have but strengthened Bulgarian patriotism and shown the elastic force of Bulgarian courage. Vulkovitch had counteracted, with signal success, Russian intrigues at the Porte, and he was "put out of the way." The Ambassador of the Tzar seems indeed to have scored a point in getting the suspected assassin, Shishmanoff, sent away from Constantinople—also "out of the way!"—but wait a while! Astrologers would say that it is "written in the stars" that the Porte must atone in some way to Bulgaria for this singular attempt to screen murder. Some people believe that a small instalment of the "blood-money" has already been paid in this way. The interests of Bulgaria in Macedonia were somewhat endangered by the arrival of the French Ambassador, M. Cambon, at Constantinople. The Turks are essentially polite, and occasionally their courtesy impels them to do weak things. It is almost a tradition of the Sublime Porte not to refuse a freshly appointed Ambassador an opportunity to boast to his Government of some success. A few months ago, just before the lamented death of Sir William White, the Anglo-ophile Novakovitch was replaced as Serbian Minister to the Porte by the Russophile General Gruitch. To make good the damage done to Serbian

interests in Macedonia by the appointment of Bulgarian bishops, General Gruitch set to work to get some Serbian bishops appointed also. In this he was strenuously supported by the Russian Ambassador, as Russia desired by the same move to punish Bulgaria and recompense Serbia. The Porte seemed already more than half inclined to oblige the new Serbian Minister, an avowed and active *protégé* of Russia, when M. Cambon joined his Russian colleague in urging the nomination of the Serbian bishops in Macedonia, not only as a first success for himself personally, but as a proof of the Sultan's goodwill towards France.

The Serbians were already rejoicing over the hourly expected nomination of their bishops when the dastardly assassination of M. Vulkovitch and the hasty transfer of Shishmanoff to Odessa spoiled, for the time at least, the game.

It remains to be seen whether the Bulgarians will consider the recent refusal of the Porte to comply with the urgent wishes of the Russian and French Ambassadors about the appointment of Serbian bishops in Macedonia, as anything like an adequate indemnity for the wrong done to them by the sending out of the reach of justice a suspected assassin. It seems very improbable that such an atonement can be accepted, even as a "first instalment." The Bulgarians have shown themselves extraordinarily wise and patient, but patience and wisdom in the end expect—and claim—their reward.

Meanwhile both Bulgaria and Serbia prepare for war: Bulgaria as the ally of the Central Powers, and little Serbia as an ally of mighty Russia. On both sides of the Serbo-Bulgarian frontier fortifications have been, and are being still, hurriedly erected. The press of both countries excites the people to mutual hatred and defiance, and reports almost daily the capture of spies. A certain Lubomirsky has been condemned by court-martial at Sofia for espionage in the interests of Serbia, and the Serbians declare they have lately arrested several Bulgarian officers who were dressed as peasants and roamed round the recently erected Serbian fortifications "in search of game."

There is no doubt of one thing at least: the first shot on the Galician frontier will re-echo on the Serbo-Bulgarian frontier, and the long-threatening thundercloud will pour torrents of blood and fire among the Balkans.

E. L. M.

THE STRANGERS' HUT.

I HAD come a long journey across country with Glenn, the squatter, and now we were entering the homestead paddock of his sheep-station, Winnanbar. Afar to the left was a stone building, solitary in a waste of salt-bush and dead-finish scrub. I asked Glenn what it was.

He answered, smilingly: "The Strangers' Hut. Sundowners and that lot sleep there; they can always get a bit of flour and tea for nothing at the Homestead, and there they are with a pub of their own. It's a fashion we have in Australia."

"It seems to me God's own hospitality, Glenn," I said.

"It saves us from their prowling about the barracks and camping on the front verandah."

"How many do you have of a week?"

"That depends. Sundowners are as uncertain as they are unknown quantities. After shearing-time they're thickest; in the dead of summer fewest. This is the dead of summer," and, for the hundredth time in our travel, Glenn shook his head sadly. Sadness was ill-suited to his burly form and bronzed face; but it was there. He had some trouble, I thought, deeper than drought. It was too introspective to have its origin solely in the fact that sheep were dying by thousands, that the stock-routes were as dry of water as the hard sky above

us, and that it was a toss-up whether many families in the West should not presently abandon their stations, driven out by a water-famine—and worse.

After a short silence Glenn stood up in the trap, and, following the circle of the horizon with his hand, said, "There's not an honest blade of grass in all this wretched West. This whole business is gambling with God."

"It is hard on women and children that they must live here," I remarked, with my eyes on the Strangers' Hut.

"It's harder for men without them," he mournfully replied; and at that moment I began to doubt whether Glenn, whom I had heard to be a bachelor, was not tired of that calm but chilly state. He followed up this speech immediately by this other: "Look at that drinking-tank!"

The thing was not pleasant in the eye. Sheep were dying and dead by thousands round it, and the crows were feasting horribly. We became silent again.

The Strangers' Hut, and its unique and, to me, awesome hospitality, was still in my mind. It remained with me until, impelled by curiosity, I wandered away towards it in the glow and silence of the evening. The walk was no brief matter, but at length I stood near the lonely public, where no name of guest is ever asked, and no bill ever paid. And then I fell to musing on how many life-histories these grey walls had sheltered for a fitful hour, how many stumbling wayfarers had eaten and drunken here—their own hosts and beggars, but having this their Hôtel de Refuge. I dropped my glances on the ground; a bird, newly dead, lay at my feet, killed by the heat.

At that moment I heard a child's crying. I started forward, then faltered. Why I could not tell, save that the crying seemed so a part of the landscape that it might have come out of the sickly sunset, out of the yellow sky, out of the aching earth about me. To follow it might be like pursuing dreams.—The crying ceased.

Thus for a moment, and then I walked round to the door of the hut. At the sound of slight moaning I paused again. Then resolutely I crossed the threshold. . . .

A woman with a child in her arms sat on a rude couch. Her lips were clinging to the infant's forehead. At the sound of my footsteps she raised her head.

"Ah!" she said, and, trembling, rose to her feet. She was fair-haired, and strong, if sad, of feature. Perhaps she never had been beautiful, but in health her face must have been persistent in its charm. Even now it was something noble.

With that patronage of compassion which we use towards those who are unfortunate and humble, I was about to say to her, "My poor woman!" but there was that in her manner so above her rude surroundings that I was impelled to this instead: "Madam, you are ill; can I be of service to you?"

Then I doffed my hat. I had not done so before; and I blushed now as I did it, for I saw that she had compelled me. She sank back upon the couch again as though the effort to achieve my courtesy had unnerved her, and she murmured simply, if painfully: "Thank you very much: I have travelled far."

"May I ask how far?"

"From Mount o' Eden, two hundred miles and more, I think;" and her eyes sought the child's face, while her cheek grew paler. She had lighted a tiny fire on the hearthstone and had put the kettle on the wood. Her eyes were upon it now with the covetousness of thirst and hunger. I kneeled and put in the cupful of water left behind by some other pilgrim, a handful of tea from the same source: the outcast and suffering giving to their kind. I poured out for her soon a little of the tea. Then I asked for her burden. She gave it to my arms—a wan, wise-faced child.

"Madam," I said, "I am only a visitor here; but

if you feel able, and will come with me to the homestead, you shall, I know, find welcome and much kindness; or if you will wait, there are horses, and you shall be brought— Yes, indeed," I added, as she shook her head in sad negation, "you will be welcome."

I was sure that, whatever ill chances had befallen the mother of this child, she was one of those who are found in the sight of the Perfect Justice, sworn for by the angels. I knew also that Glenn would see that she should be cordially sheltered and brought back to health; for men like Glenn, I said to myself, are kinder in their thought of suffering women than women themselves: are kinder, juster, and less prone to think evil, God knows.

She raised her head and answered: "I think that I could walk; but this, you see, is the only hospitality that I can accept, save, it may be, some bread and a little meat, that the child suffer no further. . . . Until I reach Winnanbar, which, I fear, is still far away."

"This," I replied, "is Winnanbar; the homestead is there, beyond the hill."

"This is—Winnanbar?" she whisperingly said; "This is—Winnanbar! . . . I did not think—I was—so near." . . . A thankful look came suddenly to her face. She rose and took the child again, and pressed it to her breast, and her eyes brooded upon it. "Now she is beautiful," I thought, and waited for her to speak.

"Sir," she said at last, and paused. In the silence a footstep sounded without, and then a form appeared in the doorway. It was Glenn.

"I followed you," he said to me; "and—!" he saw the woman, as a low cry broke from her.

"Agnes! . . . Agnes!" he cried, with something of sternness and a little shame.

"I have come—to you—again—Robert," she brokenly, but not abjectly, said.

He came close to her and looked into her face, then into the face of the child, with a sharp questioning. She did not flinch, but answered his scrutiny clearly and a little proudly. Then, after a moment, she turned a disappointed look upon me, as though to say that I, a stranger, had read her aright at once, while this man held her afar in the cold courts of his judgment ere he gave her any welcome or said a word of pity.

She sank back on the bench, and drew her hand with sorrowful slowness across her brow. He saw a ring upon her finger. He took her hand and said: "You are married, Agnes?"

"My husband is dead, and the sister of this poor one also," she replied; and she fondled the child and raised her eyes to her brother's.

His face now showed compassion. He stooped and kissed her cheek. And it seemed to me at that moment that she could not be gladder than I.

"Agnes," he said, "can you forgive me?"

"He was only a stock-rider," she murmured, as if to herself, "but he was well-born. . . . I loved him. You were angry. I went away with him in the night . . . far away to the north. . . . God was good—" Here she brushed her lips tenderly across the curls of the child. "Then the drought came and sickness fell and . . . death . . . and I was alone with my baby—"

His lips trembled and his hand was hurting my arm, though he knew it not.

She continued: "Where could I go that my child should not drag at its mother's barren breast and die?"

Glenn answered pleadingly now: "To your unworthy brother, God bless you and forgive me, dear!—though even here at Winnanbar there is drought and famine and the cattle die."

"But my babe shall live," she cried; "this is as the gate of Heaven."

And that night Glenn of Winnanbar was a joyful man, for rain fell on the land and he held his sister's child in his arms.

GILBERT PARKER.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

LORD HARTINGTON AND MR. GLADSTONE IN 1880.

SIR,—Give me ten lines of space for a reply to some courteous remarks of yours in this week's *SPEAKER*.

My purpose in writing a certain article in the *Fortnightly Review* was not to express any opinion of my own about Mr. Gladstone's statesmanship, but to publish a fact of very great importance, which (I think) should not have been concealed so long. This was that, when a Liberal Administration had to be formed in April, 1880, all the most eminent of Mr. Gladstone's colleagues were anxious that he should not put himself at the head of it. They feared that, if he did, both their country and their party would suffer. Indeed, one of them, as distinguished as any of the rest, prophesied, four or five days before Mr. Gladstone took office, that if he came back he would "smash the party once more"—a prophecy which seemed to be fulfilled in 1886.

Now, if these gentlemen were less loved by Liberals than Mr. Gladstone, they were equally trusted; and I want to know (as an abstract question) whether they were justified in going about the country praising his wisdom and prudence after they had convinced themselves that he would be safer in retirement than at the head of the State? That certainly was their opinion in 1880.—Your obedient servant,

FREDERICK GREENWOOD.

"POPE, FRIENDLY SOCIETIES, AND MASONS."

SIR,—I am sorry that my letter appears to your Roman Catholic correspondent to betray some confusion of thought, for his letter appears to me to betray some want of acquaintance with the subject. He asks what I mean by calling the Catholic Benefit Society "one of 'the affiliated orders?'" And he states that "the society is in no way 'affiliated' to the Church." "The affiliated orders" is a phrase which has a well-known and definite meaning in connection with friendly societies, for which I would refer your correspondent to the famous Blue Book on the friendly societies which preceded Sir Stafford Northcote's legislation, or to the book of the Rev. Frome Wilkinson.

It appears from the letter of your Roman Catholic correspondent that a Roman Catholic who becomes an English Freemason is denied the sacraments of the Church—a fact which must seem monstrous to all who know what English Freemasonry is. I cannot but repeat the hope, with which I began the correspondence, that the Roman Catholic Church will see its way to allow its members in Great Britain to become British Freemasons, to allow its members generally to become Good Templars, and to make it clearly understood that the prohibition against joining secret societies does not apply to the friendly societies of the United Kingdom having secret signs and passwords, although it does, unfortunately, apply by direct injunction to the same societies in Australia.

Your correspondent attaches a special importance to the difficulty that Roman Catholics make the sign of the Cross before and after prayer. Although not a Roman Catholic, I have often, in the course of my life and travels, attended minor services of the Roman Catholic Church—as, for example, at the Oratory on Sunday afternoon. It is possible that a majority of those who have sat near me may not have been Roman Catholics; but it has seemed to me that at such services the making of the sign of the Cross has been perhaps, on the whole, less common among the men than it is in High Anglican or "English Catholic" Churches.

The House of Commons, when I was last a member of it, in 1886, contained a large number of Roman Catholic members, who attended prayers there daily with their colleagues of the Church of England and of the Protestant Nonconformist Churches, and certainly they did not obviously or ostentatiously cross themselves before and after prayer. But admitting that it is the duty of Catholics to make the sign of the Cross, and admitting, for the sake of argument, that in the rites of the Masons and Good Templars there may be prayer to Almighty God, would British lodges object to Roman Catholic members making quietly and simply the distinctive sign of their form of Christianity? I doubt it.—Yours very truly,

April 3rd, 1892.

CHARLES W. DILKE.

SIR,—I have no wish to prolong the discussion between Sir Charles Dilke and Mr. C. Diamond; but as the latter calls in question several statements contained in the brief letter I sent on the question, and which were given at greater length by Sir Charles Dilke, a few plain facts may help to clear the air.

The Good Templars are undoubtedly on a different footing to friendly societies; but, then, Sir Charles Dilke is perfectly clear on this point. That "some Roman Catholics" are members of the secret orders is an exact definition of a fact. To go

beyond this; as Mr. Diamond would have us, "gives an entirely erroneous impression of the facts."

In Ireland the orders, instead of being strong, are very weak; and, so far as I am aware, only the Manchester Unity and the Foresters are represented at all, the former by a few hundred out of 700,000 members, the latter by a couple of thousand. The reason for the greater number of Foresters has been accounted for by their "wearing of the green." The Forestry of Australia is, so far as anything is known of it at home, precisely similar in character with that of the Mother Country; there is no such thing as an "unwritten code."

Sir C. Dilke is correct in including the Catholic Benefit Society among the affiliated orders, as almost any friendly society blue book would have informed Mr. Diamond; and the relations between that body and the Roman Catholic Church are somewhat closer than those between the Government and the "United Kingdom Alliance." If Mr. Diamond had asked for information he might have easily obtained it from the secretary of the Catholic Benefit Society. The society has been specially blessed by Pope Leo XIII., and is under the patronage of Archbishops, Bishops, and other dignitaries of the Roman Communion. Such close relations do not exist, I believe, between the Government and the "United Kingdom Alliance." In a letter from the late Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster "sanctioning" the Catholic Benefit Society, the following expression occurs:—"And if any of my people desire to introduce it into this diocese, I hereby give my assent." This shows that "permission" was thought necessary even with regard to membership in an order avowedly confined to members of the Roman Catholic Church. Your correspondent's account, therefore, of the status of this society is entirely erroneous.

Much might be said as to Freemasons; but, with all respect to the Editor of THE SPEAKER, other Masons will agree with the present writer that this part of the question cannot be discussed with profit in the columns of the public press.—Yours faithfully,

J. FROME WILKINSON.

UNIVERSAL INSURANCE BY TAXATION.

SIR.—That practical result of some sort will follow the present controversy on the old-age pension question no one can doubt. It is not, however, certain that the result will answer the expectations of any of us who have sought to direct public attention to the industrial insurance question in recent years. One remarkable feature of the controversy is that we are already getting outside and beyond the limits to which this question has in the past been confined. The scheme of Canon Blackley—whose good service let us not forget in this hour—runs a good chance of being outdistanced by half a dozen schemes of more pretentious character. Similarly, many who, like myself, have long looked to German precedent for guidance and help, have to admit the difficulty of accommodating the principles of Prince Bismarck's great and statesmanlike system—to this qualification I adhere in spite of recent adverse criticism of the German insurance laws—to our very different English institutions and traditions. Other countries, other laws. Can it be that we are prepared to face a system of insurance against old age which shall be *universal*, and in order to its universality shall be *compulsory*? Such a system I will venture to explain as briefly as may be.*

The proposal which I advocate is, compulsory and universal insurance, with annuities of £13. to be granted from the age of 60, the annuity fund to be raised by a general tax on income imposed yearly for the purpose. According to this plan, therefore, the annuities payable in any year would be covered by the special taxation of that year. The magnitude of such a scheme is evident. On a safe estimate there are in the United Kingdom 1,900,000 persons who have reached the age of sixty years. To give all these annuities of £13 no less a sum than £24,700,000—say, £25,000,000—would be necessary. The estimate, of course, includes the aged paupers whose maintenance now falls upon the public purse; but of these later. How could so large a sum be raised annually? Mr. Morley has, for the sake of illustration, calculated the proceeds of a duty on sugar. But it may be taken for granted that it is impossible to rehabilitate our customs tariff. The fairest way of raising the annuity fund would appear to be by a direct tax on all income. The amount of income upon which income-tax is at present levied exceeds £500,000,000 for the United Kingdom. Reckoning the exemptions made in respect of incomes below £400 and of life-insurance, etc., the aggregate income now assessable to this just and elastic tax is some £600,000,000. But the income-tax does not touch at least one-half the income of the nation, and with universal annuities there would in justice have to be universal taxation. Counting the income now untouched by the

* It should be stated that the scheme here briefly sketched was developed independently of the somewhat similar scheme of Mr. Charles Booth, and without any knowledge of that scheme. The calculations upon which my proposals are based have been made with all possible care, though strict accuracy cannot be guaranteed, simply because State statistics and returns in England are generally so imperfectly and so clumsily prepared and arranged.—W. H. D.

income-tax—in the main, incomes under £150 and the earnings of the working classes—we get a total sum of at least £1,200,000,000 assessable to the annuity tax. To raise £25,000,000 upon this income a tax of 5d. in the pound all round would be necessary.

Yet, while the apparent cost of such a scheme would be £25,000,000, the actual cost would be far less. In the first place, there is to be set against this amount the present expenditure of the same taxpayers upon, say, 500,000 paupers of sixty years and upwards, an expenditure which cannot be much, if any, less than the cost of the proposed pensions, seeing that pauper maintenance averages £10 a head, including juveniles. Deducting this expenditure, the additional claim upon the taxpayers becomes £20,000,000, which means a general tax of 4d. in the pound. For the working-classes this would be an annual payment of 10s. or 12s. on the average income of an adult, against Mr. Chamberlain's initial deposit of £5, and £1 a year contribution for forty years afterwards; while the annuity would be claimable five years earlier. Furthermore, from the ultimate cost of a system of universal annuities must be deducted that large amount of public and private benevolence—henceforth unnecessary—which is now bestowed on the aged poor: benevolence which must represent some millions of pounds yearly. Only one question of detail I can here touch. Should taxation for pension purposes cease directly a citizen reaches the pension age? This seems but fair. Yet the estimated cost of such a scheme as this would not in consequence have to be increased. In any event, the tax would have to be paid for a certain number of years before an annuity could be claimed. The interest upon the accumulations of the first ten years' taxation would—even allowing for the exemption from taxation of all persons above sixty years—keep the pension-tax at the figure already contemplated.

For this scheme—an ambitious one, it may be granted—the great advantages may be claimed that it follows the principle of equal laws for all; that it respects the independence of the working classes, which the plan of State subsidies does not do; and that the machinery for collecting the proposed tax already exists. It may be said that the well-to-do have no need to insure themselves against old age. But even if the necessity do not exist, such insurance as this would be for everybody a business investment—a bad investment, in many cases, it is true, regarded from the selfish standpoint, yet an investment of enormous benefit to the community as a whole. Such a general provision against old age would remove that great blot on our civilisation—the fact that every year and every day there are in our midst more than half a million old men and women dependent on poor relief for food, shelter, life itself; the fact that one out of every four of our English "free" labourers ends his days a helpless, hopeless, homeless pauper. It would, in fine, secure to every man and woman born on free England's soil freedom and independence to the end of life.—I am, yours faithfully,

Skipton, via Leeds.

WILLIAM HARBUTT DAWSON.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE.

THE SPEAKER OFFICE,

Friday, April 8th, 1892.

IN "The Birds of Wordsworth" (Hutchinson), Mr. Wintringham has produced a book full of originality and written with a most agreeable and unprofessional *naïveté*. The moment you lay hold of it your interest is excited—it is so amazingly light. We are not now referring to its quiddity or intellectual essence or to its style, but to its weight *avoir du poids*. It is a stout octavo volume of 426 pages of thick paper, but instead of requiring an effort to hold, it almost floats from your fingers. Invalids may like this, but, to speak bluntly, we do not. We have grown accustomed to weight as a quality of books, as distinguished from mere pamphlets or letters. Folios, quartos, octavos have each their associated sensations, and to divorce a book from weight is to rob it of attraction, to close a door upon sensibility. Mr. Wintringham's volume, as we first handled it, created the feeling of being a "dummy" book, a "stage-property," or a practical joke; but after a bit this wore off, and we recognised that, though absurdly light, it was a genuine work about Birds and had really something to do with Wordsworth.

There is an amusing story to be read somewhere about old Jeremy Bentham, a man who, so it appears, hated, amongst many other things, dinner-parties; and when invited, as he once was by Romilly, to dine, to meet a Mr. Wilson, replied curtly, "Either

you have something to say to me, or you have not; if you have not, why should we meet? if you have, why Wilson?" There is a great deal in this story. How often in this life of ours one sorrowfully murmurs "Why Wilson?"! In reading Mr. Wintringham's book, you are sometimes, though not, perhaps, very often, tempted to exclaim: "Why Wordsworth?"

In the preface it is asserted that Wordsworth's knowledge of British Birds was rich, varied, and far above the average possessed by bards, but in the text the author—loyal though he is, and amazingly sweet-tempered—is compelled to admit many cases of wide and far-reaching Wordsworthian ignorance, nor is he able to produce any evidence of careful research or patient study. No doubt the moment you admit comparisons with other bards Wordsworth, who was at least in the habit of pounding along country roads, stands high; but then it must be remembered that the bird-lore of poets has long been the amazement of ornithologists. It is curious this should be so. Human songsters could not fail to be charmed by the trills and twitters of thrush and linnet. All our poetry books are full of birds, but the poets themselves have taken but scant pains to make themselves acquainted with the precise modes and methods of their feathered rivals.

Mr. Wintringham knows this well enough, and not the least amusing of his pages are those in which he convicts great poets of ignorance and inaccuracy in these most important matters. It is the business of poets to know about birds. Nobody but an attorney's clerk would be angry with Lord Tennyson for representing, as he does in the "Foresters," the mortgagor or borrower as being in possession of and in the habit of kicking about the mortgage deed or bond, although it is common legal knowledge that such documents of title are usually kept in the possession of the mortgagee or lender; but birds are different from bonds and much more poetical.

But Mr. Wintringham is very kind, and finds excuses for poetical ignorance. Take the Jay for example. A most fascinating bird with bright feathers coveted by the fly-fisher, and a mocking tongue which would make the fortune of a New Humorist. What did Wordsworth know about the jay? Nothing but its name, says our author, who proceeds to observe, "He who would watch the habits of the jay must act cautiously and cat-like; he must enter the woods stealthily, for if the bird perceive him it will instantly shift to a thick bough, if such be near, or if compelled to remain exposed it will become, as Yarell says, motionless and silent-looking like a dead stump. . . . The jay, if we wish to have a poetical picture of activity, must be seen by the poet before it simulates death, or just after it relieves itself from its inanimate position. In a word, the poet must approach either noiselessly and see the bird gesticulating; or, having disturbed it, he must go forward until he urges it to drop as though dead in the undergrowth."

And so Mr. Wintringham proceeds, heaping difficulties in the poet's way, and concludes with much candour by saying, "Is it not natural, then, when we think of the absolute labour which is needed to interview this bird at home, that the bards have more frequently noted its startled cry, its screech, its scream? We cannot be surprised that instead of giving us a sketch of its coppice life, the Lake poet wrote,

'From Bruno's forest screams the affrighted Jay.'

Never was naturalist more reasonable or less exacting in his demands upon poets! But who

indeed could fancy Mr. William Wordsworth of Rydal Mount, sturdiest of egotists, entering a wood with cat-like step, and remaining in it for some hours "as if an inanimate object" to observe a jay! Great poets, like great orators, are apt to take their facts from the quarters where they find them easiest.

Mr. Wintringham's chapter on the nightingale, though written in the pleasantest of veins, is none the less a serious indictment of the poets, whose colossal ignorance is really matter for just animadversion. Every school-boy knows two things about the nightingale—the first being that it is the male bird who sings, the second that he does so on a "lowly twig," whilst his mate is incubating. But our poets, with hardly an exception, violate the truth in both instances, for they represent the singing nightingale as the female, and always pitch "her" up as high as ever they can, either on the topmost bough or in the "windless sky." Their excuse for the first offence against truth is the bookish one that in the old story it was King Pandion's daughter, Philomela, who was turned into a nightingale. Our poets have ever preferred a lie in print to a truth in the open air. Spenser, Shakespeare, Milton, Sir Philip Sidney, Dryden, Thomson seem all persuaded in their innermost souls that the bird whose song they have extolled was "very woman"—there is not a suggestion to the contrary in their lays. Mr. Wintringham excuses them on this curious ground:—"We speak of the neutral ship as 'she,' and the poets, permitted by special license, call the masculine bird 'she,' 'her,' or 'Philomela' indiscriminately and indifferently. In this respect the poets have followed one another like sheep, and the one is not the less or more deserving of blame than the other." This is very indulgent on Mr. Wintringham's part, but even if it be so the time has arrived when this "special license," which by analogy with "Sharp v. Wakefield" can be for one year only, should be refused for the future.

On the other point, namely, the position of the bird when singing, some poets have a better record than others. They do not all place "her" on the topmost bough. In this matter Shelley is the great offender. He really tries Mr. Wintringham's temper. "The more Shelley wrote about Philomela the more he exhibited a surprising apathy to natural reality." We also read of his "ludicrous nescience," all the more inexcusable because his earlier days were spent at Horsham, where nightingales are as plentiful as blackberries. Shelley seems to have thought that the nightingale, like the lark, sang upon the wing. His verses are beautiful enough, but vague and, so far as they convey any precise meaning, untrue.

The redbreast is a great favourite with the poets. No wonder! He does not tax their knowledge, but is a familiar bird. No need to enter a coppice with a cat-like tread to observe the manners and the customs of the robin, who is amongst birds what the yellow primrose or the daisy is amongst flowers. Wordsworth loved the robin, whose ruddy breast gives a much-needed patch of colour to our great poet's somewhat sombre world.

Readers of Mr. Wintringham's book, and he deserves many, will turn to see what he has to say of the raven and the cuckoo, two birds who must ever find a home in Wordsworth's poetry. Was there ever penned a prettier verse than—

If in windy days the raven
Gambols like a dancing skiff,
Not the less she loves her haven
In the bosom of the cliff.

Or a finer passage to be quoted in support of the second reading of an "Access to Mountains Bill" than—

"How divine
The liberty, for frail, for mortal man
To roam at large among unpeopled glens
And mountainous retirements only trod
By devious footsteps: regions consecrate
To oldest time! and reckless of the storm
That keeps the raven quiet in her nest,
Be as a presence or a motion, one
Among the many there."

As for the cuckoo, Mr. Wintringham discourses on that "mystery of mysteries" at considerable length and with some gusto, concluding thus:—"Here, at a fit place surely, I leave to the reader's notice a creature which possesseth neither patience, kindness, generosity, humility, courtesy, unselfishness, good temper, nor guilelessness—a bird which does not possess a single element which is essential to love, a little monster who commits murder the very day he is given liberty, if not sight; and yet a bird which has not only encouraged Wordsworth to rewrite Chaucer's lengthy poem, in which that poet makes the cuckoo and nightingale maintain a fantastic discussion, but writes of it at Laverna, when his hearing is dulled with age:—

"List! 'twas the cuckoo. O! with what delight
Heard I that voice! and catch it now, though faint,
Far off and faint, and melting into air,
Yet not to be mistaken."

There is nothing incongruous in this. As many a sinner has been loved before now, not for his sins, but for some shining quality they decked, so men love the cuckoo for his genial shout—

"From the neighbouring vales
The cuckoo straggling up the hill-tops
Shouteth faint tidings of some gladder place."

A. B.

REVIEWS.

THE GROWTH OF A CONTINENT.

NATURE AND MAN IN AMERICA. By N. S. Shaler, Professor of Geology in Harvard University, Massachusetts. London: Smith, Elder & Co. 1892.

MR. SHALER, who is well known, not only as an eminent geologist, but as a copious and agreeable writer, has given us in this book an easy and popular treatment of a series of interesting problems regarding the relation of the physical phenomena of the earth to the growth and progress of man and of human societies. He has been struck, he tells us in his Introduction, with the accumulating evidences furnished by the progress of science of the existence of a beneficent Providence. "With each advance," he observes, "in our knowledge concerning the conditions which have brought men to their present estate, we come to a fuller sense as to the order and system by which the processes of Nature have made men what they are." This purpose, however, though it has moved him to write the book, has not coloured its reasonings. He is not in any sense either an apologist or a "reconciler" of religion with science, but writes in a purely detached and scientific spirit, sometimes perhaps fancifully, but with a freshness and suggestiveness which will commend the book to many who might be repelled by a more dry and technical handling.

The main subject of the treatise is the manner and process whereby the earth has grown fit to be the dwelling-place of man, and in particular the building up of continents and their peopling by forms of plants and animals. He holds that the continents—and particularly North America—are all of them ancient; that is to say, had a nucleus of high geologic antiquity, so that there has been an unbroken succession of land life. He inculcates the doctrine now so generally held, that there has been comparatively little that is cataclysmic in the geological changes of the past, and shows how much may be ascribed to the influence during long periods

of forces no greater nor more sudden and revolutionary than those whose action we now observe. Still he admits frequent elevations and submersions of large areas, and devotes some interesting pages to the growth of the North American continent from the Cambrian age downwards, holding that it began as a group of islands which were gradually extended and brought together, each change of climate, each confluence of two distinct land-masses into one, being accompanied by conflicts of species which led to the extinction of the weaker and the more rapid development of new types. He ingeniously uses the changes in the shape of the continents to account for changes in their climate by pointing out how such changes affect the oceanic currents. The Gulf Stream, for instance, which now warms the North Atlantic Ocean and the coasts of Ireland and Norway, might, he suggests, be the means, according to the increase of its volume, of either producing a much heavier snowfall in North-Eastern America and North-Western Europe, which would cover with glaciers large parts of those regions now below the snow and ice line, or else of pouring into the Polar Sea so vast a volume of hot water as to raise the whole temperature of the adjacent lands, and enable that semi-tropical vegetation to be produced which we find in the coal-beds of the carboniferous period. He sums up the results of this part of his inquiry in the following paragraph:—

"It is clear that organic life tends to its most rapid advancement in those parts of the earth's surface where beings are subject to a considerable stress from climatal conditions—where, from geological period to geological period, they are driven about by the changes of temperature, and kept, as it were, in incessant motion. We find in the tropical districts an assemblage of animals in which there are many archaic forms. The elephants, once inhabitants of all the greater continents, once endowed with power to meet the cold of the Arctic Circle as well as the warmth of the tropics, have shrunk away from the lands in high latitudes, and find their refuge near the equator. So, too, the tigers, the rhinoceroses, and a host of other forms once strong enough to meet the trials of rigorous climates, have in their decline betaken themselves to the great almshouse of the tropics, where, if the conditions of advance are less perfect than those afforded by regions of variable climate, the abundance of food and the absence of climatal stress permit the forms to survive.

"To the naturalist who has come to appreciate the sensitiveness of organic forms to their surrounding conditions, who has also seen how organic advance depends upon the completion of each step in the great series of living beings, the most surprising facts of the world are found in the coincidence between the laws of earth's development and the needs of organic life. Where his predecessors in the study of the earth found in the conditions which lead to the formation of mountains a cause of widespread destruction, he sees only beneficent influences, cruel it may be to individuals, but blessing-giving to the large assemblages of life. Gradually to such a student the world seems more and more purposeful. Slowly the sense of order and relation between the apparently rude machinery of the earth's crust and the delicate beings which are bred upon it becomes clear; and finally he finds himself inevitably led to the conviction that there is an essential unity in all the life of this sphere—the physical and organic being but parts of one great plan."

The last three chapters are devoted to a sketch of the natural history of North America since the appearance of man, and deal with the influence of the physical conditions of the country on the native Indian tribes and afterwards on the white settlers. Mr. Shaler adopts the view that the tribes had attained a higher civilisation—that marked by the famous Mounds of the Ohio Valley—some centuries before the arrival of Europeans, than that in which the French explorers of the seventeenth century found them; and he ascribes this decadence to the eastward movement of the buffalo, which provided so abundant a supply of animal food as to throw back agriculture and progress generally. The Indians, it would seem, aided that movement by burning the forests, so as to set free a wider area of pasturage for the herds. He agrees with Mr. Francis A. Walker in holding that the negro will not spread far beyond the comparatively small low and hot area on the shores of the Atlantic and the Gulf of Mexico where he now thrives, and in which white labour cannot compete with him, and remarks on the singular fact that the different climate and conditions of the New World have not so far sensibly affected the physical type of the African race there settled. As regards the white race, he believes that they are

at least as physically strong and long-lived as the inhabitants of those European countries whence they came; and cites, among other proofs, the fact—which we believe is undisputed—that the proportion of recoveries from wounds was unusually high among the soldiers wounded in the War of Secession.

SIBERIA AS IT IS NOT.

SIBERIA AS IT IS. By Harry de Windt, F.R.G.S.; with an Introduction by Her Excellency Madame Olga Novikoff ("O. K."). London: Chapman & Hall, Limited., 1892.

MR. DE WINDT'S "Siberia as it Is" is scarcely a serious book. If it were not for the introduction it would be difficult to say why it has been written. That, however, gives it a certain interest, as it shows that it is the best which can be said of their exile system by the Russian authorities, though they have succeeded in getting an Englishman to say it for them. He does it, too, with the conviction that he has made important discoveries, and that he is rendering a service—can we say to humanity?

It is a big book, with but little in it which has the merit of novelty. For a considerable portion of its bulk the printers are responsible. Three of the twelve chapters are devoted to the task of confuting Mr. Kennan, with what success we shall see presently. The rest is padding. When the author wishes to talk about a place which he has not seen, as Sakhalin for example, he quotes other writers, including Dr. Lansdell, who also has not seen it.

The book is throughout provokingly hazy: it has not even an index. Names of political prisoners are not given, but general expressions or initials are made use of: "the majority of my political friends under surveillance," "L. V.," "Madame L.," "one of the most dangerous Nihilists in Russia," and the like. Dates are scarcely ever used, and the reader finds it impossible to tell how long the writer remained in any place, or even when he reached it, whilst investigation, identification, and verification are impossible.

Again, the book contains many curious errors. It gives to Ekaterineburg a university which it does not possess; it allows Perm only 4,000 inhabitants, but neglects to say what has become of the other 35,281 people who were living there, according to the Census, in 1890; * it imprisons Felix Volkovsky at Moscow in a square, instead of a round, tower; but, strangest of all, is its account of the Peresilni prison in Tomsk. This, it says, is constructed to accommodate 2,000 prisoners. "It contained, the day of my visit, 2,176, including voluntary exiles and their children. I was told that, on one occasion two or three years ago, as many as 3,000 convicts were located in the prison, on account of floods between Tomsk and Irkoutsk. But such an occurrence is extremely rare. The average number is from 1,800 to 2,000." Now Mr. Galkine Wrasskoy, chief of the Russian Prison Administration, in the report he presented to the St. Petersburg meeting of the International Prison Congress in 1890—the very year in which Mr. De Windt swallowed the above story—says, "Le dépôt de transfert de Tomsk contient, à la fin de la période de navigation, 3,000 détenus environ, quoique la contenance de cet établissement ne lui permette de donner place qu'à 1,200 individus. . . . Ainsi, sur chacun des 18 convois de détenus amenés sur des barques de Tumène à Tomsk, il reste dans le dépôt de cette dernière ville sans avoir été expédiés à destination, de 100 à 200 individus, ce qui pour la fin de la période de navigation en représente 3,000 à 4,000." Mr. De Windt actually alludes to this very report; Mr. Kennan quotes literally from it and at length, so that the author must have had the true figures before him. Why does he add 800 to the number the place was built to accommodate?

This Peresilni prison at Tomsk is rather a

stumbling-block to Mr. De Windt. He was so anxious to contradict Mr. Kennan that he wrote to the *Pall Mall Gazette* from Tomsk a long description of the Gubernski prison, and added that "Mr. Kennan will doubtless be glad to hear that the Tomsk prison, as graphically described in the pages of the *Century* magazine, does not exist." Mr. Kennan replied that Mr. De Windt had got into the wrong prison, a mere local gaol, and not into that which he had described. From Berlin (not from Paris, as Mr. De Windt now states) he had to write and confess his error, but he added that he devoted three whole days to a minute inspection of the Peresilni prison.

Now this letter appears to differ from Mr. De Windt's book. In the latter he speaks of "the day" on which he visited this particular prison. Nay, more, he says that he visited it at three o'clock one afternoon and remained in it until nearly five. In that short space of time he minutely inspected the "vast court-yard" (whilst the gaoler was finding a convict who talked French); "eight or ten of the log-huts or barracks," each of which contained two kameras, one kamera being revisited; the women's kameras, the number of which is not given; the kitchens; the bath-houses, two in number—one for men, the other for women, and each capable of accommodating thirty prisoners at a time; the hospital, a two-storied building; the dispensary; the two huts set apart for political prisoners and containing several cells, but how many is not stated; the chapel, and the fire-engine shed; and had five tolerably long conversations with prisoners. Allowing two entire hours, omitting all conversations, counting the women's kameras as one, and the hospital as two, this allows less than four minutes for each "minute inspection." "Towards midnight" the writer "returned to the Peresilni and walked through its dimly-lit kameras."

What is to be made of all this? Is the letter or the book correct? Was it three whole days or three whole hours which were devoted to this "minute inspection"? If days, why does the book not give the result? Were things seen and heard which would not suit the courtly dames who give their sanction to the work? Is M. Wrasskoy or Mr. De Windt right? M. Wrasskoy confirms Mr. Kennan, Mr. De Windt tries to contradict him.

We scarcely wonder after this to find that he believes—nay, states as a fact—that Dr. Lansdell "minutely inspected nearly every prison and *étape* in Siberia." Dr. Lansdell himself never made any such ridiculous claim. Why to visit every *étape* alone in that vast land, not counting prisons, and without any inspection, would be a task of years—years of hard and constant labour, not mere holiday months.

Then, again, why is there not a single reference to the statements contained in another of Mr. Kennan's appendices, and extracted, not merely from Siberian newspapers published under the vigilant eye of the Censor, but also from official reports, and even from private minutes supplied to the Tsar himself by his own Governor-General? These statements corroborate Mr. Kennan's testimony, but what about Mr. de Windt? His experience of *étapes* is limited. In 1887 he visited one. He has seen others. He once heard of one which was old and dilapidated. "With this solitary exception, I have never come across a single *étape* that was not said to be clean and in good condition, or that did not appear to be in good repair and well looked after. *Étapes* are usually described in England as dreary-looking, tumble-down buildings. As a matter of fact, I have seldom seen neater buildings."

Exactly so; but how are they described in Russia? The Governor-General of Siberia, in his report to the present Tsar, says:—"The *étapes*, forwarding-prisons, and prisons of other kinds, with the most insignificant exceptions, are tumble-down buildings, in bad sanitary condition, cold in winter, saturated with miasm, and, to crown all, affording very little security against escapes." There are

* According to the Census, in 1890 Perm had 39,281 inhabitants.

many other authorities to the like effect; but the Governor-General has probably visited more than one *étape*.

Mr. De Windt differs in one respect from Mr. Kennan. He finds what he went out to seek. No doubt he means to be honest, but he is from first to last an advocate. He holds that it is improper to meddle with politics—nay, he distinctly says that an American who gave vent to democratic views in a loud voice and in a Russian railway carriage would be “justly” punished by imprisonment in the terrible fortress of SS. Peter and Paul. He has fallen readily into the trap prepared for him. He has accepted as truth all which the police officials chose to tell him. He has striven hard against the logic of facts, and it has ended, as such strife must end, in signal discomfiture.

Upon one point alone need stronger language be used. Throughout this book, dedicated to one woman and introduced by another, women are seldom spoken of excepting in terms of scorn, derision, or contempt. We shall not characterise by the only fitting word the way in which women who dare to take an interest in the political welfare of their country are treated. We shall simply express unfeigned and deep regret that any Englishman should have gathered up from police-officers, however “distinguished,” and should, upon such testimony, have retailed, shameful slanders respecting women who—however much he, in his supreme wisdom, may think them mistaken—have given wealth, position, liberty, even life itself, for the faith that was in them.

THE MODERN HISTORY OF THE PUBLIC MEETING.

THE PLATFORM: ITS RISE AND PROGRESS. By Henry Jephson. Two vols. London: Macmillan & Co. 1892.

MR. JEPHSON has had the good fortune to light upon a subject which has never before had a book all to itself and which yet deserves one. The rest of us are also fortunate. In reading his two stout volumes and reflecting how many are those who could write a bad book about the Platform, and who would not have hesitated to do it if the idea had occurred to them, we have had a sense of relief that so dangerous a subject has fallen into such good hands. No right-thinking person will dispute that old speeches make the dreariest of all reading in this world. How easy would it have been to infuse their dullness into a record of public meetings, and to make the history of the Platform a forbidding tale of decayed resolutions, stale invective, and mildewed perorations! From this and other evils has Mr. Jephson delivered us. He could have told his story, we think, much more briefly than he has done, but the merit of brevity has become so rare that one should not complain too much of its absence, and the work as a whole is so well done that we have no mind to water our praise of it by dwelling on this or that feature which might have been different. Mr. Jephson has seen and followed out the important lines of his subject. He has taken extreme pains to bring together a great mass of facts, gathered from newspapers, pamphlets, memoirs, unpublished manuscripts, and other sources to which only the zealous inquirer finds his way. One rejoices to see, for instance, what frequent use he has made of the Place MSS., which are invaluable for the study of popular agitation in the early part of the century, but which previous writers have turned to small account. The result of his labours is a narrative not only full of interest, even to the casual reader, but rich in political instruction, and forming a valuable and original contribution to the literature of the Constitution.

The work covers nearly the same period as Erskine May's “Constitutional History.” Like every other English institution, indeed, the political platform has its antiquities, but the thing itself, as we know it, is little more than a century old. Mr

Jephson points out how the way was prepared for it by the exercise of the right of petitioning, by county meetings convened to consult on measures for the support of the King and Government, by the great religious meetings of Wesley and Whitefield, and by the growth of the democratic idea in the middle of the eighteenth century. If we seek for a definite beginning of the platform, he would date it from the successful agitation for the repeal of the Cider and Perry Tax of 1763, when, as the writer in the *Annual Register* declared, “virulent libels, audacious beyond the example of former licentiousness, were circulated through the nation, in which nothing was sacred, and no character was spared.” That, however, was rather an instance of vigorous petitioning enforced by popular disturbances. Forty years before, a Beer Tax had raised a similar vehement agitation in Scotland. The real point of origin is rather the Wilkes case, when the resistance of the Press and the Platform prevented privilege of Parliament from being converted into a new and dangerous form of tyranny—a case, moreover, that marks the beginning of the long and weary struggle for Parliamentary reform, on which the next great popular victory was to be won sixty years later. Ever since the famous meeting of the Middlesex freeholders in the Assembly Rooms at Mile-End in 1769—(London was on the side of liberty in those days)—the Platform has been persistently, successfully, and often violently used to proclaim discontent in times of distress, to demand and force reform, and to compel unwilling Governments to listen to the opinions of the governed. Its progress, which Mr. Jephson follows step by step, coincides with, or is rather a particular aspect of, the growth of democratic ideas. Every inch of the way had to be fought for. Pitt strove to suppress the Platform in the scare of the French Revolution, and Castle-reagh and Sidmouth strained the Constitution nearly to the breaking point in their efforts to silence its clamour in the distressful years of 1817 and 1819. Mr. Jephson rather conveys the impression that these were mere high-handed acts of Government, but, in fact, the Government had in the country at large immense support for their policy of coercion. To the prosperous classes, holding the fine old crusted theory of representation which received so rude a shock in 1832, out-of-door opinions on politics were disreputable and dangerous. They had to be tolerated at election times. Even the scandalous Acts of 1817 and 1819 exempted election meetings. But the exemption meant very little. In the days when half the House of Commons was returned by individual patrons, elections did not turn very much on politics; contests were rare, and as Mr. Jephson shows, with an abundance of interesting illustration, it was seldom that any prominent statesman took his constituents into his confidence. Once his vote had been bought or extorted, the elector's part in the play of the Constitution was over. “This House, in its legislative capacity,” it was said, “constitutes the only people of England which the law acknowledges. On the expiration of our term, indeed, or our dissolution by the Royal proclamation, our power reverts to the hands of our constituents, and the moment they elect new representatives, those representatives, and not the constituents, again become the legal body of the people.” The Platform could only disturb the regularity of this metaphysical see-saw. “I do not know,” said an English bishop—(why do good things of this kind so often come from bishops?)—“I do not know what the mass of the people in any country have to do with the laws but to obey them.” The mass of the people have declined to accept this episcopal theory of government. They have successfully insisted that citizenship has its rights as well as its duties, and that the people who have to obey the laws should have a voice in the making of them. Steadily, and for the most part quietly and without disruption, they have adapted the Constitution to the realities of modern life. Many forces have been at work in producing the change, but nothing has been more

effective than free speech on political questions. Public demonstrations and excellent organisation in Ireland wrested Catholic emancipation from an English Government in spite of the fact that the bulk of the English people were against the measure. In 1832 the platform convinced Parliament that Parliamentary reform was a less evil than violent revolution. In the Chartist movement it awakened the whole country to the condition of the people question. It swept away the Corn Laws. And to come down to recent times, in the last years of the Beaconsfield administration, it saved England from an ignominious war. With the agitation for the last Reform Bill Mr. Jephson ends his history. A few years later would have brought him to another platform agitation inferior in interest to none which had preceded it; but he has decided, no doubt wisely, to keep clear from the unsettled questions of party politics the account of that which was once the weapon of extreme and broken men, and which has now become part of the ordinary machinery of Government. Mr. Jephson has scrupulously refrained from touching on present day politics. He does not even remind us how striking is the parallel between the pleas for the Repression Acts of 1817 and 1819 and those which down to our own day have been urged for Irish coercion acts. But he will be a careless reader who misses the parallel.

If a century ago some statesman, observing the course of the industrial revolution and foreseeing that sooner or later, let kings and bishops say what they might, there would be a shifting of political power, had sought to anticipate the change and had cast about him for a method of making the mass of the people actual sharers in government, not merely at election times but permanently, without disturbing any of the established institutions of the country, of placing parliament under the control of popular opinion while leaving it constitutionally supreme, he might well have been driven to abandon the task in despair. It passed the wit of man, he might have said, to reconcile the contradictions, save by some scheme which would be so full of checks and safeguards as to be a harassing restraint on liberty. Yet the contradictions have been reconciled without any scheme. Taking the matter into their own hands, the people themselves have solved the difficulty by means of the press and the platform. So gradual has been the movement and so slight the change in the outward form of the constitution, that we are apt to forget how great a political revolution has been accomplished within the memory of men now living. Mr. Jephson has rendered a most valuable service in telling the story, as he has done, fully, carefully, and impartially.

PLANT LIFE.

1. THE EVOLUTION OF PLANT LIFE. By George Massee. University Extension Series. London: Methuen & Co.
2. THE PLANT WORLD: Its Past, Present, and Future. An Introduction to the Study of Botany. By George Massee. London: Whittaker & Co.

If anyone turns to Mr. George Massee's "Evolution of Plant Life" in the expectation of finding a discussion of the subjects suggested by the title of the book he will be disappointed. He will find instead a short and popular account of the lower forms of plant life, which has no doubt done duty in more than one Extension centre. It opens with a chapter containing "general ideas," and then works conscientiously through the Mycetozoa, Thallophyta, and the rest, ending with a chapter of three short pages on the Phanerogamia. There is on the whole more evolution in Mr. Massee's other little book on "The Plant World," which forms a volume in Messrs. Whittaker's "Library of Popular Science." But the evolution is of a very mild and vague order, dealing for the most part in generalities dear to the popular mind.

In both books Mr. Massee writes pleasantly and smoothly, and knows what he is writing about. He has produced the kind of work he intended to produce in order that he might meet the requirements of the series for which he was writing. What was wanted was a certain amount of more or less accurate general information on plant life and the plant world: and there it stands, printed in very fair type, and illustrated with adequate figures, many of them from Prantl or Strasburger. Presumably the author never had any thought of making his little books of any educational value from the standpoint of science. The question has, indeed, been raised whether it is possible to make an University Extension Course on a scientific subject of any value from a rigidly scientific standpoint. And those who are honest are wont to confess that, at best, such courses serve to impart information and to stimulate interest. In these directions Mr. Massee is, on the whole, decidedly successful; and as to scientific education, he probably remembers that it was not thus he learnt his botany.

We have said that Mr. Massee conveys his information pleasantly and smoothly, and that it is, for the most part, sufficiently accurate. There is, however, a figure of speech, recurring again and again, which we regard as most unsatisfactory, if not positively reprehensible. Plant life is constantly described as adopting or following up some "idea," an "insect-fertilising idea," or what not. "The new group commences with what may be expressed as the germ of a new idea, and if this new idea better enables its members to hold their own in the struggle for existence," etc., etc. Speaking of the labellum of orchids "intended as the landing-stage for insects," we are told that it "appeared at the upper or posterior part of the flower, and consequently proved useless for the purpose intended, and although the mistake was discovered"—and so forth. Without forgetting that these sentences occur in a contribution to a Library of Popular Science, we may express our opinion that this is how popular science should not be written. We do not wish to imply that Mr. Massee regards these expressions as more than figures of speech. He himself says that there is no evidence of any preconceived scheme in connection with the gradual extension or evolution of the plant world from primitive types. But the figure of speech is a misleading and unsatisfactory one. We advise Mr. Massee, in reading over the manuscript of any future work on popular science, to avoid such figures, and to strike his pen through such sentences as the following: "Self-sacrifice and philanthropy are factors not exercised by plants in reality, although, as in some of the higher members of the animal kingdom, suggestions of these virtues are paraded by certain plants for the purpose of accomplishing an object by surreptitious methods."

FICTION.

1. A VALLEY OF SHADOWS. By G. Colmore. Two vols. London: Chatto & Windus. 1892.
2. MAISIE DERRICK. By Katharine S. Macquoid. Two vols. London: A. D. Innes & Co. 1892.

"A VALLEY OF SHADOWS" is bound in two volumes, but "G. Colmore" has divided her story into three books. If one were willing to substitute for a criticism of the novel a facetious summary of its plot, splendid sport of that particular kind might be found in "A Valley of Shadows." But the facetious summary, although it still obtains in some places, is rarely justifiable; it is only justifiable, perhaps, when the novel is so inartistic and so pretentious that a serious consideration is impossible. This is not the case, and never has been the case, with the work of "G. Colmore." In the first book of this story, as in the other two, the scene lies in a peaceful, out-of-the-way village. To this village there has come a stranger, calling herself Mrs. Latimer; she lives alone, and—because of the mystery and comparative

luxury which surround her—she is not popular with a people of Puritanical simplicity and hardness. She is especially disliked by two people, Anne Hatherden, an austere woman, and Churchwarden Hargreaves. The latter considers himself personally responsible for the ethics of the place. He discovers that Mrs. Latimer's real name is Lucy Saryll, and that Lucy Saryll has been tried for the murder of her husband, although, as the evidence was considered insufficient, she was acquitted. Hargreaves tells Lucy Saryll that she must leave the place; he has no shadow of a right to interfere with her in any way, but she pleads to be allowed to remain. Hargreaves refuses; there is a missionary meeting, with magic-lantern views, held in the village, and at the close of the meeting he rises and tells all that he knows of Lucy Saryll, and repeats his opinion that she ought to go. Lucy Saryll is present at the meeting; once more she pleads, "Let me stay!" and once more it is difficult to see why she should plead at all. Then Joel Hatherden, the brother of Anne Hatherden, whose acquaintance with Lucy Saryll is of the slightest, rises and speaks in her behalf:—

"I'm not a gentleman born, and she's a lady; but being all alone makes it seem different; and a home and protection and a name she needn't fear to own to, that I can give her. So to show you truly that I believe in her and trust her and mean to stand by her, I ask her, here, now, before you all, to be my wife."

When the meeting is over, Lucy Saryll accepts this strange proposal. These, briefly, are the circumstances which make up the first of the three books of "A Valley of Shadows." We have quoted them to show that this story is one which would be particularly tempting to a facetious writer; yet, as far as mere improbability is concerned, more than one of the novels of Mr. Thomas Hardy would not stand an analysis of its plot. Indeed, we think that the closing situation which we have quoted—the public proposal—is very much in the manner of Mr. Thomas Hardy. The probability or improbability of the plot is not a matter of the first concern, perhaps; but we own that here, as in many of the stories which have been written by women, the objective side is the weaker. The author seems to know more of the motives than of the actions of life. As a study of character, Lucy Saryll is really admirable; but throughout the book, in Joel and Anne Hatherden, and in Churchwarden Hargreaves, we find that it is in analysis that "G. Colmore" is strongest. We grant the strength of the fine and dramatic scenes which close this story; we object to the way by which we reach them. We can well imagine that a reader, unacquainted with the previous work of "G. Colmore," would stop at one point and put the book down, believing that nothing was in store for him but barren conventionalities. He would be wrong; but in the construction of the greater part of this story there is more conventionality than the author had shown previously. The quiet village and the mysterious lady stranger make up the starting-point of many novels. The blackmailer who offers to let the mother go at the price of her daughter's hand is familiar; the nobility of the daughter who throws over her own lover and agrees to marry the blackmailer, whom she hates, to save her mother, is familiar also; we think, too, that it is a false and immoral nobility, but we are not now discussing ethics. For this taint of conventionality far more than for the improbabilities of the story we have fault to find. The individuality of the writer is seen in this story, and in the concluding book it is particularly striking, but there is also too much of common material. There are one or two minor inconsistencies, to which it would be unfair to attach much importance; a basket of eggs, for instance, is converted after a few pages into a basket of butter. Such things only affect the story, because they remind us that it is *only* a story; but it is as well, if one wishes to convince, to avoid them.

There is no reason why anyone should get angry with the work of Mrs. Macquoid. It all seems to have been turned out with a certain purpose, and to fulfil that purpose excellently. Mr. Thomas Hardy would probably prefer to write exclusively for the adult; Mrs. Macquoid finds her ideal reader in the young person. It is certainly something to attain one's ends, and we honestly believe that the young person will be much pleased with "Maisie Derrick." In the first place, Maisie Derrick is a very pretty name; it might almost have come out of a story. Then the second heroine also has a very nice name: one can find no fault with Drusilla on that ground. But Drusilla is not quite so admirable as Maisie, either in her name or in any other respect. Drusilla admires wealth and position, and would obtain them even by marrying that singularly unpleasant person, Mr. Boyd. But first of all she has crossed the path of Maisie, and for a time disappointed Maisie's expectations. She has taken from her the estimable hero. We feel that it is only for a time. We are perfectly safe with Mrs. Macquoid; she refuses to harrow our feelings unduly, and we close the book with the conviction that Maisie will be happy after all. If the workmanship of the story is not very artistic, it is at least not slovenly. It is written, apparently, with care, and with the skill that comes from practice. We have no reason to believe that it will be less successful than the other work which Mrs. Macquoid has produced for a similar audience.

THE MAGAZINES.

THE one-legged tribe with mushroom feet that served for tents, the headless men whose faces were in their chests, the people whose ears served them for Inverness capes, the eale which had swivel-horns of a cubit-length, and the lucrocatta, whose mouth extended from ear to ear with one continuous bone for teeth, and which could imitate the human voice—it is many generations since people ceased to believe in these; but we had in their place at least two marvels, the hydra and the water-bear. Now, even our microscopic monsters are taken from us—by a writer in *Natural Science*. Never again shall a thaumaturgic microscopist cut up a hydra, across and along, and make four hydras of him; never again shall he see a battle between two hydras for a worm. That was a great combat! Long the fight swayed indecisive, until at last one of the hydras swallowed the wretched cause of quarrel; but the other champion exerting and expanding his capacity to the utmost, swallowed his rival, worm and all, and then tempering mercy with justice, disgorged his still lively foe, retaining the booty. The microscopist may not even turn a hydra inside out and make its stomach its back. As for the water-bear, the simple-minded ecclesiastics of France can no longer point to its power of resisting dry heat up to the burning point as a triumphant refutation of those sceptics who hold that organic matter could not endure in such a fiery tomb as that from which Farinata addressed Dante. The writer in *Natural Science* leads us to infer, indeed, that the microscopists who report these things must have been enchanted.

In "Glimpses at a Game-Book" (*National*) by Mr. George Manners, we are led back to a time, before the discovery of "driving," when it took two hours and a quarter to kill one grouse, and that one lame to begin with, and wounded immediately the hunters began to stalk him. Miss C. M. Yonge goes a little further back still, writing of "An Old Woman's Outlook" (*Monthly Packet*). She has pleasant memories of a nurse who used to keep a quantity of pepper by her bedside wherewith to blind any assailant in the rick-burning days; of an old man who professed to eat adders, tempered with bacon; and of a feckless family who wrote letters from Manchester, spelling the first person plural "whee." Again further into "the dark backward

and abyss of time" we are conducted by Mr. Charles Cooper. He shows us a period—"Early English Fare" (*Gentleman's*)—when people baked their bread without yeast, brewed their beer without hops, and cultivated a taste for subtle flavours by roasting their geese alive; when street hawkers were forbidden to sell plums and apples for the reason that servants and apprentices were unable to resist the sight of them, and were constantly tempted to steal their employers' money in order to enjoy the costly delicacies; when the whale was a royal dish; when phlebotomy flourished, and seems to have been as essential to human health as to that of the overfed hippopotamus, who, if all be true that's in print, phlebotomises himself.

That careful observer and pleasant writer, Mr. J. C. Atkinson, has a genial word to say for the sparrow in *Macmillan*. He defends it against the charge of robinicide, and the systematic vituperation with which sentimental writers, and observers fallaciously so-called, have blackened his character. Three or four goldfinches will do more mischief in a garden than all the sparrows that haunt it. He is not half such a ruffian as many other birds, but a jolly, independent little fellow, who makes the best of life, and whose motto is "Live and let live." The scandal about him is as untrue as that about the wheelbarrow which was said to have been bitten by a mad dog, and which the wise men of Gotham thought it safest to chain up in a dungeon. Many old judgments have been revised of late, and there is no reason why the sparrow should not benefit by the critical spirit of the age.

The mystic performances of Obeah-worship are not more wonderful than some of the secret rites of the Pueblo Indians. The Snake-dance of the Moquis, a people living on the edge of the Arizona forest, is a most blood-curdling affair, as described by Mr. C. A. Lummis in *St. Nicholas*. Some of the social customs of the South American Indians are also as curious as their forms of worship. No Navajo after marriage must ever look on his wife's mother.

"If by any evil chance he happens to catch a glimpse of her, it takes a vast amount of fasting and prayer before he feels secure from dangerous results. The gravest and most dignified chief is not above walking backward, running like a scared boy, or hiding his head in his blanket to avoid the dreaded sight."

Here is a new illustration for comic writers who may wish to say something fresh on mothers-in-law.

There is considerable variety in the biographical matter this month. Columbus left no clear record of his own life, and it is really not known where he landed in America. We learn from "The Mystery of Columbus" (*Harper's*) that the "fair and verdant" island which he called San Salvador, cannot be that in the Bahama reef which goes by the name, as it is a barren rock; nor do any of the other islands that claim to be the scene of the landing answer to this description. Columbus's sudden fall and his abject poverty at the end are also regarded as part of the mystery of his life by the writer in *Harper's*. Haydon and his diary must not be forgotten. A man who—with one masterpiece hung up in a grocer's shop, another in a warehouse, another in an upholsterer's, one pawned and one in Chancery—could still say that though ruined he was not disappointed, will never be forgotten as long as there are success and failure in the world. The solicitous writer of the articles on Haydon in *Temple Bar* may assure himself of that. Mr. Guido Biagio has put some dates right in his "Last Days of Percy Bysshe Shelley" (*Harper's*), and has gathered some interesting details from surviving eyewitnesses of the cremation of Shelley's body. In *Newbery House* an arch-priest of the Russian Church writes of the late Mgr. Nicanor, Archbishop of Kherson and Odessa, who was the most popular and authoritative preacher of recent times in Russia.

The estimate of the Kaiser in the *Contemporary Review* is good reading; we think, however, that the article by Dr. Bamberger in the *New Review* is a more reliable deliverance on the German crisis. Mr.

Oscar Wilde once wrote an article for the purpose of hiding a *mot* in it. Did Mr. W. H. Mallock write "Le Style C'est L'Homme" (*New Review*) for the purpose of saying in conclusion, "The style is the man; but it ought not to be the man of letters"? Two of the most interesting articles of the month are Mr. Edmund Gosse's "Wolcott Balestier" (*Century*) and Mr. Wilfrid Scawen Blunt's "Lord Lytton" (*Nineteenth*). They are both written from an exceedingly personal standpoint. A. B.'s estimate of Lytton (*National*) is generous, and avoids the comparative trap into which Mr. Blunt falls. "A Paris Correspondent" (*Longman's*) is a pleasant dip into Grimm's letters. Mr. T. L. Papillon—"Village Life" (*Macmillan*)—points out, much to his own gratification, that there can be no improvement in agriculture till improvement takes place. Miss Rose G. Kingsley tells us, in "A Hampshire Moor" (*English Illustrated*), how the fir-trees fight the heather. "Overhead the never-failing green in dark cushioned masses, springing from the crisply defined ruddy branches," is a description which fills the vision at once with Scotch firs. We mustn't forget Mr. W. L. Courtney's admirable distinction in his Socratic dialogue on "Plays and Players" (*National*): "The mummer is a man who can with infinite cleverness divest himself of his own personality; the actor, on the contrary, is the man who everywhere makes use of his personality to tell you something of what he is interpreting;" nor the feeble impudence of "The New Jacobitism" (*Albion*), a precious document written by that nonsensical nobleman the Marquis de Ruvigny and Raineval.

THE THEORY OF VALUE.

AN INTRODUCTION TO THE THEORY OF VALUE. By William Smart, M.A., Lecturer on Political Economy in Queen Margaret College, Glasgow. London: Macmillan & Co.

In his "Theory of Value," Mr. William Smart, the able translator of Böhm-Bawerk's "Capital and Interest" and "The Positive Theory of Capital," places before us in a concise form the view of the Austrian school on one of the most difficult questions in economic science. The first point brought forward in his analysis is that value implies a relation of means to end. Value may be "subjective" or "objective;" we attach subjective value to a "good," when we believe that it conduces to our personal well-being; its objective value lies in its power of producing some objective effect. The only objective value with which Political Economy is immediately concerned is "purchasing power." Now the cardinal point in the theory of the Austrian school—that which differentiates it in this matter from the earlier exponents of the science—is that value is fundamentally subjective; objective value is a mere superstructure, due to the necessity of recognising some external standard in the dealings of an organised community. "Value," to quote Jevons, "depends upon utility"—i.e., the power of satisfying a want—but the useful good becomes valuable only when the element of scarcity is introduced. What is it, then, which determines the precise (subjective) value of any good? It depends on its "marginal utility," and the latter is determined by the least pressing want satisfied in any given case, which would have to give way to those higher in the scale, if the quantity of available goods of the same kind were lessened. Besides its own subjective value, a good may have "subjective exchange value," depending on the marginal utility of the goods for which it will exchange. The valuation which we place higher determines the "total subjective value." But money has no subjective value, other than an exchange value, and the same is the case with goods produced for the market, as they are valued by the seller. For this reason—although price appears to be the result of a compromise, and to represent a valuation somewhere between those of the marginal or last seller, and the marginal or last buyer—it will really, in the long run, conform to the valuation of the marginal buyer. The only way in which the seller can really control price is by extending the area of demand, so that one who was previously excluded from the market becomes the marginal buyer. It is to his valuation that cost of production must adapt itself, and not *vice versa*. We must not work forward from the wages and profits of those engaged in the manipulation of the raw material through the intervening stages to the finished product, but in the opposite direction. The price of the product—the "marginal product"—determines that of the means of production.

We have only been able to give a brief summary of Mr. Smart's lucid exposition. In his book the theory is worked out in detail with a wealth of illustration which renders it fully intelligible.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.*

THE lights and shadows of a brave and modest career of usefulness are presented in Mr. Rain's account of "The Life and Labours of John Wray, Pioneer Missionary in British Guiana." Mr. Wray was born near Hull in 1779, and was sent to Demerara by the London Missionary Society in 1808, where he proved himself to be a missionary of the stamp of William Ellis and Robert Moffat, though his term of service was shorter, for he died at the post of duty as far back as the opening year of the Queen's reign. Little has hitherto been known of his career, and it was only by a sort of curious chance that the materials for the present rather belated biography came quite recently to light. The book consists largely of extracts from Mr. Wray's own journal, and it helps us to understand the peculiar difficulties of a missionary's lot when called to work in a country in which slavery had long been one of the established and most cherished institutions of the land. Mr. Wray was labouring as a missionary among coloured people in the eventful year which witnessed negro emancipation, and this circumstance lends a special interest to the records made in 1834 in his own journal. He seems to have been a man of more than average capacity and devotion, and of a wise and conciliatory spirit, and it is well, even at this time of day, that the story of such a life should be added to the literature of missionary achievement and endeavour.

The series of little volumes known as "Heart-Chords" has avowedly for its object the "stimulating, guiding, and strengthening of the Christian life," and this devotional purpose is likely to be met by the book entitled "My Father." It is written by the late Bishop Oxenden, the author of one of the most widely read religious manuals of the present century—"The Pathway of Safety." Churchmen and Nonconformists alike have contributed to this series, and the remarkable harmony of conviction, aspiration, and counsel which run through the volumes is a welcome sign of the times, as well as an impressive testimony to the underlying unity of religious thought and experience in the realm where faith and duty meet. Dr. Ashton Oxenden's unassuming volume is not merely suggestive and stimulating, but truly catholic in the rightful sense of a much-abused term.

Mr. Fitzgerald Molloy has apparently dipped here and there into the religious life of the metropolis, and has taken upon himself to describe in two big volumes "The Faiths of the Peoples." The plan adopted in the work is to devote a chapter to a typical religious service, and to preface or conclude each sketch with a slight account of the history and tenets of the community described. One Sunday morning, for example, is spent at the "Church of the New Jerusalem," and this, of course, gives Mr. Molloy a chance to talk about Emanuel Swedenborg. On another occasion he seems to have been present at vespers at the Carmelite Church in Kensington, and his account of the service is prefaced by a superficial sketch of Monasticism in England. A Saturday morning spent at the West London Synagogue lends colour to the discussion of the religious position of British Jews, whilst mass at the Greek Church in Moscow Road, Bayswater, gives Mr. Molloy an opportunity once more of taking up the rôle of ecclesiastical historian. One day we find him sitting at the feet of Mr. Spurgeon, and on another attending a requiem mass for Mr. Macdonochie; then the Salvation Army attracts him, or he drops in at the "Church of Humanity" to mingle with the followers of Auguste Comte. There are pen-and-ink sketches in the book of such pulpit celebrities as Dr. Parker, Father Ignatius, Mr. Stopford Brooke, and Mr. Hugh Price Hughes. Mr. Molloy has written a rather desultory and decidedly superficial book, and occasionally his ideas get a little mixed, for he apparently left the Thursday morning service at the City Temple under the impression that the "Congregationalists are to-day the most numerous and influential body in the Church of England." We should like to hear what Dr. Parker and Mr. Guinness Rogers have to say in regard to such a statement.

The heroism of humble life is reflected in the pages of "The Pinch of Poverty," a volume which describes the noble and impressive aspects of that hard battle for bread which is continually being waged by the poorer classes of a great city

like London. These are studies from the life; for the "Riverside Visitor" who is responsible for the book is no amateur casual or fashionable philanthropist of a week's standing, but a man who has made it the business of his life for twenty years to visit and help the poor of the metropolis. During that period he has, of course, encountered all sorts and conditions of men, good, bad, and indifferent; for he has carried out his self-denying work irrespective of the character as well as the creed of the people. It says not a little, we think, for the poor of London that such a man, after such a prolonged experience, should feel for them the genuine respect, as well as the deep sympathy, which pervades these pages. Lord Tennyson's "Northern Farmer" was of opinion that "the poor in a loomp is bad"; but the "Riverside Visitor" holds exactly the opposite view. He declares that, as a class, they are not soured or hardened by suffering, whilst their kindness to each other is proverbial. There is an artless pathos about some of these pen-and-ink pictures of the London poor which is irresistible, and the book is full of the record of sturdy independence as well as patient endurance, under circumstances trying enough to tax the mettle of the bravest. No attempt is made to deepen the shadows in these pictures of real life, and we are not less glad to find that a book so wholesome and manly is not weakened by the intrusion of sickly sentiment or highly coloured rhetoric.

That useful manual "The School Calendar" has reached its sixth year of issue, and no effort has apparently been spared to keep it abreast of the progress of the modern educational movement. The information given is explicit and concise, and it covers a wide field; indeed, we are not aware of any handbook which gives within the same compass so many facts and figures concerning the Universities, science and technical colleges, the public schools, open scholarships, local examinations, and the like.

"Rambles Round Rugby" is the title of a volume of descriptive sketches written with a picturesque pen, but not otherwise in any sense remarkable. Mr. Alfred Rimmer says with truth that the country round Rugby is rich with historical associations, for the locality—to take but two instances—is rendered memorable by the Wars of the Roses, and the first and last of Cromwell's great battles, Edgehill and Naseby. In earlier ages Rugby was a place of renown, for it was one of the most important Roman strongholds in England, and Domesday Book records its position at the time of the Norman Conquest. In our own time it is perhaps chiefly famous because of its great public school, with which the memory of Dr. Arnold is now for ever linked. Rugby has more prosaic claims, for it is a great railway centre—the "Mugby Junction" of Charles Dickens. It is not, however, with the town itself that this book is chiefly concerned, but rather with the places around, and notably with Coventry, Warwick, Kenilworth, Stoneleigh Abbey, and the pleasant village of Bilton, with its stately old hall, which was once the home of Addison. There is a literary flavour about Mr. Rimmer's sketches, and yet at best they only deal slightly with the men and movements suggested by such a survey. Mr. Rimmer is at his best when wandering in the by-paths rather than in the highways of history and literature, and some of his sketches of village communities in Warwickshire are not merely attractive, but of distinct value. Interwoven with the text are a number of artistic vignette views of the churches, halls, and castles of the neighbourhood.

A sensible little book on "Dyspepsia" has just been added to the "Red Cross" Series of health handbooks. Dr. Dewar is far too sensible a physician to lay down hard-and-fast rules in the matter of eating and drinking, but he has gathered into eighty pages many shrewd counsels and valuable hints on diet in its relation to health. The savage rarely suffers, he reminds us, from indigestion, although his food is often poor and coarse in quality. Dyspepsia is, in fact, one of the penalties of civilisation, and is due to the artificial character of modern life, with its sedentary habits, its highly stimulating foods and beverages, its business worries, and the pressure of care and excitement. In dealing with that *quæstio vexata*, the use of stimulants, Dr. Dewar is of opinion that those who suffer from dyspepsia are better without the use of alcoholic drinks in any form.

NOTICE.

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* THE LIFE AND LABOURS OF JOHN WRAY, Pioneer Missionary in British Guiana. By Thomas Rain. Map and Portraits. London, Ivy Lane, Paternoster Row: John Snow & Co. Crown 8vo.

MY FATHER. By the Right Rev. Ashton Oxenden, late Bishop of Montreal. ("Heart Chords.") London, Paris, and Melbourne: Cassell & Co. 18mo. (1s.)

THE FAITHS OF THE PEOPLES. By J. Fitzgerald Molloy, author of "Court Life Below Stairs; or, London Under the Georges." In Two volumes. London: Ward & Downey. Royal 8vo.

THE PINCH OF POVERTY; SUFFERINGS AND HEROISM OF THE LONDON POOR. By "The Riverside Visitor," author of "The Great Army." Illustrations. London: Isbister & Co., Limited.

THE SCHOOL CALENDAR AND HANDBOOK OF EXAMINATIONS AND OPEN SCHOLARSHIPS, 1892. With a Preface by F. Storr, B.A. London: Whittaker & Co. 12mo. (1s.)

RAMBLES ROUND RUGBY. By Alfred Rimmer, with an Introductory Chapter by the Rev. W. H. Payne-Smith, M.A., Assistant Master at Rugby School. Illustrated. London: Percival & Co. Royal 8vo. (21s.)

DYSPEPSIA. By John Dewar, L.R.C.P.E. (The "Red Cross" Series.) London: William Paterson & Co. 12mo. (1s.)

THE SPEAKER

SATURDAY, APRIL 16, 1892.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

PARLIAMENT adjourned on Tuesday for the Easter recess, which is to last until Monday week. We have dealt on another page with the extraordinary state in which the business of the House of Commons has been left. If the country wishes for an object-lesson in feeble mismanagement of its affairs it has but to look at the condition of Parliamentary work at the present moment. There have been no public speeches of the first importance during the week, though there have been many utterances on both sides. The platform, indeed, has been doing its full part in the guidance and formation of public opinion, and next week, despite the holidays, the struggle will be continued. The most gratifying feature of the general political situation is the great advance which has been made within the last few weeks in Liberal preparations for the General Election. We are glad to note that a good local candidate has come forward in opposition to MR. JACKSON in North Leeds. MR. JACKSON'S personal qualities have made him a general favourite in the House of Commons, but it would have been something like a scandal if either the present or the late Irish Secretary were allowed a walk over in a contest which must turn almost entirely upon the Irish policy of the Government. Indications in North Leeds are, moreover, very favourable to the Liberal party.

MR. GOSCHEN'S Budget speech this year is at least more interesting than the Budget itself. The future historian of social life may draw all kinds of inferences from it—ranging from the growth of pessimism and nervous depression (as shown by the substitution of British spirits for wine and beer) to the decline of plum pudding before apple pie, or the "speeding up of industry" at the breakfast-table, as exhibited in the displacement of coffee by tea. It takes one back to MARRYAT'S novels again to read of "grogging"—the process of extracting spirits from old casks, which gets a sailor into trouble in "Peter Simple"—which has only this year been prevented in bonded warehouses. It is not perhaps surprising to learn that lawyers, notwithstanding the many blanks in that lottery, make as a class a larger aggregate income than coalowners, or that the capitalists in the cotton trade do not collectively earn so much as the medical profession does. But the information is at least timely, as is the news that the producers' gains are only half those of the industries concerned in distribution and transport—that is, of course, the capitalists' profits and earnings of management in each case. However, in spite of MR. GOSCHEN'S studies in sociology, he has taken two unfortunate steps. He has ignored the case of the numerous well-to-do people who cannot habitually afford high-class champagne and like sparkling wine which is both pure and cheap. His readjustment of duty will interfere with their innocent if uncultured taste. And he has been led into speaking in the jargon of the makers of commercial treaties about the "fiscal advantages" now offered to Spain and the "concessions" made to Spanish wines—as if the importation of an article was a favour to the producer rather than an advantage to the consumer.

THE Ulster Convention need not be regarded in any more serious light because other persons than

Orangemen, other feelings than fanaticism, are involved in it. Indeed, the presence of these foreign elements only detracts from its otherwise small importance. With the well-to-do Conservatives and renegade Liberals who have joined in the Orange rabble's yell, the whole affair is merely a game of "bluff." They are not the kind of men to get themselves into trouble for anybody or anything, though, if they think they may postpone a measure they dislike by tall talk, they will talk as tall as anyone. But to talk violently is one thing, to act violently quite another; and when Home Rule comes we shall be surprised if the influence of these same men be not used to restrain their Orange allies. Indeed, it has been so used already. The notion of the Orangemen was "to line the hedges"; under Conservative and Liberal Unionist persuasion that has now been changed to a strike against taxes. Now, as the Orangeman is almost invariably an artisan or farm-labourer, and so pays no direct taxes, he will have to drop his whisky.

MOREOVER, the Moderates, who were last Saturday almost pledging themselves to die in support of the Unionist cause, cannot be got to subscribe enough money to keep the Unionist organisation alive. Orange lodges there are in Belfast in plenty; but both the constitutional clubs established there have broken down through want of funds. Again, in the resolutions of the meeting the devotion of "Loyal Ulster" to the Crown and the Union was stated in almost identical terms. Well, recently, when the royal match which was broken off by grim death was announced, the COUNTESS OF ZETLAND proposed that Ireland should present a national offering to the happy pair. Here surely was a chance for Loyal Ulster to show its devotion to the Crown. How did it show it? On January 11th the subscriptions from all Ireland were published. They amounted to £1,223 odd. Of this sum "Loyal Ulster" contributed exactly £174 4s. 6d.; that is, just a little more than was sent by rebel, poverty-stricken Limerick alone, and not nearly a half of what was sent by the City and County of Dublin. The Ulster Unionists have themselves put their devotion to the Throne and the Union on the same level. We can guess, then, what sacrifices they are likely to make for the latter.

THE causes of the recent outbreak in the Malay Peninsula are at present unknown, but the trouble is apparently of purely native origin, entirely unconnected with the Chinese. Pahang is one of the richest and least known of the protected states; but its mineral wealth is beginning to attract Europeans of a rough class, whose dealings with the Malays will probably require more supervision than at present exists. There are few quarters of the world in which British protection has been more wisely exercised or more conspicuously successful than in the Malay Peninsula, and there is happily no reason to believe that the present difficulty has any serious aspects.

THE Budget for London was laid before the County Council on Tuesday afternoon. The gross expenditure of the Council is now not far from three millions. Against this receipts of various kinds are to be set—including the Imperial contribution for local purposes—which together exceed a million and

a quarter. The balance—nearly £1,700,000—has to be met out of taxation. Thanks in part to the influenza—which has increased the probate duty, and, therefore, the Imperial contribution—and in part to the increased valuation of last year, the rate for 1892-3 is 12½d. in the pound—that is, three farthings more than last year, but precisely the average of the rates hitherto imposed by the Council. More than three-fifths of the expenditure is accounted for by interest on debt and various statutory payments over which the Council has no control; and as legislation tends to increase its obligations in this latter respect, and the ratepayer will not bear much more pressure, fresh sources of income must soon be opened. However, the Council, making a sacrifice which does it credit, practically decided to allot £30,000 of the Exchequer grant to technical education. Opposition was offered on the ground that it was undesirable to reduce the pressure on the City Guilds to recognise their responsibilities in the matter more thoroughly. But the rising generation of workmen can hardly be sacrificed to the ethical improvement of the City Guilds.

LORD CRANBROOK'S treatment of the proposed reforms in English secondary education will hardly satisfy either the deputation from the Chambers of Commerce which waited on him last Saturday or educationists in general. People educated on the old-fashioned public school lines—whether they are parents, or schoolmasters, or even Ministers of Education—are not by any means necessarily fitted thereby to judge of the requirements of the new and improved commercial education which the Chambers of Commerce are anxious to promote. Any public schoolman who can keep moderately good order can, after a fashion, carry on the ordinary form-work of a "first grade" grammar school. But to take large classes in commercial geography or elementary economics a highly trained teacher is required, and the teachers available are so few that the classes cannot but be large. Foreign languages, again, are proverbially taught worst now by those who know them best. And parents who have picked up their own commercial training by rule-of-thumb are hardly judges of the sort of teaching that is wanted to enable us to hold our own against foreign competition. The inspectors appointed by the Charity Commission, to whom LORD CRANBROOK referred, may reveal defects, but can hardly initiate reforms. Moreover, as the supply even of teachers for elementary schools is notoriously inadequate, it is a pity something cannot be done to stimulate the production of a class for which there is even a greater demand.

It is announced, apparently on official authority, that MRS. OSBORNE, whose connection with the recent famous "pearl case" must be fresh in the recollection of our readers, will be released in a few weeks. Whilst we cannot pretend to regard her sentence as unduly severe, we imagine that few persons will blame the Home Secretary for having listened to the pleas urged on the ground of her health. She has undoubtedly taken her punishment very badly, and, so far, it has been more severe for her than it would be for persons of ordinary constitution and temperament. Very different is the case of MRS. MONTAGU, who is not likely to suffer from the nervous disorder which has made MRS. OSBORNE'S term of imprisonment a positive torture to her. We do not see any good, however, in pressing for MRS. MONTAGU'S further punishment, inadequate though her sentence is. The real object to be aimed at in her case should be the rescue of her children from the hands of a cruel and unnatural mother. We see with not a little surprise that these poor boys are still in the charge of the woman DOZELL, whose share in the recent tragedy at Cromore House has been so generally reprobated. It is to be hoped that CAPTAIN MONTAGU will be made to understand that it

rests very much with himself whether his wife is or is not to be prosecuted for further crimes when she completes her present term of imprisonment. He is bound to make it clear that he will not again allow his unfortunate children to fall into the hands of their mother. If he should fail to give satisfactory pledges on this point it will be clearly the duty of the authorities to begin another prosecution against MRS. MONTAGU.

THE result of the University Boat Race last Saturday was, in every respect, a surprise. Cambridge, which throughout the training had been the favourite crew, was defeated with ease by Oxford, whilst the race itself was the fastest ever rowed on the present course. Favoured by fine weather, the contest was viewed by an unusually large number of spectators, so that the banks of the Thames presented once more the spectacle which was familiar to us five-and-twenty years ago, when the passion for aquatics was at its height. Perhaps the most amusing incident in connection with the race was the telegram sent by the German Emperor to PROFESSOR MAX MÜLLER, conveying his Majesty's warm congratulations to Oxford on her victory. It certainly affords proof of the resolve of the Emperor to keep himself in touch not only with questions of high policy, but even with the amusements of his contemporaries. It is a little difficult, however, for Englishmen accustomed to the sober ways and stiff routine of their own Court to understand a monarch who thinks the result of a boat-race between two universities a fitting matter for his public notice.

UPON the Stock Exchange business has been very quiet all through the week. The fortnightly settlement occupied attention from Monday morning till Wednesday afternoon; the Jewish Passover feast took away the Jews from the City, and the approach of the Easter holidays deterred speculation. But though business has been slack, the better tone of last week has been fully maintained. Everything points to an increased speculation very soon in the United States, and in Argentina the election of the Electoral College has passed off so smoothly that people are confident the Government is strong enough to maintain order until the new President is installed in office. There are hopes, too, that the banking crisis in Australia is drawing to a close. The one danger is that political disturbances may become grave in Brazil. The news this week is undoubtedly disquieting; but the City thinks that even serious troubles in Brazil would not now have grave consequences in this country.

THE Money Market has been easy throughout the week. Some gold has been taken for Russia, but there have been considerable receipts from other countries, and further receipts are to be expected. Trade is falling off, and speculation is absent. There is little demand for discount in consequence, the open market rate being only about 1½ per cent., and the demand for the Stock Exchange is so slight that at the fortnightly settlement, which began on Monday, the banks were able to get only from 2 to 2½ per cent. from Stock Exchange borrowers. The price of silver has been fluctuating during the week from about 39½d. per oz. to about 39¼d. per oz., but all the evidence forthcoming leads to the expectation that there will not be much further fall. At the present price the consumption of silver in the arts may be greatly extended: it will be applied to many purposes for which more vulgar metals were formerly used. Besides, mines are being closed all over the world, as they cannot be worked at a profit, and the consumption of silver for money purposes will by-and-by increase in the silver-using countries, more especially in India and China. But there is little likelihood of a material rise.

THE EASTER SURVEY.

THE first breathing-space of the Session usually offers a favourable moment for a review of the political situation. This year, however, the political situation hardly calls for review. It may be described in a single sentence. We have a discredited Ministry and a moribund Parliament. In presence of this fact there is no need to dwell upon particular measures and their prospects. It is hardly necessary even to touch upon the question of the Septennial Act and the moment for the dissolution. With the best will in the world, Ministers cannot prolong the existence of the House of Commons much further. To attempt to keep it alive for another year would simply be to prolong its agony and to aggravate their own doom. They may feel a vague desire to cling to office for six or eight months longer; but the rank and file of the party will undoubtedly put pressure upon them with a view to the termination of a situation that is already intolerable. The legislative work which is now before the House interests nobody—except possibly Mr. Chaplin. The Small Holdings Bill is recognised as the sham that it is; the Local Government Bill is dead; the Irish Education Bill is looked upon with cold indifference by all parties—in short, the Ministerial programme is exhausted and the few items which still remain “in the bill” are names only.

The collapse of the Government and of that huge sham upon which it was founded, the so-called “Unionist Alliance,” has been extraordinarily sudden and complete, but it has not surprised those of us who have from the first seen through an imposture the leading ingredients in which were fictitious principles and fictitious reputations. If Ministers and their supporters had really intended to give Ireland the same rights as England and Scotland possess, they might at least have died with dignity, and it is possible that they might even have carried some measure of local self-government for the sister country to which they might have pointed as a redemption of the pledges by virtue of which they obtained office. But they showed from the first that so far as equality of treatment was concerned their professions were absolutely insincere and hypocritical. Nor has the exposure of their so-called “resolute government” of Ireland been less complete. Mr. Balfour could be resolute enough in imprisoning Irish members, in treating his political opponents as common criminals, and in subjecting men as honourable as himself to every indignity that a cruel and unscrupulous gaoler could devise. But the moment he found himself face to face with an adversary who was “resolute” in something more than words, the moment he saw that he had provoked a conflict in which he might after all be beaten, his courage oozed away, and he incontinently threw aside the keystone of his policy of coercion. To-day the world knows that the “twenty years of resolute government” promised by Lord Salisbury is something which the men now in power are absolutely incapable of giving us. As for the personal reputations which have been pricked like bubbles among the members of the present Government they are too numerous even to be mentioned. People have almost forgotten that when this Ministry came into existence the leader of the House of Commons was Lord Randolph Churchill; they have forgotten the painful tragedy of Lord Iddesleigh’s death and its attendant circumstances; they have ceased to recall the fact that Lord Derby was once looked upon as the wisest man in the political world, and that there was a time when the oracular commonplaces of the Duke of Argyll were heard with eagerness by a listening multitude. All these things have passed from the

mind of the public. But nobody has forgotten how Mr. Goschen has played at ducks and drakes with his reputation as a sound and far-sighted financier; and the astounding collapse of Mr. Balfour’s reputation for tact, ability, and resourcefulness since he became leader of the House of Commons is still the theme of every tongue. Nor does it seem unlikely that another conspicuous failure will have to be credited to the present Session. Those who sat in the House of Commons last Friday afternoon and heard the speech in which Mr. Gladstone dealt with Mr. Chamberlain faithfully but playfully—“almost as though he loved him”—must have been startled by the expressions of approval with which that speech was received, not from one, but from all sections of the House. Another bubble reputation, it seems, is on the point of collapsing.

This, then, is the situation on the Ministerial side of the House. A discredited Government, an exhausted programme, a discontented and dispirited party, offer themselves to the public gaze. On the Opposition benches the spectacle is, of course, a very different one. It may not be wholly satisfactory even to good Liberals; but, at all events, its drawbacks are exactly the opposite of those we see among the Ministerialists. It is not the lack, but the excess of vitality which is just now the trouble of the Opposition. Nor can we wonder at the fact. Mr. Gladstone’s followers are nearing the end of a long march through a hostile country, during which they have had constantly to meet a foe superior to themselves in numbers. They are on the eve of the pitched battle which, in their certain belief, is to end in their own triumph and the complete destruction of the enemy. Is it surprising that they are panting for the fight, eager to bring it on at all costs and almost under any circumstances? But their eagerness, justifiable, and indeed inevitable, as it is, constitutes one of the dangers of the situation. Every man in the Liberal party has his own cause of quarrel with the enemy, and not a few are anxious to fight him on ground of their own choosing rather than on the field which the leaders have from the first kept in view. Happily there is no reason to imagine that when the signal is at last given the discipline of the party will not be all that can be desired. It is unfortunate, however, that in the meantime there should be an inclination on the part of the more ardent spirits in the rank and file to chafe under the restraints which their leaders have imposed both upon themselves and their followers. Short views of life are best for those of us who wish to preserve a becoming cheerfulness of spirit; but we have had one or two far-reaching glimpses into the future of late, which seem to show that the carrying of Home Rule will land the nation, to use Dean Stanley’s expression at the grave of Palmerston, on the watershed of two eras, and that the new era will differ in many important matters from the old.

Meanwhile there is one respect at least in which the position of the Liberals offers the happiest contrast to that of the Ministerialists. On our side we have no reason to hang our heads over the collapse of any great Parliamentary reputation. Our leader has justified within the last two months the faith reposed in him by his party even more abundantly than when he was in his prime. The courage, alertness, vivacity, readiness of resource, and absolute concentration upon his own purposes of the great veteran have presented the strangest of contrasts to the shambling feebleness and ineptitude of the nominal leader of the House. Nor have the members of the dying Parliament been permitted to forget that in the man whom it has been their chief business to oppose and to exclude from the service of his country, we have the last example of the

survival of the grand style in political life. It is to Mr. Gladstone that Tories as well as Liberals look in any moment of emergency for the action by which the dignity of the House of Commons is to be sustained and its splendid traditions preserved unimpaired. It is in Mr. Gladstone that all now see not only the most conspicuous and distinguished statesman of the past half-century, but the most eminent and illustrious member of the existing House—elected though it was for the purpose of deposing him. It is a strange and unprecedented spectacle that is thus presented to the world; and it illustrates more signally than any other feature of contemporary history the triumph of individualism—of the character and capacity of a single independent spirit—over even the most powerful of social and political combinations. We cannot hope to witness that wonderful spectacle for many Easters to come, but at least we may be thankful that this Eastertide of 1892 still offers it to us.

THE STATE OF PUBLIC BUSINESS.

EASTER falls later than usual this year, but though Ministers have thus had a full fortnight more than they had last year before the recess, the state of public business at the present moment is almost without precedent. The Government measures are, one and all, in an unexampled state of backwardness. The Irish Local Government Bill, which was to be the chief measure of the Session, has had one night, and one night only, given to it. The Irish Education Bill has not yet been read a second time; the Small Holdings Bill, though it has been prosecuted with not a little energy, has barely entered upon its Committee stage; whilst all the minor measures for which the Government are responsible are hanging at their very earliest stages. The breakdown of the Parliamentary machine is, in short, lamentable and unparalleled. If we were to suppose that Ministers really meant to push all their measures through during the present Session, and if we were to take the rate of progress hitherto maintained as normal, it would be necessary for the House to sit until November in order that the modest programme with which the Government began the year might be duly carried out. We have spoken elsewhere of the general aspect of the political situation at this moment, and there is no need, therefore, to touch here upon the real attitude of the Government and the House of Commons towards the Bills for which Lord Salisbury and his colleagues have made themselves responsible. But the failure of the Government to get anything like a fair amount of work done in the first portion of the Session is a subject which may well engage the attention of the country. That failure, it is to be observed, is not attributed, even by the Ministerialists themselves, to anything in the nature of obstruction on the part of the Opposition. The Session, it is true, opened with some threats of obstruction on the part of those who felt that the time had come when the Government might fairly be called upon to state their intentions with regard to the dissolution. But not the faintest attempt has been made to carry those threats into practice. On the contrary, one of the earliest grounds of complaint on the part of Ministers was that, through the action of the Opposition, the debate on the Address had been allowed to close prematurely. It is true that the Estimates have been discussed with considerable fulness, but there is no pretence for saying that they have been discussed at inordinate length. Nor has it been by the pressure of private members on the

time of the House that public affairs have been brought to their present state; for, as a matter of fact, Ministers have violently confiscated the rights of private members, and have appropriated nearly the whole of the time of Parliament for their own purposes.

For the unexampled collapse of public business this Session two main causes may safely be assigned. One is the want of tact and judgment on the part of the leader of the House. We do not care to labour this point, upon which not a little has already been said. But when we are asked to believe that Liberal criticisms of Mr. Balfour's leadership are nothing more than the effusions of partisan spite, we are entitled, in disproof of this assertion, to point to the condition of business in Parliament. Judged not by the rhetoric of his opponents, but by actual facts, Mr. Balfour is shown to have failed more egregiously than any of his predecessors in his attempt to manage the business of the House of Commons. From first to last he has shown a singular want of the power of estimating and marshalling his forces aright. He has allowed time to be wasted in the introduction and preliminary discussion of measures which everybody knows cannot possibly become law during the present year. He has given gratuitous offence not only to his opponents but to many of his own friends, and has thus caused the loss of valuable time in needless discussions which, by the exercise of a little prudence, might have been avoided. Above all, he has acted as though he and his colleagues had no definite plan in their minds. Everything in connection with the business of the House has been in a state of muddle and confusion since the Session began; and the most faithful supporters of the Ministry have been bewildered and irritated by incessant changes in the arrangements, by the lack of order which has characterised the procedure of the House, and by the apparent failure to know their own minds on the part of Ministers themselves. Mr. Balfour may be made the subject of any number of glowing panegyrics on the part of men like the Solicitor-General, and the whole Tory press may unite in describing his leadership as a brilliant success; but nothing can alter the fact that under his leadership the state of business in the House of Commons has been reduced, in the space of barely ten weeks, to an unprecedented muddle.

Let us not be unjust to the First Lord of the Treasury, however. Though his ignorance of the duties of the office he now holds has had much to do with the break-down of the Parliamentary machine, it is not wholly responsible for that break-down. A still more important factor in producing this result has been the demoralisation of Parliament itself. The House is worn out, and only the semblance of life remains to it. How completely members have lost their interest in the work of legislation was strikingly shown on Monday night, when, for the first time in the recollection of most of us, a Chancellor of the Exchequer expounding his budget found himself addressing a House which was only half-filled, and which was wholly listless and uninterested. It is this want of spirit on the part of the House, and, above all, on the part of the majority, that must be held chiefly responsible for the general collapse. The hearts of members are no longer at St. Stephen's; they are with their constituents, to whose verdict they must so soon submit themselves. With a languid air, men turn up to listen to the debates; with dawdling footsteps they pass through the division lobby; with unconcealed indifference they hear the statements of Ministers. Over the House hangs a shadow which no effort of party zeal can remove. Work is no longer taken seriously, but merely to pass the time

—the time which must be passed before the inevitable blow which will put an end to its existence falls upon the House. It is difficult to understand in these circumstances why there should be a single man, not actually in the receipt of a salary as a member of the Government, who is not anxious for an immediate dissolution. Even Ministers themselves might, one would suppose, have recognised that their only wise course is to put an end to a condition of affairs which brings them every day into greater discredit. If public feeling has turned against them, and a General Election at this moment would result in their expulsion from office, they can hardly hope that by clinging to office in this feebly obstinate fashion, whilst allowing Parliamentary business to drift into greater and yet greater confusion, they are likely to bring about a revulsion in their favour. If, on the other hand, they still believe that they command the support of a majority of the voters, nothing but good, so far as they are concerned, can follow from taking a step which would, at all events, give them a House of Commons not absolutely demoralised and worn out like that which at present exists. Nor ought it to be forgotten that this paralysis of Parliament means a real and serious injury to the interests of the public such as no patriotic Government ought for a moment to permit.

THE BUDGET.

FOR nearly two hours on Monday the Chancellor of the Exchequer detained the House of Commons with the vain belief that he was going to tell them something. Then he admitted that he had nothing to tell them, and they all went away. He estimated a surplus of rather more than two hundred thousand pounds. But if he had been perfectly candid with the Committee, he would have acknowledged that there was really a large deficit, and that he never had a genuine surplus at all. Mr. Goschen's surpluses are like those which a bankrupt accumulates by postponing his liabilities, or an undergraduate by not paying his bills. This is his sixth financial statement, and it is a practical confession of administrative failure. Where are the promises of his Ministerial youth? He has reduced the Sinking Fund by three millions. He has borrowed five millions for the navy and for imperial defence. He has violated the soundest canons of his art, and imitated the worst ones of his predecessors. He has lost every opportunity for introducing fiscal reforms worth remembering, and has, in the judgment of a friendly critic, assimilated the national accounts to those of a South American republic. The final result of emancipating himself from pedantry, of striking out a line of his own, of posing as the smart Chancellor of the Exchequer who was thoroughly at home in the City, is that he has not another shot in his locker, and can only hope for better times, leaving the consequences of his misdeeds as an evil legacy to his successor. Even the tiny surplus, more properly to be called a margin—out of which, assisted by a net increase of the duty on champagne, he has lowered some of the fees for patents—has only been obtained by a more sanguine calculation of next year's revenue than he would have made if he had hoped to remain in office. It is difficult to suppose that when in 1887 Mr. Goschen embarked on the financial adventures which have just ended so disastrously, he contemplated five years of responsibility for the fiscal policy of the nation. On Monday, instead of being boastful, as is his wont, he was humble and apologetic. Most people are, when they have been found out. If Mr. Goschen had let the

Sinking Fund alone, if he had insisted that the Army and Navy estimates should be provided, in accordance with the theory and practice of the Constitution, from the taxes of the year, he might have faced the House and the country with the firmness and intrepidity inspired by the consciousness of right.

Mr. Goschen endeavoured to distract attention from his own shortcomings by various irrelevancies, and especially by dwelling on the value which the Suez Canal shares will have acquired by the 1st of January, 1894. Every year we are told of this wonderful foresight on the part of Mr. Disraeli, who probably thought of little more than doing a good turn by his friends the Rothschilds. Considering that no expert ever denied the soundness of the investment, from a purely speculative point of view, these congratulations are somewhat extravagant. Indeed, Mr. Goschen's enthusiasm for Mr. Disraeli's achievements is, to adapt a fine phrase from Mr. Goldwin Smith, the Juggernaut of Liberal Unionism rolled backwards over history. It is some comfort to know that these shares will in two years be worth nineteen millions. But what is even that sum when compared with the disastrous waste of blood and treasure in Egypt which their purchase entailed? That Mr. Goschen should reckon this prospective windfall as an available asset, and should treat it as if it justified him in financing with borrowed money, is a melancholy illustration of the easy descent which the slopes of the Treasury Avernus afford. Lord Randolph Churchill, who enjoyed, or endured, about half of Mr. Goschen's rather dreary harangue must have felt that instalment of consolation which he had not already received from the blunders and fatuities of Mr. Balfour. All subjects are now discussed with a view to the approaching dissolution, and Mr. Goschen's Budget has not escaped the general fate. It does not bear on its face the stamp of felicitous electioneering. But what could Mr. Goschen have done? There is a limit to the resources of post-obits, and Sir Thomas Farrer's masterly exposure of Mr. Goschen's methods has sunk into the public mind. To borrow another surplus was dangerous, and it is only imaginary dangers, such as the bogey of separation between Great Britain and Ireland, which lead Mr. Goschen to send for the family lawyer. In 1888 Mr. Goschen might have left office in a blaze of fireworks, which would have dazzled inexperienced eyes. In 1892 he can only attempt to escape discredit by carefully avoiding change, and sacrificing fifty thousand pounds to the outraged integrity of the Sinking Fund.

THE LEADER OF THE HOUSE.

ONE of the curious results of the failure of Mr. Balfour is the change in the position of Mr. Gladstone. Mr. Balfour's failure, however, is not the only cause. As the demand for the details of his Home Rule Bill proves incontestably the expectation that in a few months he will be in the position to propose such a Bill, so the attitude of the House of Commons, and especially of the Tory party, towards Mr. Gladstone are a foreshadowing of his inevitable and early triumph. If a man is going to be leader of the House in a few months it is natural that he should begin to be treated as the leader even before that time has come. It is the incurable tendency of human nature to begin the worship of the rising sun long before the setting orb has sunk in the heavens; and in the readiness to transfer allegiance, the nature of politicians is rather more than less human than that of other

classes of men. Mr. Balfour—to give him full credit—has been as quick to acknowledge the new position of Mr. Gladstone as anybody else; and in his case he has, perhaps, more creditable reasons than in that of his followers. For, to understand fully the transformation in the Tory rank and file, one has to go back to the sad and dark days of 1886 and 1887, when Mr. Gladstone still lay in the dust of the big defeat of the General Election. It is to be hoped that somewhere in the memoirs of statesmen or in the sketches of Parliamentary reporters there is a full record of some of the scenes in those days when the greatest of living Englishmen, with the weight of nearly eighty years of life and half a century of unselfish and lofty public service upon him, had to confront the tumult of arranged and vulgar interruption, and had to wage war against the hubbub of a score or two of youthful voices with the remnants of the splendid organ that once thrilled and still fascinates the House of Commons. For it ought to be known, as one of the inner episodes of the Parliament of broken pledges, that when the Tories were in the first flush of their electoral triumph a group of young members had an arrangement by which, by repeating to each other in rapid repetition the words of a nursery rhyme, they hoped to succeed in drowning the voice of Mr. Gladstone. Now, oratorical success is not an abstraction, and depends as much almost on the enemies as on the friends of the orator. The orator or the speech that does not reduce the enemies to silence as well as arouse the friends to enthusiasm are not a success. And the purpose of this conspiracy was to convey the impression to the House and the country that Mr. Gladstone's power had failed, and that he was no longer able to command the attention of the House of Commons. There was one terrible night—it is odious even in recollection—in which Mr. Gladstone was first assailed with shouts, and then with the dull buzz of this pre-arranged interruption; and never can anyone forget the patient and almost pathetic self-control of that deeply lined, splendid, and, indeed, it might be said, spiritually beautiful face, as Mr. Gladstone stood there, silent and self-controlled, until very shame reduced his enemies to silence and respect.

Well, all this is changed; and now, when the House of Commons is in any difficulty—when counsels are divided and the way is dark and tortuous—it is the rise of the leader of the minority of the House that brings about that hushed expectancy by which assemblies are accustomed to greet the pilot that can guide them through fog and storm. Take, as an example, the case of the Cambrian directors. There rarely has been an occasion when the House was so much in need of light and guidance; for it was a game of cross-purposes and conflicting duties and inclinations. The desire to punish the directors for a gross breach of the privileges of the House was quite as strong in some Tory quarters as among Liberals—the approach of the General Election makes most Tories civil to obsequiousness to the masses of the people—and yet there was the supreme difficulty of doing anything which might not result in revealing the impotence of the House of Commons and the unassailable position of the directors. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, instead of easing the situation, had made it more difficult; for his speech, instead of a repudiation, went almost to the length of an apology and a vindication of the erring directors. It was his tone that largely accounted for the exasperation and the mutinous restiveness of the benches below the gangway, and that left the Tories in a state of distraction and demoralisation almost painful to behold. Whence was light to come over all this darkness? Not from Mr. Balfour.

Unready, timid, perhaps not very sorry to see a colleague in deep water, and entirely unable to gather up the feeling of the House—a thing of instinct, and Mr. Balfour has no instinct—the leader of the House sat in his place, silent, pallid, and impotent. It was to Mr. Gladstone, then, the House had to look; and one could almost detect looks of relief on the Tory benches when there came the prospect of some illumination from the vast experience, the calm judgment, and the commanding genius of the Liberal leader.

But then there is another side to this picture. Mr. Gladstone's position has its glory, but it also has its inconveniences. It is a trite saying that of all things in politics there is nothing so perilous and inconvenient as power without responsibility—unless, perhaps, it be responsibility without power. Mr. Gladstone labours under both disadvantages, and some of the inconvenient results were seen in the course of the very debate to which we have alluded. It was on that night that the painful spectacle was beheld of the great Liberal leader going into one lobby and the most faithful and ardent of his friends going into another. It was on that night, too, there was a series of cross-divisions which have, perhaps, been almost unexampled in the history of Parliaments—with the Liberal leaders at one moment in the Tory, at the next in the Liberal lobby. Scenes of such a kind may well be exaggerated at the moment—it is the incurable and inevitable note of Parliamentary temper to exaggerate at the moment—but undoubtedly such things leave behind unpleasant memories and the little seeds that by-and-by ripen into very ugly harvests. Now, if Mr. Gladstone had been the actual leader of the House, he would have been able to propose a resolution which would meet his own views; he would also have had the opportunity of learning the views of his own followers through the official Whips; and there would have been a House of Commons properly understood and wisely led. Again, as leader of an Opposition, Mr. Gladstone's consultations with his colleagues must be largely confined to meetings on the front Opposition bench; and this involves hasty and, perhaps, contradictory decisions. With Mr. Gladstone as leader of a Ministry, there are the constant and formal consultations of Cabinet Councils, and in that way frequency of consultation and unity of purpose. On the whole, then, it is to the interest of the House of Commons, it is to the interest of the country, and it is to the interest of Mr. Gladstone and the Liberal party, that the power and office of Prime Minister should be attached as soon as possible to the existing authority of real leader of the House.

Let us not, however, part from this remarkable episode in the career of Mr. Gladstone with the words which point to its difficulties and disadvantages. Let us rather recur to its splendid and encouraging side. The dying Session of the moribund Parliament is the final farewell of many notoriety and the grave of many reputations. The few weeks of it that have already elapsed have sufficed to almost irremediably damage the reputation of Mr. Balfour, that prosperous child and spoiled darling of fortune whom calamity has at last overtaken. On the shores of the House lie everywhere the wrecks of reputations and of hopes. More than a third of the House will never belong to it again, and will never even try to; and probably more than half the present members are but transient shadows that in a few months will pass from Parliament and from history for ever. But high out of all these ruins stands the figure of the great Liberal leader, not only perennial in his freshness, unconquerable in his purpose, and green in his

vigour, but actually advancing while others fall back, growing while those who might be his grandchildren stand still, and exercising in the capacity of the leader of once scattered and still greatly outnumbered forces a sway more undisputed and indisputable than in the days when, in early middle age, he led an overwhelming majority.

THE REPORT OF LORD WANTAGE'S COMMITTEE.

THE publication of the evidence given before Lord Wantage's Committee has recalled public attention to the remarkable report issued by that body. Personal views naturally arouse greater interest than attaches to the usually flaccid utterances which result from compromise, and the opinions of the Commander-in-Chief, the Duke of Connaught, and the past and present Adjutants-General will be read with fresh interest. The real question, however, is what is to be done with the Army. In spite of the many imperfections, the report clearly shows that the system introduced in 1872, as worked by the authorities of the War Office, has broken down. Although Lord Wolseley has on various occasions presented the Army in a roseate light, he now records his opinion that the force in this country, the reserve being excluded, is "very inferior to the Home Army of olden times." It was intended that every Line battalion abroad should be fed by a linked battalion at home, and in theory the arrangement was perfect. The necessary condition of equality between the number of battalions at home and abroad has not been maintained, however, and it is evidently impossible to ensure that the demands of Imperial policy should invariably conform to a hard-and-fast rule of this kind. The accommodation at the regimental depôts and the machinery for training recruits being limited, it results that drafts for a regiment of which both battalions are abroad have to be scraped together in haphazard fashion. And, further, a battalion at home, in order to supply its twin abroad, is reduced to the condition described by Lord Wolseley as that of a "squeezed lemon." "The Line battalion in England, which has a linked battalion abroad, is unfit in every way to go into the field," being weak in strength and largely composed of immature boys. It can be made up from the reserve of old soldiers; but reserves cannot be called out to meet the requirements of small wars without injuring the prospects of their civil employment. The Guards, who have no foreign battalions to supply, and no definite territorial system, succeed on the whole in maintaining their efficiency, but find much difficulty "in obtaining recruits of sufficient stamina and age."

Thus two quite distinct questions arise—one of organisation, the other of the administration of the recruiting service. In regard to the former, Lord Wantage's Committee propose either to raise five new battalions for home service, or to raise two additional battalions of Guards, and keep three battalions of Guards abroad. This, of course, only meets the needs of the moment, and would have to be followed up by a further increase of the standing army whenever any permanent augmentation of the force abroad became necessary. Sir A. Haliburton, in a long separate memorandum, exposes the inconclusive and incomplete reasoning of the Committee, and estimates the net result of its proposals as an increase of one and a half millions to the estimates (exclusive of large non-effective charges) and a considerable decrease in the fighting strength of the Army. The memorandum contains several fallacies,

notably the comparison between the composition of British, German, and French battalions, in which the writer entirely ignores the all-important question of age, and reckons duration of service only. But this well-considered and effectively constructed document has hopelessly discredited the proposals of a Committee which did not take the trouble to ascertain the results of its own recommendations.

As regards minor matters, many of which appear to be questions of administration of so elementary a nature that it is inconceivable that any department, except the War Office, should require them to be brought to its notice, the proposals of the Committee merit instant attention. So long as inducements are held out to the recruit which he finds are wholly deceptive, the only wonder is that the Army manages to obtain its large annual contingent. So long as useless night-work—the fiction of protecting public buildings and empty palaces—falls so heavily upon the Guards that their waste is "more serious" than that of the Line, it is astonishing that the numbers and efficiency of the Brigade are so well maintained. The general impression which the report and evidence produces is one of amazement that the results of an administration which stands revealed as utterly incompetent have not been even more disastrous. The investigations of Lord Wantage's Committee will unquestionably suffice to deter the country from entrusting additional funds to the War Office as at present constituted. It is not money, but an effective administrative machine which is required.

CHRONICLE OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

AS May Day approaches and demonstration after demonstration is announced, the apprehension of disturbances seems to increase on the Continent, and strong measures are promised to secure the maintenance of order. In Hungary, for instance, where no doubt social grievances might just now be complicated by political, all public meetings on the day are rigorously forbidden. A similar prohibition has been issued in Spain and Italy, though, nevertheless, students and workmen in Rome have agreed (not without difficulty) to combine to defy it. In both countries, military and police are to be kept in readiness to check disturbance. In Portugal, the unemployed are to be quieted in advance by relief works. In Austria, on the other hand, the various Socialist organisations seem much more likely to fight one another and the Anti-Semites than to resist the police. In Chicago a monster procession is contemplated, which, considering the foreign element in the population, may not improbably lead to disturbances, while an Anarchist conspiracy is reported from Brooklyn. In Paris, it is said, a secret Anarchist organisation has decided to strike a heavy blow at the existing social order. At any rate, extensive preparations are being made to check rioting. Still, the Anarchist scare in Paris is subsiding. Lhérot, the waiter who captured Ravachol, the dynamiter, has been decorated, but is seeking another situation; the flow of donations we mentioned last week has stopped at 2,400 francs. Most of the recent discoveries of explosives have revealed only practical jokes, and Ravachol has been committed for trial after making such comprehensive confessions as to raise grave doubts of his guilt. His trial will take place on the 26th inst. In Spain, too, the Anarchists Delboche and Ferreira, who had tried to blow up the Chamber of Deputies, have denounced their leader—Muñoz—who has accordingly been arrested, and has betrayed his associates with equal comprehensiveness. He and Ravachol have certainly proved Anarchism to be individualism in excess. There has, however, been a strange outrage by so-called Anarchists in

Prussian Poland. Herr von Poninski, an ecclesiastical functionary at Koscielce, near Inowraslaw, in Prussian Poland, was attacked in his study, in the forenoon, by two men, who first locked the door and then handed him a black-bordered envelope containing a demand, under penalty of death, for money for the "Polish Anarchist Committee," with a form of receipt written in red. He escaped by the window, but was severely wounded by revolver shots. They then made off, but were pursued by peasants on foot and horseback, and overtaken, in company with two accomplices. After a severe fight, one was killed by the peasants, after having shot his companion by accident or design: the two others committed suicide. The men are Poles, but are known to come from Berlin, though an active Socialist (but not Anarchist) propaganda exists in Prussian Poland. The affair, however, seems to have been commonplace robbery masked by an Anarchist disguise. One theory, however, hinted at rather than expressed, is that it was devised by Russian "agents provocateurs" to lead the German Government to facilitate the extradition of persons implicated in the disturbances expected in Russian Poland. As political refugees, they would not be given up; as alleged members of an Anarchist body, they may.

In France, meanwhile, attention has been diverted from social peril by the proceedings in the Chamber. The debate on African affairs, after an interruption on Friday, to be dealt with presently, concluded on Monday. The votes for three million francs for Dahomey were carried, a reduction by way of censure being rejected by 387 to 107, and "the order of the day," i.e., a vote of confidence in the Government, carried by 270 to 232. Towards its close the debate was very warm, chiefly because, from official papers supplied in confidence to the Budget Committee, but the contents of which had been revealed by members of the Right, it transpired that the Government two years ago had interfered with the due co-operation of the navy with the troops on the coast of Africa. Hence recriminations and attacks on the late Government, and on the breach of confidence committed both by the present Government and the peccant members. Otherwise the debate brought out clearly the need of a special Colonial army—sixty per cent. of the French troops now sent to Dahomey die—and of a separate Ministry for the Colonies. The Government, it is understood, will now blockade Whydah, and may order a march on Abomey by-and-by. Of course the King's conduct is ascribed to European influence.

On Friday, M. d'Hulst, Bishop Freppel's successor, interrogated the Government as to the alleged orders given to the police not to quell disturbances inside the churches. Hereupon the deputy for the Lozère called attention to a circular issued by the Bishop of Mende (his diocese), to be read from the pulpits, urging the electors to see that candidates at the municipal elections should be pledged to support Catholicism, and incidentally attacking the constitution. Priests, being public functionaries, are expressly bound by the Penal Code not to censure publicly acts of the Government. M. Ricard, Minister of Public Worship, announced that the Government would punish the Bishop for this circular, and for pamphlets issued by him, provisionally by suspending his salary. (M. de Cassagnac has opened a subscription for the Bishop, which has reached nearly 3,000 fr.) The Chamber approved M. Ricard's action by 322 to 167, and ordered, by 306 to 183, that his speech should be placarded throughout France.

Anastay, the lieutenant of infantry who murdered the Baroness Dellard, was executed at 5 a.m. on Saturday. His head was promised to his relatives for medical examination by Dr. Charcot, the well-known brain specialist. But the promise, so far, has not been kept.

In Belgium the Liberal League, which is led by MM. Frère Orban and Graux and is somewhat doctrinaire, and the Liberal Association, which is led by

M. Janson and favours universal suffrage, have come to an agreement to support a joint list of candidates (nine from each body) in Brussels at the General Election. Should these be elected—and it was Liberal division that lost Brussels in 1888—the Ministry will be within thirteen seats of losing their majority. Both bodies agree to support universal suffrage, except that illiterates and recipients of charity, public or private, are not to be allowed to vote. The Labour party has been offered the co-operation both of the united Liberals and of those Clericals who, like M. Nothomb, have fallen into disgrace with their party by favouring universal suffrage: but has declined to accept it.

The Swedish Chamber has rejected by 116 to 107 the proposal of the Government to extend the annual military service of the reservists to 90 days. It remains, therefore, 60 days as hitherto.

In Germany there are continued (but probably baseless) rumours of Count Caprivi's retirement. Count Eulenberg and Count Waldersee are spoken of as his possible successors in the Chancellorship. Herr von Helldorf, the Independent Conservative leader, has been formally disowned by the regular Conservative party for his attacks in his weekly paper on the Schools Bill; and the party are about to issue a manifesto formally adopting anti-Semitism. Prof. Adolf Wagner, the economist and partisan of State interference, whom one does not expect to see in such company, gave a Conservative meeting in Berlin some sound advice on this subject last week; but German Conservatives just now are hardly amenable to reason. A coalition is now talked of between the Independent and Moderate Conservatives and the National Liberals, which might conceivably bring back Prince Bismarck, and would at any rate promote his reconciliation with the Emperor.

The negotiations for a commercial treaty between Switzerland and Italy have been resumed, and are expected to succeed.

In Italy the Amalfitano-Oreglia libel case between high Papal dignitaries has raised two curious points under the Law of Papal Guarantees. (1) Can Papal dignitaries be compelled to give evidence in a Court of the kingdom of Italy? The Government has preferred to take their evidence on commission. (2) Can such a Court take cognisance at all of a suit between ecclesiastics, and relating to ecclesiastical discipline? A negative answer is expected.

M. Rizoff, the Bulgarian conspirator, who was interned in a Servian fortress, has been released on condition that he goes at once to Russia. The heir to the throne of Montenegro is to marry a Princess Demidoff, apparently the heiress of that Russian prince who gambled away the palace which, ten or twelve years ago, was one of the sights of Florence.

In Argentina the first stage of the Presidential Election has resulted in the return (both in Buenos Ayres and the interior) of a large majority of electors favourable to Señor Saenz Pena (senior), the Fusionist candidate. Most of the Radical leaders are to be deported to Monte Video instead of to Staten Land, as at first intended. Dr. Alem is to be kept in prison till his trial. Still, no evidence has yet been published that they meditated revolution.

In Brazil "certain Anarchists"—which probably will soon mean in politics what "atheist" means in religious controversy—have made a demonstration in favour of the ex-Dictator, Marshal da Fonseca, on his recovery from illness. Their leaders have been deported to fortresses in the State of Amazonas, and a state of siege has been proclaimed in Rio Janeiro. The province of Matto Grosso, on the borders of Bolivia, has formally seceded from the Federation of Brazil. The army cannot be depended on, and the situation seems very critical. In Venezuela a fierce civil war is raging; and a general uprising in Caraccas against the Dictator, Dr. Palacio, is reported to be imminent.

EDISON IN HIS WORKSHOP.—II.

WHILE in Edison's library, the proportions and appointments of which suggested a national rather than private institution, I was struck by the completeness of the German and French scientific records, and was surprised when told by their collector that he knew no foreign language.

"I can follow a French scientific report tolerably," he said, "so far as it is couched in scientific phraseology, but could not read a page in a French novel"—in which respect I ventured to think he suffered but slight loss. "I employ people who look up for me everything relating to any experiment they have on hand, and I keep a man who translates anything I may wish particularly to see. The work in my laboratory," he said, "is hard, and there is a good deal of it. Very few can stand it—out of four hundred perhaps one turns out fit for something. I watch my men closely; when I see one staying after hours absorbed in his tests, then I say, 'There is the man for me.' At one time we used to go to work at seven in the evening and keep at it all night in order to avoid annoyance from visitors. This was a severe strain on some; if they ever fell asleep over their work we had no further use for them. The man for me is the man who falls in love with his work and cannot think of anything else while he is with it."

Speaking of possible war between the United States and Chili, but more particularly of the impending one between Germany and Russia, he said—

"I cannot understand why Governments waste their time with methods which are so expensive and harmless. If I were the German Emperor I would take no chances in my trouble with the Czar."

"How so?" said I.

"Well, I have been lately perfecting a little arrangement by which I can steer a ship automatically by means of the compass alone. The principle is very simple. I have the ship's head turned to the point of the compass I wish to steer. I then have a delicate electric guard on each side of this compass-point, so that whenever the ship falls off to one side or the other the projection on the compass-card interferes with the electric mechanism on one side or the other, which in its turn is in sympathy with the steering apparatus, that is adjusted so as to immediately bring it back to its true course. This arrangement is suitable for torpedoes of every description.

"The immediate practical value of this little thing lies in its power to steer a projectile through the air. I do not mean a balloon or a flying-machine in the usual acceptance of the word. I have no faith in a machine that leaves you at the mercy of the winds. People talk as though flying-machines should copy Nature—copy the movements of birds, fishes, and what not. Why, look at my phonograph—what is it but a piece of sheet-iron?

"My flying-machine," continued Mr. Edison, "is projected into space at any given angle, and carries an electric motor that drives it forward by means of revolving fans at a given rate and for a given distance. I think that fifty miles can be covered.

"The experiments I have made lead me to think that I can carry on this machine 500 lbs. of explosive material and drop it from aloft at any point I choose. Of course, I must allow for the state of the atmosphere, as one does with artillery; but my experiments make me feel that I can come within twenty per cent. of my object."

"For instance," I said, "suppose you had New York in mind."

"New York is thirteen miles from where I stand—I will engage to drop every load of dynamite within the city limits from this point."

Mr. Edison's eyes twinkled as he said:

"I wish we could have a war here, so that I could develop this thing practically. The material is at hand, and I could place contracts with thousands of machine-shops that could within a few days turn out all that would be required."

"But what would you do if you were German Emperor?" I said.

"I should not do a thing until war was determined upon, in order to keep the matter a secret. And even then no one need know what is proposed, for while every machinist in the country might be employed upon parts of the machines, they could be fitted together in the military depôts. These machines are cheap and portable, and would be sent up over the advancing enemy to fall upon them like a shower of dynamite. Unlike war-balloons, there would be no profit in firing at them, for in falling they would destroy those below."

Passing from one workshop to the other, I became more and more impressed, not so much with his extraordinary fertility of mind, as illustrated by the variety of his inventions, but by the patience with which he conducted experimental tests and the thorough business organisation apparent in every detail of his many establishments. It is not exaggeration to say that, when he determines upon the use of any material for a given purpose, it is after testing every other material known to man by every means that even his mind can suggest. He has not merely to invent the principle on which a new patent is applied for; he has to invent the material of its construction and the very tools with which it can be made. In matters mechanical he has no trade secrets, and attaches little value to patent rights, for he appreciates what every honest lawyer knows, that the man who thinks he is buying a patent is, in reality, only buying a lawsuit, and that inventors, unless backed by capital, rarely reap rewards of a pecuniary nature.

"I have some secrets," he said, "but they are chemical; they are the only trade secrets I can keep. The Germans are strong in chemistry, and manufacture things which we struggle hopelessly to imitate. We do our best to learn their secrets, but cannot until we turn out as good chemists.

"The man who registers his mechanical invention places it where every rival can for 10 cents go and get a copy of it. It is immediately copied, and the rival manufacturer profits by it. The rival knows that he is stealing, and knows that the honest inventor will try to get an injunction against him. But he hopes that between the time of stealing the patent and the settlement of the case in court he will have made enough money to leave a handsome profit after paying legal expenses."

Mr. Edison had in his magical house many more spaces through which he was so good as to wish to show me. Unfortunately for me, I had to catch a train, and, in so doing, lost the conclusion of his marvellous running commentary. But in the few hours that I listened to him I was sensible of being under the spell of a power that defied analysis. He touched upon nearly every subject of scientific speculation—from electrical locomotives to automatic photography, from surgical instruments to ironclads. No subject was broached that did not immediately suggest to his mind a new invention. He spoke of soap, of steel plates, of tricycles, of torpedo-boats, of block-signals—I might say, of everything in the dictionary. In each case the particular object referred to became instinct with new possibilities—with a new marketable value.

The letters of Franklin are just the sort of letters I can imagine Edison writing had he lived at the same time and under the same circumstances. Both rose to eminence by the exercise of strong moral virtues backed by inherited talent; both applied their knowledge to bettering the condition of their fellow-creatures. Edison has not, as yet, filled a high diplomatic post abroad; but he is still young, and time works in his favour. The Government that rewards the Bancrofts, the Lowells, the Motleys, by offering them the most honourable posts in the public service cannot long overlook the name of Edison.

POULTNEY BIGELOW.

THE REFORM OF THE SCOTCH UNIVERSITIES.

LORD PALMERSTON used to say that every people gets the government that it deserves. So, no doubt, in the long run, the Scotch will get the education they deserve. But in the meantime their University Commission has evidently a low opinion of their merits. The instalment of ordinances which the Commissioners have now laid before Parliament is an incontestable proof of this. Some months ago we called attention to the chief defects in the draft ordinances; and, in the interval, these defects have been urged upon the notice of the Commission by all parties desiring university reform—a movement in which the General Council of the University of Glasgow has taken the most active part.

We regret to say that to these representations, on the whole, the Commission has turned a deaf ear. They have made some minor improvements, and in their more important schemes there is a certain show of activity. But, unfortunately, while the details of these schemes are very pretty, their leading features are either illusory or reactionary. It will be necessary to illustrate this in some detail.

Scotchmen have long been crying out for an academic year of proper length, say from October to June, like that of the English and Continental universities. The Commission in their draft ordinance proposed to enforce no teaching in the faculty of arts after the 10th of April, leaving it optional to each university court to institute a summer session. Reformers protested against this. The Commission makes an apparent concession by ordaining that the courts "shall institute a summer session." But this summer session is not necessarily to be a general continuation of the winter work. Each court, "after consultation with the Senatus," may limit the subjects of instruction as far as it chooses; and it is now expressly ordained that it shall be optional for all professors appointed prior to the ordinance to teach or not to teach in the summer session. This option is apparently now created for the professors, because it does not exist in their original commissions. What would be thought if the officials in a Government department were generally authorised to decline a reasonable extension of hours of work? The net result of this ordinance is that the appointment of a couple of lecturers, say in Latin and Greek, would satisfy its terms, and that the real work of the universities may terminate as hitherto on the 10th of April. Some liberty short of this wholesale option might have been allowed to the professors if a proper multiplication of the professoriate had been provided for; but, as we shall see, this has not been done. The fictitious right of professors to a six months' vacation will therefore continue to starve and mutilate the university curriculum in Scotland, and the average student will be kept in compulsory idleness.

But the cardinal feature of the ordinances on which everything really turns is the provision for a preliminary examination. For a generation every impartial and intelligent Scotchman has protested against a system which included within the walls of a university elementary instruction in Latin grammar, the Greek alphabet, and the first book of Euclid. The result of such a system has been to rob the secondary schools of their pupils, and to fill the benches of the universities, provided at great public and national expense, with nominal students practically unfit to study any subject at the stage of university culture. These students have by the mere fact of their admission acquired a customary right to certificates of attendance and proficiency; and, however unprepared to pass any serious examination, they are thus enabled on issuing from the universities to palm themselves off on a credulous public as educated men. To remedy this evil, reformers have sought an entrance examination sufficient to mark the termina-

tion of secondary school work and the beginning of university studies. Has the Commission satisfied this demand? Assuredly not. It has, indeed, made regulations for a preliminary examination applicable to students proceeding to a degree. These regulations are in themselves fairly satisfactory, although the standard of the examination is to a considerable extent lower than that passed at school by many scholars who take the Leaving Certificates of the Scotch Education Department. But if properly applied to all public students in the universities, they would do much good. The Commissioners, however, have expressly ordained that this shall not be done. Unless a student claims a degree, he "may attend any class without having passed the preliminary examination." Now it is well known that the great majority of Scotch students, even of those who take a complete curriculum, do not proceed to a degree. Hence this reform will be applied to a small minority, and to the class least requiring it. No one denies that private students should be admitted to all classes without examination in accordance with the general custom of European universities. But the Commissioners decree that all, however ignorant, may enter as public students, pay fees, occupy the time of the professor, drag down the level of teaching, and issue from the universities with certificates practically worthless. The universities will still continue to have junior classes of Latin, Greek, and mathematics at the most elementary stage, suitable for boys of eleven or twelve at a secondary school; and their senior classes, open to all comers, will consist of a monstrous medley of fit and unfit that will paralyse all advanced instruction.

Finally, the Commission revoke the small benefit they have conferred by permitting the Senatus of each university to allow attendance at qualifying classes to count for a degree, even if a preliminary examination has not been passed previous to attendance. The effect of this unregenerate system will be to compete unfairly with the secondary schools and to discourage the growth of proper secondary instruction in Scotland, while the universities will continue to merit the description of the great French authority as *des lycées mal organisés*.

The disastrous influence of all this on secondary schools will be aggravated by the regulations for examinations. The universities are to have junior classes to prepare for their own preliminary examination, and this examination is to be left practically and entirely in the hands of the professoriate of each university. This cannot command the confidence of teachers, as the universities have the strongest pecuniary inducements to undue laxity. In Germany, as is well known, the corresponding examination is conducted by the school authorities under State supervision. A compromise might have been made in Scotland, and was urged in various forms upon the Commissioners. Nothing, however, would satisfy them but leaving the universities masters and dictators in a matter in which they have the most dangerous temptations to an interested and arbitrary course of action.

The curriculum in arts has been arranged so as to include a considerable range of optional subjects; but the regulations are so complicated and hampered with so many restrictions that practically strong pressure will be put upon students to fall back upon the seven hitherto privileged subjects. The recognition of modern languages as a department for graduation with honours is certainly an advantage. It may be noted that no definite provision is made for appointing examiners for degrees in arts, and that each court is left to exercise complete discretion in this matter. This can hardly lead to uniformity and efficiency, and it leaves the professors the only real examiners of their own students.

It was also hoped that a great reform would be made in the organisation of the professoriate. In view of the enormous numbers of students in some of the classes, such as Latin, Greek, and mathematics,

numbers rising as high, in the two larger universities, as 600 in each subject, the necessity for additional professors was generally recognised. The present system, by which one professor draws all the fees of 600 students and delegates their instruction to a number of assistants in such proportion as he thinks fit, was felt to be unworthy of a university, and, indeed, without parallel in any other country. It treats each great branch of instruction as a piece of private property like a boarding school; and it need hardly be said that under it the assistants, discharging full professorial duties, and sometimes men of high distinction, occupy a position unfavourable alike to intellectual activity and to self-respect. A very striking instance of the arbitrary injustice with which a professor may treat an assistant as distinguished in the scientific world as himself has quite recently occurred in the medical faculty of Edinburgh University and been published in all its details. That such cases are very rare is no argument in favour of the system: other less obvious evils are always at work. The Commissioners have done little or nothing to remedy this state of things. In future an assistant may still do all the work of a professor for a hundred students, but he is only to have an annual tenure of office, to be nominated by the professor, and to be entirely under his control. Provision is also made for the possible appointment of lecturers; but these officials, in respect of their teaching, are to be under the absolute control of the existing professors, and are to have no representation on the Senatus. Such conditions cannot possibly attract the best type of university teachers. To provide sufficient teaching power and a career for eminent graduates, the German universities might very well have been taken as a model. But no subordinate post in a Scotch university will be comparable to that of a German *professor extraordinarius*, and none will even have the enviable liberty of teaching granted to the *Privat-docent*.

Altogether, it seems to be the design of the Commission to preserve for the universities the right to unlimited fees from unfit students, and to secure for seven professors in arts and twelve or fourteen in medicine the exclusive control of all knowledge with the influence and emoluments arising therefrom. Every reform inconsistent with these principles is sternly set aside: the university seems to exist for the professors, not they for the cause of education. The right of existing professors to full compensation for loss is recognised by all parties, and provided for by the Act. But why the present exclusive monopolies should be handed down as a vested right to all generations passes the comprehension of ordinary people. The university should cease to be regarded as an independent trading concern, and should be treated as an integral member of a national system of education, whose interests should be harmonised with those of the other members.

It is understood that the Commissioners plead the want of funds as an excuse for the very negative character of their ordinances; but they are now likely to get £30,000 a year, in addition to the sum of £42,000 named in the Act—a sum which should largely be used for the endowment of new chairs. Unfortunately, the ordinances seem to be cut and dry without any prospect of this, and no indication has as yet been given how either of these sums is to be expended.

It is, indeed, to be deplored that a movement for university reform so generally welcomed—inaugurated and supported by such typical Scotchmen as Principal Donaldson, Professor Blackie, and the late Principal Tulloch, a movement with which Matthew Arnold warmly sympathised—should end in such an abortive result. Nothing can more clearly show the necessity for the office of a Minister of Education, to deal with primary, secondary, and university education in an organic way, to reconcile their various interests, to harmonise their working, and to see that reforms are carried out in the spirit

in which they originate. In the meantime it may be hoped that Parliament will maintain the principles of the Universities Act of 1889 by praying the Queen to withhold her assent from the most unsatisfactory of these ordinances.

THE TRAINING OF BOARD-SCHOOL MISTRESSES.

IN the month of August of last year a party of mistresses of schools of various sorts found themselves the happy occupants of Lady Margaret Hall in Oxford. They had come from many parts of England in answer to an invitation to join together to hire the hall and try what life in Oxford was like. They spent a fortnight in work and play; in attending lectures, in tennis, boating, going to concerts, seeing something of Oxford people, looking at Oxford sights, and learning something of Oxford ways. The days flew by all too quickly, and not one among them but left with a feeling of keen regret that her chance of profiting by all that the beautiful old city could give her was so small.

Why had they come? Was it only to have "a good time"? That would be reason amply sufficient, for few work harder than our schoolmistresses; few need more the refreshment of rest and pleasure taken in beautiful surroundings. But there was another reason behind. Six years ago a movement was begun by a few men keenly interested in education to obtain for the schoolmasters of elementary schools a chance of sharing in the advantages of a University education. The training provided by the State was felt to be narrow, and fraught with all the evils attendant on any scheme which keeps one class perpetually confined to its own bounds. It was asked that pupil-teachers on leaving school should be allowed to go to Oxford or Cambridge to complete their training, instead of going on to one of the Normal Schools. In order to show that there were men ready to avail themselves of this scheme, it was determined to invite teachers to come up to Oxford, who should pay their own expenses, and spend a fortnight or month in an Oxford college during the Long Vacation, attending lectures arranged for them and living as far as possible the usual college life. For six years some sixty men have each year done this. The labour of love in organising the scheme which had been so freely given by a few, and more especially by Mr. Murray Macdonald, the present Liberal candidate for Bow, is now crowned with success. Cambridge agreed more than a year ago to admit these schoolmasters within her walls. Oxford made the concession last year. The Government issued a decree that training here should count as training in a Normal School, that the Government grant should be paid to students in either University, and that training in teaching should be received in one or other of the elementary schools of the University cities. And so the battle was won. But only for the men. The scheme had not included the women. Now, when the men standing on the ramparts could enjoy the prospect of the field of battle below them, and the fair domain in which they were in future to have their portion, they bethought them of their wives and sisters, and determined to ask them to come up and enjoy the sight with them. It could not be only to heighten their own pleasure, to increase the joys of victory; it was also, we would fain believe, to fire the women with like ambitions, and to stir in their minds ardent hopes of a Lady Margaret Hall of their own—a steady determination to work for a higher and fuller education for themselves.

Feeling sure that this was the result of the Oxford visit of the schoolmistresses last autumn, I have been at some pains to obtain information as to the expense of the education which, at the present moment, Oxford has to offer to women. There are, first and foremost, Lady Margaret and Somerville Halls. The cost of residence in

either of them is computed at a sum varying from £85 to £120 per annum. An old student writes:—"Old Somerville students seem to agree that, with great care, one can live at the Hall for £90 per annum, exclusive of travelling, and that this is the minimum." The Warden of one of the Halls tells us she believes that it might be done for £85 per annum, and that a clever girl gaining a scholarship would find this sum reduced by £30 or even £50. At Lady Margaret the sum usually paid to the Hall is £75, and this does not include tuition fees, laundress, travelling expenses, or books; so that £110 would seem to be the total average yearly cost. The rent of rooms at Somerville varies more than in St. Margaret's; but after careful inquiry it does not seem to be likely that any girl would manage to live the ordinary life of the Hall for less than £90, and that that would be the result of strict economy.

There is next St. Hugh's Hall. This house has been arranged for the reception of students who are unable to meet the expense incurred at the older Halls. The fee paid to the house is £15 a term; that is, £45 a year instead of the £75 at Lady Margaret. But at St. Hugh's two girls share a bedroom which is merely a bedroom, and all study is carried on in a common room; whereas at the two other Halls each student has a good-sized room which is study and bedroom combined. Firing also is paid for extra at St. Hugh's.

There remains still to notice one more place of residence for women-students. An old Lady Margaret student has opened a house for them where the charge is £15 per term, just as it is at St. Hugh's, but she hopes to be able to assist the residents in her house—as she has herself lately passed the various examinations and the final Honour Schools—so as to make their tuition fees lighter than they usually are. For the fees for tuition are pretty much the same wherever a girl may go or whatever study she may pursue. She must allow £20 a year for them, or more than that if arts or science are pursued; and it has not yet been seen whether these can be lightened by such help as is offered by this lady.

Let us now consider the alternative of the life as an unattached student. The Association for Promoting the Education of Women has for some years been doing excellent work in Oxford, and the sphere of its usefulness has been slowly but steadily enlarged. To those who desire to live at home or in lodgings it offers full opportunity for study, with all the help to be gained from the lectures attended by the students at the halls. The fees charged for these lectures are the same for all, and amount at the highest to £24 per annum. Suppose, then, a pupil-teacher were to come up to Oxford as an unattached student, she would have to pay the cost of lodging, food, etc., and the fees for these lectures. The former, with economy, need not be more than £10 a term—that is, £30 a year, but tuition would make it £50, and books would not be included in this. But that is not all. For a girl to join the lectures would not be enough; she would gain but little good from them unless she had the assistance of a private tutor who would direct her reading and clear away her difficulties, and £6 or £8 must be added to her expenses to meet this want. We may, therefore, set down £60 as the cost of the education of an unattached student. The question then arises, Would it be worth while for our Board-school pupil-teachers to come to the University to get this training?

The Government grant to each pupil-teacher is £30 a year. She would therefore have to add to this yet another £30, and this sum would only cover the expense of one half the year. The rest of the time she must be supported by her friends at home, or she must gain her living in some way or other. Those among us who know by what strenuous efforts these girls are already supported by their parents, will sorrowfully agree with me that it would be hard work for the parents to find not £30, but even £5, in addition

to the help they must render to them during the vacations. And even if they could, would the benefit be sufficiently great to repay them? To give to our vast army of Board-school teachers the width of view, the enlarged sympathies, the steadying sense of their own ignorance, which go to make up the ideal teacher, it would not be enough for them to attend the lectures of even the ablest of our tutors or professors. They must mix in the life of the University; they should mix in society, and learn from courteous kindly women charm of manner. In a word, the social advantages of the University should be thrown open to them. We must sorrowfully own that such a state of things is still an ideal state of things; and that for the most part unattached students remain out in the cold of their solitary lodgings, cheered only by the efforts made by one or two ladies to amend this sad state of things. The Halls are busy with their own concerns. They find it, they say, hard enough to get to know the large party of new members who come up to them each year. They have no time for outside students. This may be true; but we should like to ask whether it is so very important to know every fellow-student? whether the whole work of training teachers might not be helped on in better fashion were the solitary lives of some unattached students brightened and strengthened by social intercourse with their happier sisters in the Halls? Life in Oxford should have as one of its aims the breaking-down of old class distinctions, and our girls should do all that lies within their power to restore the equality which reigned of old among scholars of every degree.

It is true that the founding of a Hall for pupil-teachers would not mend matters much, unless the older Halls were ready to fulfil their duty in this matter; but at any rate the chances of a larger life would be increased, and as an Association such a Hall would at once have a recognised position in the University. And so it would seem that if our Board-school mistresses are ever to be allowed to come to our Universities, it must be when some new scheme has been thought out for them—one based on a simpler mode of life, and tried on a sufficiently large scale to admit of a low rate of fee paying for tuition. For it is not likely that much would be gained by their coming into lodgings in the town and simply attending lectures.

Surely it is worth our while to consider the question. If training such as is offered by Newnham and Somerville, Lady Margaret and Girton, is valuable to the teachers of our wealthier classes, in spite of the impossibility of their obtaining a degree, a training of a similar kind would be a help to that vast army which is now growing up among us to be the teachers of the hundreds of thousands of our infants and girls.

ANNIE BIRKBECK HILL.

A PREHISTORIC VILLAGE.

THE archaeologists of Glastonbury have of late been interested in tracing the ancient waterways which still traverse the moor round the island valley of Avilion, and which, as is abundantly proved by old records, were specially used in conveying to the abbey the produce of its outlying vineyards. It was while engaged in following the course of one of these slow-moving streams that Mr. Arthur Bulleid noticed in an adjoining field a series of low mounds, which struck him as so unusual in a perfectly level country like the turf-moor that he obtained permission to explore them. Excavations carried on by this gentleman during the past few weeks have brought to light the remains of human habitations which, to judge from the traces hitherto discovered, were occupied by a primitive race whose arts of life were simple in the extreme. From the appearance of the ground there must have been about sixty of these dwellings, but so far only a few of them have

been examined. Perhaps the most singular point about them is the character of their site. If this was not an actual lake village, standing in the inland sea which in early times covered a wide area of this part of Somerset, it was situated almost on the lowest level of the moor. A mile to the eastward is the Tor of Glastonbury, crowned with the grey tower of St. Michael's Church. Nestling at its foot is the historic little township, with all its myths and memories. Still it lies—

"Deep-meadowed, happy, fair with orchard lawns
And bowery hollows";

and although the "summer sea" is now but a gleam of silver on the far horizon, it is only kept back by the walls and sand-hills which extend for miles along the coast. Not once nor twice in the history of Somerset have the sea-walls given way, and in the seventeenth century, in particular, the sea was five feet deep in the streets of Glastonbury, twelve miles inland. To the northward rise the low, grey ramparts of Mendip; to the south the darker line of the Polden Hills, with the Field of Sedgemoor beyond; to westward stretch away to the Channel in one unbroken sweep the far-reaching levels of the moor. These dwellings, then, were a long way from any higher ground than the wide alluvial plain about them, and it is hardly likely that they were accessible except by boat.

At the lowest point which has yet been reached by digging is the remains of a layer of brushwood. On this rests a mound of clay about three feet thick. This clay is not found anywhere near the spot, and must have been brought at least from Glastonbury. It has the appearance of having been hardened by fire, but this may merely be the result of the lighting of many fires on rude hearths of stone, of which in one mound no fewer than five have been built one above another, a pretty fair proof of long-continued occupation. Outside the clay mound, at a depth of three feet below the surface, are pieces of alder, six inches in diameter and about two feet long, which have been driven down into the position in which they were found, and which must have been piles. Although thoroughly softened with their long soaking in the wet peat, the sharpened ends of these logs are as fresh-looking as if cut but yesterday, and the clean marks of the stone axes that were used to bring them to a point look singularly new. The black earth in which they lie is crowded with leaves and twigs of alder and willow; and there can be little doubt that the forest which Asser speaks of as covering the moor round his master's hold at Athelney extended also over this great alluvial plain. Two rough-hewn oaken planks, each with a large hole in the centre, were found lying flat at a depth of three feet. Under each hole was another pointed alder log—part, possibly, of a pole which held up the roof. Many pieces of alder lie horizontally under the clay, as if parts of a foundation, or, as has been suggested, of a sunken raft. Connecting two mounds is a double row of what may have been stepping-stones, and there is also a circle of loose stones, twenty-six feet in diameter, round one mound, which may have marked the limits of the dwelling. No trace of walling has been yet discovered, but pieces of clay have been found which have evidently been pressed against wattled osiers, and which still bear the clear imprint of the builder's fingers.

The tenants of these dwellings evidently lived by the chase, for the peat all round is filled with bones, consisting chiefly of bones and antlers of the roe-buck, horn cores and other remains of the *bos longifrons*, jaws and tusks of the boar, teeth and other relics of deer and even of horses. All the larger bones have been split open, and two bones have been pierced with holes. The pottery, of which there is an immense quantity considering the space that has been explored, is of the very rudest description, coarse and grey, very little of it with any trace of ornament, and most of it apparently not even

moulded on a wheel. One beehive-shaped jar—found in fragments, like all the pottery—is about fifteen inches high and about the same in diameter at the mouth. It still shows in one place the impression of the potter's fingers. Two broken halves of mill-stones, a round disc of sandstone, and a couple of tools—scrapers, perhaps—of the same material are the only other domestic implements. By far the most striking object hitherto discovered is a thick ring of jet, an inch and a quarter in diameter, beautifully finished, and still retaining so high a lustre that, looking at the rude and inartistic objects near it, it is hard to realise that it was found in a lump of clay some distance below the surface. The hole through it is larger than that of a spindle-whorl, of which two only have been discovered, and the scratches on one side of it suggest that it was worn as a suspended ornament. One rude clay bead is the only other thing that can have been used for personal decoration. No human bones have been met with, no single fragment of metal has been dug up, and, if we except a few primitive flint flakes, nothing that can be regarded as a weapon. Only three of the dwellings have been examined, but the owner of the field has consented to allow a portion of it to be railed off, with a view to thorough and systematic exploration. The nature of the soil is such that digging is greatly interfered with by the constant oozing in of water, and a complete examination of the ground will be possible only after a long spell of dry weather.

K.

MR. FROUDE'S ENGLISH—IN ENGLAND.

IS a writer who cannot trace the fortunes of a noun through a sentence to be trusted to trace the fortunes of a nation through a century? Can a man whose choice between a singular and a plural appears to be little better than guesswork speak with authority on the question whether there should be one or more than one Parliament in the United Kingdom? Such are the questions suggested by a careful perusal of Mr. Froude's "History of England." As to the importance of Mr. Froude's historical works there can be no two opinions. As to their accuracy there are many. As to their literary value there appears to be but one. As a master of English he is ranked with Mr. Ruskin, Mr. Pater, and Mr. Stevenson. A critic who wants to be beforehand cannot do better than prepare eulogies on the splendour of the English before any forthcoming book of Mr. Froude's is placed in his hands. He will find himself in good company, and singing in unison with the whole "choir invisible" of critics. We venture to dissent; we say that not merely has Mr. Froude no claim to be set by the side of the writers above named, but that of all our uncrowned "Immortals," with the possible exception of Mr. Rider Haggard, he is the one who writes the worst and most vicious English.

We take down at random the first volume of the popular edition of Mr. Froude's "History of England." Equally at random, we open it at p. 40, we read on to p. 54. There are within these limits—to which we shall strictly confine ourselves—exclusive of foot-notes and translated or quoted matter, forty-five sentences for which Mr. Froude is solely responsible. Of these forty-five sentences, no fewer than twenty-five would, if standing in the essay of a schoolboy of, say, fifteen, draw down the condemnation of any averagely intelligent, conscientious Board-school master. We have no intention of dealing with the whole twenty-five sentences, but shall consider only those in which what we may call the key-voices of Mr. Froude's English are illustrated. It is beyond our power to classify them as we should wish, according to their respective ailments, inasmuch as many of them suffer from a complication of disorders. We shall, therefore, simply set them out in the order in which they occur and add our

comments in foot notes or in parentheses as may be most convenient.

P. 40, s. 2. "Shallow's broad features have so English a cast about them, that we may be sure there were many such, and that the duty was not always very excellently done." Such what? Broad features. This is not a slip. Let those who think it is compare this sentence with s. 2, on p. 45, cited below. The comparison will show that it is one of Mr. Froude's constant practices to state simple facts ornately, and consequently, incorrectly. A careful reader cannot fail to see that what Mr. Froude does is, having written a simple sentence, to paraphrase it in school-boy manner—by not using, if possible, any word used in the original sentence. He can leave nothing, not even a word (v. p. 40, s. 3, "*Repose upon their dignity*"), in a state of nature. This affected indirectness we shall call "paraphrase." The next sentence reads: "The Justice of the Peace was required to keep surveillance over all persons within his district, and over himself *in his own turn* there was a surveillance no less sharp, and penalties for neglect, prompt and peremptory." In this sentence there are illustrated no less than three more vices characteristic of Mr. Froude's English. A strange fatality attends Mr. Froude's use of the words "self" (v. also p. 50, s. 2, and p. 51, s. 5) and "own" (v. also p. 51, s. 5, and p. 53, s. 3).

It is not too much to say that one could identify Mr. Froude's work by the misuse of these two words alone. The second vice is that of inversion for inversion's sake. For this Mr. Froude has a perfect passion (v. also p. 41, s. 1; p. 50 s. 4, and p. 50 s. 5), and it is to be regretted that in the above sentence he is so far carried away by that passion as to invent a new class of neglect—the "prompt and peremptory." Lastly, the "was" should be were. Similar mistakes are very common in Mr. Froude's writing; another instance is to be found in p. 45, s. 2.

P. 45 is almost entirely consumed by a single sentence (s. 2), which is intended vividly to represent a scene in sixteenth century life. There is much internal evidence to show that it was written in lodgings; its volubility and more than one of its idiomatic expressions point to the influence of a landlady. We have found it necessary to insert our comments in parentheses. The sentence runs—stumbling a little as it gets blown, and going very "groggy" towards the finish—thus:—"We hear of the 'glory of hospitality,' England's pre-eminent boast by the rules of which all tables from the table of the twenty-shilling freeholder to the table in the baron's hall and abbey refectory (there's another table wanted here, Mr. Froude!) were open at the dinner-hour to all comers, without stint or reserve or *question asked* (Ah! Mrs. Todgers!). To every man according to his degree, who chose to ask for it (You can't get a degree so easy nowadays; no, not at Cambridge College you can't), there was (?were) free fare and free lodging; bread, beef, and beer for his dinner; for his lodging perhaps only a mat of rushes in a spare corner of the hall, with a billet of wood for a pillow; but freely offered and freely taken ('freely taken'! Come, Mrs. Todgers; could you expect the host to pay the guest for sleeping there? Ah, yes! we understand; it's only your way of putting things), the guest, probably, faring much as his host fared, neither better nor worse." This sentence illustrates another mechanical grace of Mr. Froude's, that of discarding the use of verbs towards the end of a long and trying sentence. As his last verb was "was" when it should have been "were," we cannot blame him. Another instance of the coldness which springs up between Mr. Froude and his verbs is to be found in p. 51, s. 5. But the sentence is open to a much graver objection. In attempting the portrayal of a scene it is well to observe the unities of time and place. Now Mr. Froude starts with, at least, two places; the hall and the refectory, but drops the refectory

before getting very far, and only the hall is left. Again, the time at the beginning of the sentence is the dinner-hour—mid-day—but before the sentence is finished half the guests are in bed. A writer who really "saw" the scene could never have written thus, and a man who sets about writing history without the power of forming a clear mental picture of the scenes with which he has to deal is wanting in one of the chief qualities of a great historian.

P. 50, s. 2. "If the tendency of trade to assume at last a form of mere self-interest be irresistible; if political economy represent the laws to which in the end *it* is forced to submit *itself*; the nation spared no effort, either of art or policy, to defer to the last moment the unwelcome conclusion." This sentence not only illustrates Mr. Froude's unfortunate relations with pronouns—for the "it" is ambiguous, the "itself" redundant—but his still more unfortunate practice of stating nothing directly. He could have said what he meant simply and shortly; but he uses a wealth of words from which the nation emerges very meanly. A nation which spends its time in "deferring conclusions," does not deserve to have its history written. And notice, moreover, that Mr. Froude does not absolutely state the one fact to insist upon which he has written this rhetorical sentence. For he leaves the fact whether or not the nation behaved in this singular manner, dependent upon the correctness or incorrectness of modern theories regarding trade. For the credit of our forefathers let us hope that these theories are not correct.

P. 51, s. 3. . . "to insure that all wares offered for sale should honestly be what *they pretend* to be." So that when the justice was tired of trying "faces" (p. 45, s. 3) he could turn to trying bread and butter; and send them to the stocks for obtaining money by false pretences. Mrs. Todgers has given way to Mr. Brooke, of Middlemarch, who remains with Mr. Froude for some time. We refer those readers who are fond of parallel passages to the lament of the M.P. who informed his constituents that it cost a cheese twice as much to travel from Kirkeudbright to London as from Kirkeudbright to New York. Two sentences later we have Mr. Brooke again, but not at his brightest. The final "look to it" is a favourite expression of Mr. Froude's.

P. 53, s. 3. "Further, this Council received the reports of the searchers—high officers taken from their own body, whose business was. . ." Another instance of Mr. Froude's constant misadventures with pronouns: the "their," even were there no "own," can refer only to the officers, for in the previous sentence Mr. Froude elects to treat "council" as a singular. The slightest change, therefore, which will let any sense into this perplexing sentence is the change of "body" into "bodies." That amendment made, the sentence records, somewhat clumsily, the employment of spiritualism in the detection of crime. Mr. Froude does not mean to record anything of the kind. The next sentence reads: "In each provincial town, local councils sat in connection with the municipal authorities, who fulfilled, in these places, the same duties; and their reports being forwarded to the central body and considered by them, representations on all necessary matters were then made to the Privy Council; and by the Privy Council if requisite were submitted to Parliament." We have noticed the influence on Mr. Froude's English of Mrs. Todgers and Mr. Brooke. In this sentence we see another influence at work, that of the "old man a-sitting on a gate" of whom his interviewer reports in the pages of "Through the Looking Glass"—"his answer trickled through my head like water through a sieve." We refrain from further comment on a sentence which has made no impression on our mind save one of worry.

Here we will close the book. Of the total forty-five sentences above indicated, we have, it is true, considered but a dozen. Had we space we could pick

out at least a dozen more, as faulty as those extracted. We think, however, that we have done and said enough to convince any impartial person (not being Mrs. Todgers, Mr. Brooke, or "the old man") that Mr. Froude's English has no place by the side of the English of Mr. Ruskin, Mr. Pater, or Mr. Stevenson.

HENRY RABUSSON.

THE phrase "Society Novel" is an odious vulgarism, and so, as a rule, is the thing. But when the thing comes to hand the phrase must be used, and it must be used to label M. Henry Rabusson's "Bon Garçon" (Calmann - Lévy). M. Rabusson belongs to the best, indeed the only tolerable, order of Society novelists. He knows, or at least produces the impression of knowing, what he is talking about. He is master of his subject, not its dupe. He writes like a gentleman. He does not romance, as Feuillet, for instance, did, on mundane topics; nor does he lash about him savagely. He feels that any kind of posturing, the satirist's included, would be bad form. His stories may, indeed, all be twisted by the eager moralist into sermons on the text about the camel and the eye of the needle. But they are not sermons when they leave M. Rabusson's hands: they are straightforward tales of Parisian society, which have the double merit of brevity and of being told in excellent French. His tone is cynical, to be sure, his philosophy a form of pessimism, his style dry—to desiccation. But these qualities—like them or loathe them as you may—have the merit of according with his theme. If you are wise, you will not read him for the story any more than you would Mr. Henry James. Nor will you go to him for elaborate studies of character—that is, of individual character: it is the character of the crowd, the fashionable crowd, which he makes his affair. He seeks this crowd in its favourite haunts, paints the background for you with a sort of Jan Van Beers facility; and if, as is not unlikely, you find the pictures of the places more diverting than the pictures of the people, that is, doubtless, because—to use a pedantic jargon which M. Rabusson would repudiate—the organism is, in the world of fashion, somewhat less important than the environment.

In "Bon Garçon" the environment becomes a shifting panorama. You start with Dieppe. Opportunity for a sketch of the gamblers at "petits chevaux" in the Casino. Do not expect a Hogarth or a Cruikshank picture of the evils of gambling. No, you are just shown the banality, the tedium of it.

"For the moment his attention, the whole intensity of his thought, is concentrated on horse No. 4. Will the little tin quadruped pass the post or not? If it stops in time, it will win, for it is towards the end of its course, and far in advance of the others; if it goes further, it loses, as only a few centimètres separate it from the post, which it must not pass.

"No. 4 wins," cries the attendant.

"You may believe me or not," says an old lady to her neighbour, "but I always win when I have one of my dog's claws about me. I cut one off the poor little thing only last week."

"Her neighbour, who has also won, in another series, counts the seventeen francs handed to him twice over, and answers—

"It isn't much, is it? But all the same, confess, ma'am, that if we were playing for beans, it would," &c. &c.

After the Casino, another fashionable amusement—amateur shrimping. Opportunity for discreet descriptions of the charms of the ladies, which the special costume required for this exercise not altogether discreetly reveals. Opportunity for incipient flirtations between various couples—married, of course. The hero flirts with his wife's sister.

Arrival of a big steam-yacht, owned by *nouveaux*

riches, who have made a vast fortune out of army victualling. Opportunity for describing the very newest *nouveaux riches*. They are not Jourdain; they are not Poiriers; nor are they in the least like the enriched burgesses of M. Ohnet. They are very noisy, they play practical jokes on one another, and they keep to themselves.

"The new sort of millionaires have abruptly broken with the traditions of the older parvenus; they marry among themselves, find their amusement among themselves, and give no thought to the disdain or envy of the people with armorial bearings. In that respect, at any rate, they are one degree less ridiculous than their predecessors."

Nevertheless, it seems that these new people follow the good old rule, the simple plan: they flirt with one another's wives. The hero's flirtation with his sister-in-law is getting serious. Presently the scene shifts to Paris. Opportunity for description of modern fancy-dress ball (a dozen pages). A scene in a boudoir reproduces the episode of the cave in the Fourth Book of the *Æneid*, and so the hero's flirtation with his sister-in-law becomes something to be called by another name.

The panorama passes to Nice—of course, in the Carnival season. Opportunity for a description of the Battle of Flowers, and of the four-in-hand of the noisy army-victuallers. The hero's wife is beginning to have her suspicions. Her husband, you are given to understand, adores her, despite his goings-on with the sister-in-law. In fact, the thesis of M. Rabusson's book—if it has any thesis—is a quasi-apology for the polygamous instinct of the average sensual man. It is also, in some sort, a refutation of the Wild Oats theory. For the hero's wife has had confidence in him, on the familiar reasoning that reformed rakes make the best husbands, until she makes the painful discovery that rakes never do reform. This is how the hero presumes to lecture the poor ill-used lady:—

"I won't attempt to excuse myself. I am what I have always been, what you despise—a man of pleasure. Don't cry over such a trifle. . . . You see, these things, which have an enormous importance in a woman's eyes, take up so very little room in a man's existence! . . . In short, I have sinned—shall sin, maybe, again; but I am not a monster: I am a man, *tout bête*ment."

But the easy-going philosophy by which the hero (we have used this word, please observe, merely in its technical sense) settles the vexed question of marriage—which is not marriage—with a deceased wife's sister (when the wife is not deceased) soon breaks down. He has reckoned without satiety. And he has reckoned without another event which will occasionally happen in the course of nature—and which we prefer to let the reader guess for himself. Nor will we reveal the conclusion of the whole matter. It is intended to enforce the view which M. Rabusson shares with Mr. George Meredith, that most men have not yet rounded Cape Turk, and that, however much we may deplore it, it is no good shutting our eyes to the fact.

THE DRAMA.

"THE MAELSTRÖM"—"NIOBE."

ACCORDING to the melancholy Jaques, *ducdame* was an invocation "to call fools into a circle." I am sometimes inclined to suspect that a Wicked Fairy has written *ducdame* over the portals of all our playhouses. The amount of sheer hopeless ineptitude that finds its way to the theatre is appalling. In the contribution, the substantial contribution of the audience towards the sum total of fatuity, there should be nothing to surprise us. We have to remember that this audience is composed largely of people who are either too lazy or too ignorant to read, as well as of people who go to the

theatre as they go to church or to a picture gallery—simply from the gregarious instinct that they may find themselves in a numerous company, and so escape the boredom of their own mental vacuity. The players, too, contribute a goodly share of the same commodity, and so, I shall be reminded (rightly, no doubt, for it would be fatuous to suppose our noble selves exempted from the general law), do the critics. Then there are the managers. Is it not astonishing that these men—persons presumably with a faculty for business, since they are capitalists, or possess the ear of capitalists—should be seen producing piece after piece which never from the first could have had any chance of being anything else than abject failures? But, after all, the playwrights are the worst offenders. Oh! the indescribable nonsense which men, clever men, men who in other fields of energy show themselves capable of good work, will permit themselves to write for the stage! Yes, there must be some special hobgoblin of the playhouse for ever going up and down, with the cry of *ducdàme*.

These may be gloomy reflections, but they force themselves on anyone who has seen *The Maelström* at the Shaftesbury. Here is a piece in which, I declare, from first to last there is not a scintilla of common sense; the sort of piece which makes a man ashamed of his trade as a critic. For it is bad enough to have had to witness such nonsense, but to have to sit down afterwards in cold blood and discuss it is simply horrible. A contributor to last week's *SPEAKER* said, very truly, that the favourite trick of reviewing novels in the form of a facetious summary of the plot was not a very fair one. The remark applies with equal justice, of course, to the reviewing of plays. It is perfectly possible by adroit selection and a touch of exaggeration to describe the plot of *Hamlet*, or *L'École des Femmes*, so as to make Shakespeare and Molière appear mighty foolish persons whom the critic could, had he so chosen, easily have beaten at their own game. But there are some plays which are so inherently ridiculous that the most straightforward and conscientious description of them is bound to read like a grossly ungenerous and unfair burlesque. I fear that is the case with *The Maelström*. Let us give its author, Mr. Mark Melford, credit for a worthy motive in the initial conception of his play. He has sought, as Sophocles and Shakespeare and other great men sought before him, to purge us of pity and terror by the spectacle of madness on the stage. But that is a high emprise and, as Master François Villon sings, "ne fait pas ce tour qui veult." When Mr. Melford's madman, instead of exciting pity and terror, only provokes the derisive laughter of the pit, even when he is strangling the villain of the play or shooting himself, it is evident that *ce tour* has fallen far short of accomplishment. There are, I submit to Mr. Melford, at least three reasons for this. 1. There is the patent absurdity of the story which he has woven round his maniac, Lucius Tierce. Gertrude has married Lucius (before, it should be said, his madness is suspected) whom she does not love, and so jilted Edward Hartleigh, whom she does, merely at the bidding of her guardian. Why? Then Hartleigh discovers from a photograph of Tierce's what he had failed to detect from a prolonged interview with the original—that Tierce is a maniac of homicidal tendencies. Why? Although Edward is a medical man of some experience, his first step on discovering the truth about Tierce is to communicate it abruptly to Gertrude. Her first step on learning the truth is to goad Tierce into a dangerous paroxysm by calling him a madman; her next is to leave the house and to allow her shawl to be found on the edge of a pond, so that she may be thought to have committed suicide. When Tierce hears of her death, his first step—he is a sculptor—is to model a statue of her, which he conceals behind velvet curtains and apostrophises at every other moment. Why is this statue business introduced? It has no dramatic significance. It leads to nothing.

Then comes a scene which, I suppose, Mr. Melford intended for the crowning incident, the *clou*, of his piece. The wicked guardian who had compelled his ward to marry Tierce is now, after inducing the maniac to assign his fortune to him, the guardian, by deed of gift—one need not pause to examine this characteristic instance of stage-law—anxious to get Tierce consigned to a private lunatic asylum. But the madman, discovering the plot, strangles the guardian *coram populo*—a scene so complicated by melodramatic alarms and excursions, locking and unlocking of innumerable doors, and stealthy cat-like perustrations of the apartment, that it was greeted by the whole house on the first night with boisterous laughter. Ten years elapse, and we find Gertrude married, as she supposes, to Edward Hartleigh, having accepted from him, without apparently the slightest evidence, the statement that Tierce is dead. As a matter of fact, Tierce has been confined in an asylum, whence he escapes, and comes to —, but really I cannot go on narrating the absurdities of Mr. Melford's plot. I pass on (2) to the next of my three reasons why Mr. Melford has not accomplished *ce tour*—the pompous rhodomontade of his language. That his maniac should be made to rave is appropriate enough, but even the wild and whirling words of insanity do not, I believe, run, as Tierce's are constantly made to run, into blank verse form. Worse still, all the professedly sane people talk equally high-falutin' nonsense. "Tell your master I have left him for ever," says Gertrude to the maid-servant. Lastly (3), Mr. Melford excited laughter where he aimed at terror by playing his madman himself. His upturned eyes, his twitching brow, his gestures, his attitudes (modelled apparently on the "Anglo-Saxon attitudes" of another lunatic, Mr. Lewis Carroll's "mad hatter") beggar description. Altogether *The Maelström* produced on my mind the impression of some grotesque nightmare. Once more I ask why hard cash is expended on the rent of playhouses and the salaries of players for the production of such enormities? *Ducdàme!*

Fortunately, it is not only fools who are called into the circle of the playhouse. The authors of *Niobe* at the Strand, Messrs. Harry and Edward Paulton, know what they are about: they intend to make you laugh, and they succeed. In one of Mr. Ruskin's minor volumes (I think it must be "Aratra Pentelici") there is a plate contrasting the head of an Apollo of Pheidias with that of a nineteenth-century city man—the one all dignity, grace, classic outline: the other a rotund, ignoble visage such as, say, Mr. Charles Keene drew by scores. This is the contrast which has been worked out dramatically at the Strand, where they show you a marble statue of Niobe brought (through accidental contact with the wires of the electric light) to life in a modern middle-class household. It is, of course, no new idea: Mr. Anstey has already made the most of it in his "Tinted Venus." Nor is its treatment at the Strand by any means masterly. But it serves its modest purpose of providing a couple of hours of bustling fun. I assume that you know Mr. Harry Paulton and will not, therefore, require to be told how droll are his embarrassments as the Charles Keene burgess confronted by the stately widow of Amphion. No better actress could have been found for the Niobe than Miss Beatrice Lamb, whom Mother Nature made an animated statue before this piece was written. Who, by the way, supplied the lady with the few lines of Greek which she mouths so prettily? Mr. Harry Paulton is a clever actor, but nobody, to my knowledge, has hitherto accused him of Hellenism. Seeing the name of Hawtrey in the cast, a name with academic as well as histrionic traditions, I half-suspect a third collaborator in *Niobe*. Be that as it may, even on the farcical stage, "Un peu de Grec"—if Mr. Andrew Lang will allow me to borrow one of his quotations—"ne gête rien."

A. B. W.

THE NEW ENGLISH ART CLUB.

NO doubt some readers of THE SPEAKER remember the excellent exhibition of pictures held last autumn in the Dudley Gallery by the members of the New English Art Club. No doubt many remember the two life-size figures by Mr. Sargent; the wood all strangled by the snow, by Monet; and the wonderful "Leçon de Danse" by Degas. Nor do I think that the two charming pictures by Mr. Steer, or Mr. Sickert's portrait of the writer of this article, or Mr. Mark Fisher's exquisite "Farmyard" can be forgotten; such pictures persist in memory. The show was quite an extraordinary one, and it was clear, if its high level of excellence could be maintained, that the New English Art Club would succeed in damaging the reputation of the Academy more seriously than the Grosvenor Gallery had ever done. But could the New English Art Club maintain that high level of excellence? It was when I heard that the New English Art Club intended to risk another show—although six months had hardly elapsed since their last—that I despaired. What could a second show mean but painting for exhibition? and painting for exhibition is in art what writing for "notices" is in literature. The meaning of, the intention of, what most interested me in the New English Art Club was that it was a protest against the vice of painting for exhibition. Which has done the most harm to art, modern artistic training or picture exhibitions?

The newspaper has suppressed old-fashioned modesty, but there is surely some middle path between the privacy of old times and the loud commercialism of the Royal Academy. I thought that this middle path had been found by the New English Art Club: a group of artists animated by the same æstheticism exhibiting their pictures at undetermined intervals. "Undetermined intervals" is perhaps too high an ideal for our nineteenth century life, and a small annual exhibition might be borne with—might even be looked forward to with pleasure. So quite candidly do I tell the New English Art Club that if it intends a bi-annual exhibition—I should say a bi-annual hurrying up with pictures and a general turning out of studios—that it will lose all force, all vitality, and will sink before it is aware into decline and decrepitude. The temptation to make immediate money is a deadly temptation, and the sale of our birthright for a mess of pottage is futile greed. "Do not kill the goose that lays the golden eggs."

So much censure cannot fail to produce the impression that the present exhibition is an intolerable falling-off from the last. Let me hasten to correct this inevitable but erroneous impression. The present exhibition shows a falling-off, but the decline is by no means so rapid as might have been expected; and those who would study the tendency of English Art must still go to the Dudley Gallery. Besides tendency, some excellent pictures will be found there; and the present exhibition is especially noticeable for the discovery of a new man, Prince Pierre Troubetzkoy. The Prince exhibits what he calls a study for a portrait in the open air. Why study? for the Prince has carried his work as far as he can carry it, and I can hardly believe that he intends any variant on the present picture. Unfortunately, the work belongs to the school whose first principle of art is that the brushes should be wiped upon the canvas and all remnants of paint placed there with the palette knife. I have protested before against the plasterer-painter. The brushes of the old masters glided, swept, leaned; they were never filled with heavy gluey matter; and passing broadly or minutely according to the exigencies of the object treated, and in direct communication with the brain, they added all necessary accents and characteristic touches. And is it not a material impossibility that all sensibility of handicraft must disappear in this brush-wiping and palette-knifing execution?

It is very modern, too, to streak violet between the furrows of paint, and if the greens and blues, in the sacred cause of *plein air*, are kept very high in tone the painter may flatter himself that he is *tout à fait dans le mouvement*. But great art is never *dans le mouvement*. I regret the cheap and excessive modernism—perhaps modernity would be a better word—of this picture. I hate the principle of the execution, but I cannot pass on without complimenting the Prince on his excellent drawing and the power of comprehension and delineation of character. The face is an excellent piece of work. Not far away there is a small picture by Mr. Edward Stott called "On a Summer Afternoon." This is probably the most entirely satisfactory picture in the Exhibition. The subject is some boys undressing in an orchard preparatory to going to bathe in the river, which we do not see, but which is sufficiently indicated by the attitudes of two figures higher up in the picture. The hour is probably ten o'clock in the morning, for the atmosphere is soft and moist. The sunlight is breaking through the branches, and one bright drop falls on the white flesh of the boy sitting on the grass. The principal figure stands close by within the cool green shadow of an apple tree. He has lifted off his shirt. The painting of the body is that fluent, limpid execution which we admire in the Dutch masters. The figure is in and not out of the atmosphere. The silvery bloom of the atmosphere is on the flesh, and it would be difficult to praise this part of the picture too highly. The painter has achieved something which I have often seen attempted, but hardly seen achieved before. The brown trousers are not very happy, and the drawing of the sunlight that drops on the shoulders of the boy sitting down seems weak, and the spots of sky between the branches are loosely and awkwardly indicated, but as a whole the picture is an excellent piece of work, of which Mr. Stott has every reason to feel proud. Mr. Steer exhibits a full-length portrait of a lady, a back view, the face in profile against a blue sky. She is dressed in black and is walking on a balcony. The sky is intentionally conventional, the treatment being intentionally in the style of last century, in the manner of Gainsborough and Romney. The picture shows how great were these old masters, and destroys the modern notion that anyone can paint a conventional sky. A conventional sky is just as difficult to paint as a "realistic" sky, perhaps more so; and if there be anyone who thinks this is not so I will ask him to copy the sky in that beautiful picture by Gainsborough which hangs on the staircase in the National Gallery. Though Mr. Steer's sky is not a failure, it cannot be said to be wholly successful, and the head which he has painted upon it is even less satisfactory. It seems to be wanting both in drawing and in quality. This is to be all the more regretted for the painting of the figure is excellent. All the passementerie on the dress is beautifully rendered, and the black is full of delicate greys which give sensation of movement and atmosphere. To make up for this partial failure Mr. Steer exhibits a girl's head which is altogether charming and delightful. On either side of Mr. Steer's full-length portrait of Mrs. Petre hang two full-length portraits by Mr. C. W. Furse. Both show the influence of Mr. Whistler. It would be as impossible to deny that the work is immature as it would be to deny that it is full of promise. Mr. Mark Fisher exhibits two pictures, and it is almost needless to say that both are charming. Apparently this artist sells at a third or a quarter of the usual price of Messrs. Leader and Murray. The state of mind of the man who prefers a Leader or a Murray to a Fisher is more than I can imagine. Mr. Rousell exhibits two portraits. Of the two I prefer that of Mr. Bernard Sickert. Mr. Walter Sickert, unfortunately, only exhibits a very slight sea piece—done, I should say, some years ago. It is very charming, but I hope next time he will exhibit a new and more important

work. He is one of the mainstays of the exhibition. Mr. Steer's portrait of Miss Nellie Kauffmann is rather commonplace, especially in the treatment of the head and hair and arms. There is some nice colour in the dress, but I like better his portrait of Mr. Harold Frederic. The modelling is full of expression, and if I mistake not that eye and cheek and forehead and nose are as good as anything this painter has done.

One of the best things in the gallery, and the best thing I have seen by the painter, is Mr. George Thompson's portrait of himself—a very fine characteristic piece of work. There are many other pictures in the gallery of which I should like to speak, but truth to tell I have not sufficiently seen the exhibition. On another occasion I hope to do justice to those whom I have wronged to-day.

G. M.

THE WEEK.

THE love of two sisters for one man has been a favourite subject with English writers. It is in SCOTT, FENIMORE COOPER, DICKENS, TENNYSON—twice in TENNYSON—and doubtless the reader's memory will supply other instances. MR. SWINBURNE has also been attracted by this theme. Long ago he expressed a profound admiration for TENNYSON's ballad "The Sisters," and that is the title of his new tragedy which MESSRS. CHATTO & WINDUS have in the press.

MR. J. S. COTTON, the editor of the *Academy* and a notable specialist on Indian affairs, is the author of the forthcoming volume in "The Rulers of India" series (Clarendon Press), a biography of MOUNT-STUART ELPHINSTONE. MR. GEORGE SAINTSBURY'S "Life of the Earl of Derby" is the new volume of the "Queen's Prime Ministers" series (SAMPSON LOW). MR. HEINEMANN promises two new novels by MR. ROBERT BUCHANAN, "Woman and the Man," and "Come Live with Me and be My Love." Other forthcoming novels are "Maid Marian and Robin Hood" (CHATTO), by MR. J. E. MUDDOCK; "The Bushranger's Sweetheart" (WHITE), by MR. HUME NISBET; "Wynter's Masterpiece" (SWAN), by MR. FREDERICK LEAL; "Oriole's Daughter" and "The Head of the Firm" (HEINEMANN), by JESSIE FOTHERGILL and MRS. T. H. RIDDELL respectively. In *belles lettres* we are to have PROFESSOR CAIRD'S "Essays in Literature and Philosophy" (MACLEHOSE), "Noontide Essays" (BLACKWOOD), by SIR HERBERT MAXWELL, and MR. WILLIAM CLARKE'S "Walt Whitman" in MESSRS. SWAN SONNENSCHN & Co.'s "Dilettante Series."

ONE of the best literary and dramatic critics in France, M. RENÉ DOUMIC, has published, under the title "Portraits d'Écrivains," eight studies of modern French novelists and dramatists. The most important essay is that on M. DUMAS FILS. It contains a happy *mot* made by a Parisian who has said more clever things and produced more unsuccessful plays than anybody else. Asked what he thought would remain of M. DUMAS' morality, he replied, "Que croyez-vous qu'il restera de la morale de M. Dumas?—Il restera . . . l'autre." There is no need to say, as M. FAGUET does, "the remark is charming; the idea, false." A witty saying of M. FAGUET's own making will bear reproduction. Referring to the necessity the moralist is under of securing attention by questionable means, he quotes the phrase "violenti rapiunt illud," and remembers that his first schoolmaster seemed to translate it, "To hold the ears of one's pupils it is necessary to pull them."

If housekeepers are in earnest in wishing to benefit the unemployed in East London, they should buy BRYANT & MAY'S Matches, and refuse the foreign matches which are depriving the workers in East London of a large amount in weekly wages.

THE thirtieth volume of the "Dictionary of National Biography" (SMITH, ELDER & Co.) extends from JOHNES to KENNETH. MR. LESLIE STEPHEN writes of DR. JOHNSON; PROFESSOR HERFORD of BEN JONSON; MR. SIDNEY COLVIN of KEATS; and MR. JOSEPH KNIGHT of the KEANS and the KEMBLE. There is not much room for graces of style in the close tissue of fact of which these most valuable volumes are woven; but it is amazing, when a writer is steeped in his subject, how much suggestion and allusion he can crowd into a condensed record. The writers whose names are mentioned above, and other contributors to the "Dictionary of National Biography," by phrases, by single epithets, lighten their compact narratives, as if by countless windows, through which we can often see the whole period in which a man lived surging about him.

IN attempting to bring his admirable series of "Great French Writers" (UNWIN) under the notice of the British public, MR. J. J. JUSSERAND has been influenced by the consideration that in coming to England the series comes back to the country of its birth, the first idea of the undertaking having been derived from the "English Men of Letters"; and also by the consideration that there are perhaps no two literatures in the world whose reciprocal action has been more constant throughout centuries, with richer, deeper, and more lasting effects. A translation of "Great French Writers" will help to show English readers how the two literatures have supplemented and corroborated each other, and have become vitally correlated. M. ALBERT SOREL'S "Madame de Staël" begins the series.

UNDER the title of "From the Easy Chair" (OSGOOD), MR. GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS has reprinted some of his genial editorial discourses. Actors, lecturers, singers, and poets are MR. CURTIS'S favourite subjects, but he also handles a number of interesting social topics with delicate irony—lifting the skin here and there to show that he could probe if he chose. The book has an odd but agreeable binding.

THE manuscript of DR. ATKINSON'S new book, "Play-hours and Half-Holidays" (MACMILLAN) has been lying by him for thirty-two years. Such a space of time, it is needless to say, has afforded the author many and continuous opportunities of adding to his knowledge and modifying conclusions he had previously arrived at. Among these conclusions a prominent one is the set of ideas involved in the so-called "British Village" theory. The conviction has forced itself on DR. ATKINSON that this theory—the theory involved in the phrase "ancient British settlement"—is, as applied to Cleveland, utterly baseless. It would look as if DR. ATKINSON had again been fortunate enough to produce a book of importance to the specialist, as well as generally entertaining.

IN consequence of the exceptional demand for MR. SPURGEON'S "Messages to the Multitude," publication is delayed until Tuesday, the 26th inst.

MANY times during the spell of very fine weather that we have been experiencing lately, the question has been asked as to whether the sun-spots are in any way connected with it or not. The spots are patches, dark relatively to the surface of the sun, which are seen to float across his surface, and one would at first think that they might be conceived to act as screens; but this is not so. Spots are the results, and, indeed, the chief indications of solar activity, so that the greater this activity the more plentiful would they become. There are periods when we have many and few spots; these occur at intervals of about eleven years. The last

minimum occurred in 1889. At the present moment we are approaching a time at which his surface is becoming more and more spotted, and the climax will be reached next year, after which they will gradually become less numerous until they reach the next succeeding minimum. Now the presence or absence of spots simply means that more or less heat is coming down from the sun, and as we are approaching a maximum there most probably has been a slight increase in our temperature for the past two or three years. This increase or decrease of heat can only affect our earth generally, so that all local disturbances, as far as we can say, cannot reckon their origin in the sun, at any rate, directly.

WHEN the period of eleven years was first discovered many attempts were made to find out whether corresponding fluctuations occurred with us. MR. MELDRUM showed that cyclones in the Indian Ocean were most frequent when sun-spots were most extensive, while the rainfall at Madras, the Cape of Good Hope, and other stations was also found to suffer an increase at such a time. These statements have given rise to the closest possible discussion, with the general result that it is now conceded that there may be such a connection over large areas. But, to come back to the recent weather, the meteorological reports have shown us that a large anti-cyclone has been hovering in our vicinity. On Tuesday last its centre was nearly over the North of Scotland. If it could be proved that there is a general anti-cyclonic system similar to this one round the whole belt of the northern hemisphere, then we should be justified perhaps in attributing this to a general cause; but it is entirely unphilosophical to refer back to a general cause for what, so far as we know, is only taking place locally.

AMONG the deaths announced since our last issue are those of DR. J. W. TRIPE, a well-known authority on hygiene; PROF. C. P. CASPARI, the Biblical scholar and Orientalist; the REV. T. L. WHEELER, long the secretary of the Three Choirs Meeting at Worcester; DR. D. HAYES AGNEW, a leading surgeon of Philadelphia; MR. A. G. FINLAISON, a statistician of repute in actuarial matters; CAPTAIN MIDDLETON, a well-known cross-country rider; and MR. JAMES GOATER, the jockey.

ELECTORAL PROSPECTS IN DENMARK.

(FROM OUR COPENHAGEN CORRESPONDENT.)

THE impending General Election in Denmark, which is to be decided immediately after Easter, has naturally attracted very considerable attention on account of the gradual alteration in the political situation during the last year or two. The struggle between the Government, sticking to their guns with unflinching perseverance, and the Liberal party, clamouring for Parliamentary rights beyond what the Constitution literally meant the Folkething to have, has now been going on for a number of years, rendering the labours of the Legislature almost completely futile. Then, a couple of years ago, the Moderate fraction of the Left, desiring to see some much-needed, useful legislative work done, agreed to co-operate—for this purpose alone, and without surrendering any of their old Liberal principles—with the Right and the Government, with the result that a number of good, practical laws have been passed during the last two Sessions.

It is on this basis that the present election is being fought. From the common-sense point of view, the Moderates would appear to have a decided advantage over their former Radical comrades—now their bitterest opponents—who are sadly in want of a positive programme; but as far as the platform and agitation generally are concerned, the latter probably hold the best cards. Too short a time has yet passed for the general body of electors to fully

appreciate the really useful work in which the Moderates have assisted; and although the split in the Liberal camp may help to secure the return of a Conservative member here and there, and although a Moderate may in a few places, perhaps, supplant a Radical, it is hardly likely that great changes will take place. Still, Danish elections have often brought surprises, and it is just possible that the bungling tactics of one or two of the leading Radicals—there is no such thing as a real Radical leader—may have done more damage than now appears.

Within the Conservative party also a greater spirit of moderation seems to prevail, and one of the most extreme of the Government party, Professor Matzen, has undoubtedly lost much of his influence during the last twelvemonth. Meanwhile, two or three younger politicians, holding more moderate views, are in the ascendant.

There is every reason to believe that a central political party will be formed, comprising the Moderate Left as well as the Moderate Right, holding aloof from extreme Conservatism as well as from Radicalism and Socialism. Another week will show whether the elections of next Tuesday will, to any marked extent, advance any development in that direction, or whether the constituencies will once more sanction the old—and undoubtedly extremely unsatisfactory—order of things.

A FAITHFUL HEART.

IT was a lovely morning, and Major Shepherd walked rapidly, his toes turned well out, his shoulders set well back. Behind him floated the summer foliage of Appleton Park—the family seat of the Shepherds—and at the end of the smooth, white road lay the Major's destination—the small town of Branbury.

The Major was the medium height; his features were regular and cleanly cut. He would have been a handsome man if his eyes had not been two dark, mud-coloured dots, set close together, wholly lacking in expression. A long brown moustache swept picturesquely over bright, smoothly shaven cheeks, and the ends of this ornament were beginning to whiten. The Major was over forty. He carried under his arm a brown-paper parcel (the Major was rarely seen without a brown-paper parcel), and in it were things he could not possibly do without—his diary and his letter-book. The brown-paper parcel contained likewise a number of other papers; it contained the Major's notes for a book he was writing on the principal county families in Buckinghamshire. The Major had been collecting information for this book for many years, and with it he hoped to make two or three hundred pounds—money which he stood sorely in need of—and to advance his position in the county, a position which, in his opinion, his father had done little to maintain, and which, to his very deep regret, his sisters were now doing their best to compromise. That very morning, while packing up his brown-paper parcel, some quarter of an hour ago, he had had a somewhat angry interview on this subject with his sisters. For he had thought it his duty to reprove them for keeping company with certain small London folk who had chosen to come to live in the neighbourhood. Ethel had said that they were not going to give up their friends because they were not good enough for him, and Maud had added significantly that they were quite sure that their friends were quite as good as the friend he was going to see in Branbury. The Major turned on his heel and left the house.

As he walked towards Branbury he asked himself if it were possible that they knew anything about Charlotte Street; and as he approached the town he looked round nervously, fearing lest some friend might pop down upon him, and, after some hesitation, decided to take a long *détour* so as to

avoid passing by the house of some people he knew. As he made his way through a bye-street his step quickened, and at the corner of Charlotte Street he looked round to make sure he was not followed. He then drew his keys from his pocket and let himself into a small, mean-looking house.

Major Shepherd might have spared himself the trouble of these precautions; no one was minded to watch him, for everyone knew perfectly well who lived in 27, Charlotte Street. It was common talk that the tall, dark woman who lived in 27 was Mrs. Charles Shepherd, and that the little girl who ran by Mrs. Shepherd's side on the rare occasions when she was seen in the streets—for it was said that the Major did not wish her to walk much about the town, lest she should attract the attention of the curious, who might be tempted to make inquiries—was the Major's little daughter, and it had been noticed that this little girl went forth now and then, basket on her arm, to do the marketing. It was said that Mrs. Shepherd had been a servant in some lodging-house where the Major had been staying; other scandal-mongers declared that they knew for certain that the Major had made his wife's acquaintance in the street. Rumour had never wandered far from the truth. The Major had met his wife one night as he was coming home from his club. They seemed to suit one another; he saw her frequently for several months, and then, fearing to lose her, in a sudden access of jealousy—he had some time before been bitterly jilted—he proposed to marry her. The arrival of his parents, who came up to town beseeching of him to do nothing rash, only served to intensify his determination, and, losing his temper utterly, he told his father and mother that he would never set his foot in Appleton Park in their lifetime if they ever again ventured to pry into his private affairs; and, refusing to give any information regarding his intentions, he asked them to leave his lodgings. What he did after they never knew; years went by, and they sighed and wondered, but the matter was never alluded to in Appleton Park.

But the Major had only £400 a year, and though he lived at Appleton Park, never spending a penny more than was necessary, he could not allow her more than £3 a week. He had so many expenses: his club, his clothes, and all the incidental expenses he was put to in the grand houses where he went to stay. By strict economy, however, Mrs. Shepherd managed to make two ends meet. Except when she was too ill and had to call in a charwoman to help her with the heaviest part of the work, she undertook the entire housework herself; when times were hardest, she had even taken in a lodger, not thinking herself above cooking and taking up his dinner. She had noticed that her economies endeared her to the Major, and it was pleasant to please him. Hers was a kind-hearted, simple nature, that misfortune had brought down in the world; but, as is not uncommon with persons of weak character, she possessed a clear, sensible mind which allowed her to see things in their true lights, and without difficulty she recognised the unalterable nature of her case. It mattered little whether the Major acknowledged her or not, his family would never have anything to do with her; the doors of Society were for ever closed against her. So within a year of her marriage with the Major she was convinced that her marriage had better be kept a secret; for, by helping to keep it a secret, she could make substantial amends to the man who had married her; by proclaiming it to the world, she would only alienate his affection. She understood this very well, and in all docility and obedience lent herself to the deception, accepting without complaint a mean and clandestine existence. But she would not allow her little girl to carry up a jug of hot water, and it was only rarely, when prostrate with pain, that she allowed Nellie to take the basket and run round to the butcher's and buy a bit of steak for their dinner. The heiress of Appleton Park must be brought up free from all

degrading memory. But for herself she had no care. Appleton Park could never be anything to her, even if she outlived the old people, which was hardly probable. What would she, a poor invalid, do there? She did not wish to compromise her husband's future, and still less the future of her darling daughter. She could only hope that, when dead, her sins would be forgiven her; and that this release might not be long delayed she often prayed. The house was poor, and she was miserable, but any place was good enough to suffer in. So she said when she rose and dragged herself downstairs to do a little cooking; and the same thought came to her when she lay all alone in the little parlour, furnished with what a few pounds could buy—a paraffin-lamp, a round table, a few chairs, an old and ill-padded mahogany arm-chair, in which it was a torture to lie; not an ornament on the chimney-piece, not a flower, not a book to wile away the interminable hours. From the barren little passage, covered with a bit of oil-cloth, all and everything in 27 was meagre and unimaginative. The Major had impressed his personality upon the house. Everything looked as if it had been scraped. There was a time when Mrs. Shepherd noticed the barrenness of her life; but she had grown accustomed to it, and she waited for the Major in the terrible arm-chair, glad when she heard his step, almost happy when he sat by her and told her what was happening "at home."

He took her hand and asked her how she was. "You are looking very tired, Alice."

"Yes, I'm a little tired. I have been working all the morning. I made up my room, and then I went out to the butcher's and bought a piece of steak. I have made you such a nice pudding for your lunch; I hope you will like it."

"There's not much fear about my liking any beef-steak pudding you make, dear; I never knew anyone who could make one like you. But you should not tire yourself—and just as you are beginning to get better."

Mrs. Shepherd smiled and pressed her husband's hand. The conversation fell. At the end of a long silence Mrs. Shepherd said: "What has happened to trouble you, dear? I know something has, I can see it by your face."

Then the Major told how unpleasantly his sisters had answered him when he had ventured to suggest that they saw far too much of their new neighbours, who were merely common sort of Londoners, and never would be received by the county. "I'm sure that someone must have told them of my visits here; I'm sure they suspect something. . . . Girls are very sharp nowadays."

"I am sorry, but it is no fault of mine. I rarely leave the house, and I never walk in the principal streets if I can possibly help it."

"I know, dear, I know that no one can be more careful than you; but as people are beginning to smell a rat notwithstanding all our precautions, I suppose there's nothing for it but to go back to London."

"Oh, you don't think it will be necessary to go back to London, do you? The place suits the child so well, and it is so nice to see you almost every day; and it is such a comfort when you are not here to know you are only a few miles away; and from the top of the hill the trees of the park are visible, and whenever I feel well enough I walk there and think of the time our Nellie will be the mistress of all those broad acres."

"It is the fault of the busybodies," he said; "I cannot think what pleasure people find in meddling in other people's affairs. I never care what anyone else does. I have quite enough to do thinking of my own."

Mrs. Shepherd did not answer. "I see," he said, "you don't like moving, but if you remain here all the trouble we have taken not to get found out these last ten years will go for nothing. There will be more worry and vexations, and I really don't think I could bear much more; I believe I should go off my

head." The little man spoke in a calm, even voice, and stroked his silky moustache gravely.

"Very well, then, my dear, I'll return to town as soon as you like—as soon as it is convenient. I daresay you are right."

"I'm sure I am. You have never found me giving you wrong advice yet, have you, dear?"

Then they went down to the kitchen to eat the steak pudding; and when the Major had finished his second helping he lit his pipe, and the conversation turned on how they should get rid of their house, and how much the furniture would fetch. When he had decided to sell the furniture, and had fixed the day of their departure, Mrs. Shepherd said—

"There's one thing I have to ask you, dear, and I hope you won't refuse my request. I should like to see Appleton Park before I leave. I should like to go there with Nellie and see the house and the lands that will one day belong to her."

"I don't know how it is to be managed. If you were to meet my mother and sisters they would be sure to suspect something at once."

"No one will know who I am. I should like to walk about the grounds for half an hour with the child. If I don't see Appleton now I never shall see it."

The Major stroked his long, silky moustache with his short, crabbed little hand. He remembered that he had heard the carriage ordered for two o'clock—they were all going to a tennis-party some miles distant. Under the circumstances she might walk about the grounds without being noticed. He did not think any of the gardeners would question her, and, if they did, he could trust her to give an evasive answer. And then he would like her to see the place—just to know what she thought of it.

"Won't you say yes?" she said at last, her voice breaking the silence sharply.

"I was just thinking, dear: they have all gone to a tennis-party to-day. There'll be no one at home."

"Well! why not to-day?"

"Well; I was thinking I've been lucky enough to get hold of some very interesting information about the Websters—about their ancestor Sir Thomas, who distinguished himself in the Peninsular—and I wanted to get it copied under the proper heading, but I daresay we can do that another day. The only thing is, how are you to get there? You are not equal to walking so far—"

"I was thinking, dear, that I might take a fly. I know there is the expense, but—"

"Yes; five or six shillings, at least. And where will you leave the fly? At the lodge gate? The flyman would be sure to get into conversation with the lodge-keeper or his wife. He'd tell them where he came from, and—"

"Supposing you were to get a two-wheeled trap and drive me yourself; that would be nicer still."

"I'm so unlucky; someone would be sure to see me."

The Major puffed at his pipe in silence. Then he said, "If you were to put on a thick veil, and we were to get out of the town by this end and make our way through the lanes—it would be a long way round; but one hardly meets anyone that way, and the only danger would be going. We should return in the dusk. I don't care how late you make it; my people won't be home till nine or ten o'clock at night, perhaps later still. There will be dancing, and they are sure to stay late."

Finally the matter was decided, and about four o'clock the Major went to the livery stable to order the trap. Mrs. Shepherd and Nellie joined him soon after. Turning from the pony, whose nose he was stroking, he said—

"I hope you have brought a thick shawl; it will be cold coming back in the evening."

"Yes, dear, here it is, and another for Nellie. What do you think of this veil?"

"It will do very well. I do hope these stablemen

won't talk; let's get off at once." The Major lifted in the child, tucked the rug about them, and cried to the stableman to let go. He drove very nervously, afraid at every moment lest the pony should bolt; and when the animal's extreme docility assured him there was no such danger, he looked round right and left, expecting at every moment some friend to pounce down upon him. But the ways were empty, the breeze that came across the fields was fresh and sweet, and they were all beginning to enjoy themselves, when he suddenly espied a carriage following in his wake. He whipped up the pony, and contrived to distance his imaginary pursuer; and having succeeded, he praised his own driving, and at the cross-roads he said: "I dare not go any farther, but you can't miss the lodge gate in that clump of trees—the first white gate you come to. Don't ask any questions; it is ten to one you'll find the gate open; walk straight through, and don't forget to go through the beech-wood at the back of the house; the river runs right round the hill. I want to know what you think of the view. But pray don't ask to see the house; there's nothing to see; the housemaids would be sure to talk, and describe you to my sisters. So now good-bye; hope you'll enjoy yourself. I shall have just time to get to Hambrook and back; I want to see my solicitor. You'll have seen everything in a couple of hours, so in a couple of hours I shall be waiting for you here."

(To be concluded.)

GEORGE MOORE.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

"POPE, FRIENDLY SOCIETIES, AND MASONS."

SIR,—I did not propose to continue this controversy beyond my last letter, but certain unfair assumptions of correspondents in your last issue demand a few final remarks. I do not pretend to have the knowledge of Friendly Society matters possessed by either the right hon. or the reverend gentleman, but I do claim that on the particular points raised they are both decidedly in error; and recognising how futile is mere assertion to establish a matter of fact, I have procured evidence to support this contention. The original question was simply, Are Catholics in Great Britain free or not to join such Friendly Societies as the Foresters, Oddfellows, etc.? Sir Charles Dilke, in his article, asserted that they were not. Let us see what there is to be said on the point by responsible persons.

The secretary of the National Foresters writes from Merchants' Quay, Dublin:—"Our membership in Ireland is about 5,200, in Scotland about 7,300, and in England about 2,400. Over 95 per cent. of our members are Catholics." The Rev. Mr. Wilkinson ignored this, evidently the strongest of the Friendly Societies in Ireland. Why?

The district secretary of the Ancient Order of Foresters writes from Drumecondra, co. Dublin:—"We have in Dublin about 1,000 members; of these over 900 are, I should say, Roman Catholics." How does this bear out the statement that "some Roman Catholics" only join these societies? This district secretary is himself a Catholic, and has been a member of the executive council. He was also a member of a committee at Sheffield which made certain alterations in the Lecture Book, so as to remove Catholic objections.

The Vicar-Capitular of Westminster writes:—"There is no prohibition against Oddfellows and Foresters in this diocese.—DANIEL GILBERT."

I cannot imagine why Sir Charles Dilke should characterise as "monstrous" a decision of the Church as to what is or is not consistent with her membership. Surely every properly constituted society must have the right to make its own rules? No one is kept in the Church by compulsion. Those who voluntarily remain members of a society whose rules are "monstrous" must be fools or worse. This is the logical outcome of Sir Charles Dilke's dictum in regard to Catholics, and I contend that it is a misuse of words, and shows not a little arrogance to speak so very strongly on a simple matter, and to judge so arbitrarily the conduct of millions of people. In a necessarily brief reference to the Catholic Benefit Society, I inquired what Sir Charles Dilke meant by an "affiliated order"? Although I distinctly indicated the legal position of the society under the Acts and towards the Registrar of Friendly Societies, I am accused of showing "some want of knowledge of the question." Surely an unwarrantable assumption? Sir Charles does not say how this society—which is not, and has never been called, an "order"—can be one of the "affiliated orders." No doubt it is all in the Blue Book; but even this authority does not justify the use of

inaccurate terms by your correspondent, still less does it warrant him charging me with "want of knowledge" for asking the meaning of a very loose description.

Having often dealt with the reports of the Catholic Benefit Society in my capacity as a Catholic journalist, I may be presumed to know as much about it as the Rev. Mr. Wilkinson, who, by the way, attempts in his letter to prove the very points surrendered by Sir Charles Dilke.

The fact of the Catholic Benefit Society having received the Pope's "blessing," or being sanctioned in a diocese by a bishop, does not make "the Church responsible for it"; it merely shows that it is such a society as Catholics can safely join. The Pope might, if asked, give his blessing to the Foresters, and has, I believe, given it to the Chicago Exhibition, which has also, no doubt, the full "consent" of the local Catholic bishop to its establishment; but need I tell your reverend correspondent that this does not make the Church "responsible" for it? It is so easy to misunderstand and misrepresent what a "blessing" or a "sanction" really implies—just as some people misinterpret the meaning of an "indulgence."

I shall not follow Sir Charles Dilke into the side issues raised in his letter. Whether Catholics "bless" themselves as frequently as High Church folk, and whether Masons and Templars would object to their doing so, have little to do with the question. I mentioned the former merely as an illustration of how each creed has certain distinctive characteristics that come out in various ways. I also spoke of an "unwritten code," which is to be found in all organised bodies, whether religious or social. When the Rev. Mr. Wilkinson tells us that "no such thing" exists in the Friendly Societies of Australia, I can only wonder what these societies are like.—Yours faithfully,

276, Strand, W.C.

C. DIAMOND.

SIR,—Sir Charles Dilke says that "to deny an English Catholic—because he is an English Freemason—the sacraments of the Church must be monstrous to all who know what English Freemasonry is." It is quite outside the ken of the Catholic Church whether a secret society be for her or against her, for things "spiritual" or for things "temporal." The end the secret society has in view may be both spiritually and temporally good, still the Catholic Church objects. Why? Because a secret society bound together by secret laws—outside the ken both of Church and State—is a danger both to the spiritual and temporal executive. It is the "Imperium in Imperio," and no Government—spiritual or temporal—can allow this. If the members of a secret society have anything to say against the spiritual or temporal power, let them state it openly—this is quite allowable; but to permit a lot of men in secret conclave to override both "Church" and "State" would be eventually the destruction of all Government, both spiritual and temporal. No body of men have a right to meet in *secret*, either against Church or State.

SACERDOS HIBERNICUS.

April 11th, 1892.

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY.

A FAIRY PRINCE, supremely brave and good,
When searching for knight-errantly adventures,
Chanced on a Sleeping Beauty in a wood,

Condemned by ancient usage's indentures
To close to politics each pretty eye-lid,
Lest her sweet soul should thereby be defiled.

The Prince at first was greatly shocked and pained
At the existence of so sore a scandal.
"Woman," he cried, "in all men's hearts has reigned,
And trampled them to dust beneath her sandal:
Yet where's the champion that the Fates have sent us
To give to her the Vote?—*Non est inventus.*"

But then he mused, "To win the world's applause
Men soon become hard, bellicose, and spiteful;
They scratch each other with their Conscience-claws,
And disagreement loud they find delightful.
Then would the preaching of this harsh evangel
Be suited to the 'ministering angel'?"

"When Eve employed her influence in the State
We did not thank her for her interference.
Helen of Troy had not a happy fate
In spite of all the charms of her appearance;
While Clytemnestra, with some other ladies,
Works out her sentence (I have read) in Hades.

"Jezebel, when her temper was aflame,
Was more destructive than a host of fighters;
Queen Mary—though a most religious dame—

Was apt to use her foes as Fire-lighters;
Lady Macbeth (when Duncan wasn't present)
Was quite the opposite of kind and pleasant.

"Elizabeth sat well upon her throne;
But when she found opinions didn't vary
That Scotland's royal charms eclipsed her own,
She soon decapitated Cousin Mary;
Give Woman legal might?—I dare not risk it
(Though in domestic gifts she 'takes the biscuit').

"For, lovely Woman, though perchance you wield
Your power capriciously in times of leisure—
And are distinguished on the battle-field
By neither giving nor receiving pleasure—
'When pain and anguish wring' the aching forehead,
Why then, you know, you're anything but horrid!

"Woman, when sheltered from life's storm and strife,
Gains more considerably than she misses
(So does the State, I think). Upon my life,
I'd rather not awake her with my kisses."
The Prince departed with this sentence racy,
"Dear lady, *requiescat* still in pace!"

The Sleeping Beauty murmured in her dreams,
"A nice young man, and one that I could care for:
As for his arguments on social themes,
I fail to understand their why and wherefore:
His brain seems active and his arm strong-sinewed—
I wonder who he is?"

(To be continued.)

ELLEN THORNEYCROFT FOWLER.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE.

THE SPEAKER OFFICE,

Thursday, April 14th, 1892.

THE *Daily Chronicle* recently published a most optimistic interview with Mr. Shaylor, of Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall, & Co., on the subject of "How poets sell?" One feels idealistically inclined to ask, "Ought poets to sell?" What can poets want with money?—dear children of the rainbow, who from time immemorial

... on honeydew have fed
And drunk the milk of Paradise.

Have you never felt a sort of absurdity in paying for a rose—especially if you paid in copper? To pay for a thing of beauty in a coin of extreme ugliness! There is obviously no equality of exchange in the transaction. In fact, it is little short of an insult to the flower-girl to pretend that you thus satisfy the obligation. Far better let her give it you—for the love of beauty—as very likely if you explained the incongruity she would be glad to do, for flower-girls, of course, like everyone else, can only have chosen their particular profession because of its being a joy for ever. There might be fitness in offering a kiss on account, though that, of course, would depend on the flower-girl. To buy other things with flowers were not so incongruous. I have often thought of trying my tobaccoist with a tulip; and, certainly, an orchid—no very rare one either—should cover one's household expenses for a week, if not a fortnight.

Mr. Justin McCarthy, at the Booksellers' Dinner, recently made a neat application of Omar's famous line about the purchases of vintners. He often wondered, he said, what the booksellers buy "one half so precious as the stuff they sell." It is surely natural to wonder in like manner of the poet. What have we to offer in exchange for their priceless manna? One feels that they should be paid on the mercantile principles of "Goblin Market." Said Laura:—

"Good folk, I have no coin
To take were to purloin,
I have no copper in my purse,
I have no silver either. . ."

Copper! silver even! The goblin-men were more artistic than that; they realised the absurdity of paying for immortal things in coin of mere mortality. So:—

"You have much gold upon your head,"
They answered all together:
'Buy from us with a golden curl.'

Yes, those are the ideal rates at which poetry should be paid. We should, of course, pay for fairy things in fairy-gold.

One of the few such appropriate transactions I remember was Queen Elizabeth's buying a poem from Sir Philip Sidney, literally, with a lock of her "gowden hair." Poem and lock now lie together at Wilton, both untouched of time. Or was it that Sir Philip Sidney paid for the lock by his poem? However it was, the exchange was appropriate. The ratio between the thing sold and the price given was fairly equal. And, at all times, it is, of course, far less absurd for a poet to pay for the earthly thing with his poem (thus leaving us to keep the change) than that we should think to pay him for his incorruptible with our corruptible. There would, of course, be a subtle element of absurdity in a poet consenting to pay his tailor for a suit with a sonnet, but it would obviously be beyond all proportion monstrous for a tailor to think to buy a sonnet with a suit. A poet might, perhaps, be brought to consider it, if he chanced to be of a gentle disposition. But, of course, poets always are.

Yes, the true, the tasteful, way to pay a poet is by the exchange of some other beautiful thing, by beautiful praise, a beautiful smile, a well-shaped tear, by a rose. It is thus a poet—frequently, I am bound to confess—finds his highest reward.

At the same time, there is a subtle ironic pleasure in taking the world's money for poetry—even though one pays it into a charity immediately—for one feels that the world, for some reason or another, has been persuaded to buy something it didn't really want, and which it will throw away so soon as we are round the corner. If the reader has ever published a volume of verse, he must have often chuckled with a ghoulis glee over the number of absolutely unpoetic good souls who, from various motives—the unhappy accident of relationship, perhaps—have "subscribed." Most of us have sound unpoetic uncles. Of course, you make them buy you—in large-paper too. Have you never gloatingly pictured their absolute bewilderment as, with a stern sense of family pride, they sit down to cut your pages? Think of the poor souls thus "moving about in worlds not realised."

A perfect instance of this cruelty to the Philistine occurs to me by a man whose *forte* is children's poetry. Very tender some of his poems are. You will find them now and again in *St. Nicholas*, and he is not unknown in this country. With a heart like a lamb for children, he is like a hawk upon the Philistine. I remember once, before he published a volume, we were together in a tavern, in a county-town—a tavern thronged with farmers on certain days. The poet had some prospectuses in his pocket. Suddenly a great John Bull would come jumping in, like a cockchafer, and call for his pint. "Just you watch," the poet would say, and away he crossed over to his victim. "Good morning, Mr. Oats!" "Why, good morning, sir, Howdy'e-do; I hardly know'd thee." Then presently the voice of the charmer unto the farmer—"Mr. Oats, you care for children, don't you?" "Ay, ay," would answer the farmer, a little doubtfully, "when they're little'uns." "Well, you know I'm what they call a poet." To

this Mr. Oats would respond with a good round laugh, as of a man enjoying a good thing. This was very subtle of the poet, for it put the farmer on good terms with himself. He wondered, as he had his laugh over again, how a man could choose to be a poet, when he might have been a farmer. "Well, I'm bringing out a book of poems all about children—here is one of them!" and the poet would read some humorous thing, such as "Breeching Tommy." Then another—such simple pictures of humanity at the age of two, that the farmer could not but be moved to the primary artistic delight—that of the recognition of the familiar. Then the farmer would grow grave, as he always did at any approach to a purchase, however small, while the poet would rapidly speak of the suitability of the volume as a present to the old woman: "Women cared for such things," he would add, pityingly. Then the farmer would cautiously ask the price, and blow his cheeks out in surprise on hearing that it was five shillings. He had never given so much for a book in his life. The poet would then insidiously suggest that by subscribing before publication he would save a discount. This would arouse the farmer's instinct for getting things cheap; and so, finally, with a little more "playing," Mr. Timothy Oats, of Clod Hall, Salop, was landed high and dry on the subscription list—a list, by the way, which already included all the poet's tradesmen! This is one example of "how poets sell."

Yet over and above what we may term these forced sales, the demand for verse, Mr. Shaylor assures us, is growing. The impression to the contrary on the part of the Philistine is a delusion—a false security. And the demand is an intelligent one, for poetry of the markedly idealistic, or markedly realistic, kind; but to writers of merely sentimental Mr. Shaylor can offer no hope. Their golden age—a pretty long one while it lasted—has probably gone for ever.

This is good news for those engaged in growing dreams for the London market.

R. LE G.

REVIEWS.

FREEMAN'S LAST VOLUME.

THE HISTORY OF SICILY, FROM THE EARLIEST TIMES. By Edward A. Freeman, D.C.L., Regius Professor of Modern History in the University of Oxford, and Fellow of Oriel College. Vol. III. The Athenian and Carthaginian Invasions. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1892.

UNLESS Mr. Freeman has left in MS. some later portions of this great History of Sicily on which he was engaged at the time of his death, the present volume is the last the world will see from his fertile pen. For more than forty years he has been an assiduous worker and writer, and perhaps, among English historians of real eminence, the most copious. Thinking of all the splendid work he has done, and of the gap in the ranks which his departure makes, one cannot sit down to review like any other book such a last gift to history from the first of English historians. To express admiration and gratitude for a long life spent with such unswerving devotion to historic truth and such conscientious efforts to reach it at whatever cost of toil and time, seems all that the feeling of the moment permits. Nevertheless, it may be worth while, without attempting to criticise in detail this present volume, to set forth a short outline of its contents, and comment on the way in which its theme has been handled.

This theme is the most striking part of the long tale of the vicissitudes of the great Mediterranean island, for it includes that famous Athenian expedition which proved to be the turning point of the

Peloponnesian war and of the fortunes of Athens herself, in a sense, we may say, of the Hellenic race. By a special piece of good luck, the expedition has been described to us with unusual fulness by the greatest narrative historian of antiquity in chapters which, for weight, force, and dignity, have never been surpassed and scarcely ever equalled. The account of the expedition occupies 360 pages of this third volume, and is an admirable specimen of Mr. Freeman's powers. He has not only ransacked every original authority bearing in any way upon the subject, and studied all or nearly all of the moderns who have dealt with it—even those countless German treatises which have woven cobwebs round the book of Thucydides—but seems to have spent many months in examining with his own eyes every yard of the ground. No German could have applied to the task more careful and patient toil. Yet Mr. Freeman's work shines by other qualities which are seldom found in the toil-enduring German. He has a strong practical common sense, which brushes aside fanciful conjectures and far-fetched explanations. And he displays an extraordinary power of feeling the full reality of the transactions he describes. To him the actors are just as much living and moving beings as are the leaders in home or foreign politics of to-day; and this sense of reality, this fresh personal interest in their fortunes, enables him to judge of them better than the most laborious student could do who wanted what may be called the political sense, and had no experience of affairs. We in England are not unaccustomed to this combination of gifts. It was noticeable both in Gibbon and in Milman. It was conspicuous in Grote, and is perhaps the quality by which he will be most remembered. Mr. Freeman has it in no less a full measure, and if he is sometimes less telling than Grote because so much less compressed, he has a fuller knowledge of all the data, and also a more complete mastery of historical analogies drawn from other times and countries.

With the destruction of the great Athenian armament, the historian of Sicily loses the invaluable guidance of Thucydides. The rest of the volume includes the terrible Carthaginian invasion under Hannibal, son of Gisko, and Himilco (the invasion in which Himera was destroyed and Selinus, Acragas, and Gela conquered) and the rise of Dionysius the Elder to the chief power in Syracuse. Here Mr. Freeman has to rely on later and far less satisfactory authorities, the chief of whom is Diodorus Siculus, for Plutarch, who, however inferior to Thucydides, has been frequently useful during the lifetime of Nikias, now disappears. But the gift for discerning the true character of the events and piecing together a clear and consistent narrative out of unsatisfactory materials becomes all the more conspicuous the less adequate those materials are. Mr. Freeman has never produced anything more vigorous or effective than this account of the wave of Punic conquest engulfing one Greek city after another; and his contrasts between the character of Carthaginian and that of Greek warfare make us regret all the more that he leaves untold the story of the later parts of the tremendous struggle for Sicily which Carthage maintained first against Syracuse and then against Rome, as well as of that other struggle between Semites and the European races which began with the Saracen invasions and ended with the triumph of the irresistible children of Norway.

One cannot but speculate on the length to which this history would have run had the author lived to complete it. Judging by the scale of the present (third) volume, three more at least would have been needed. One might possibly have covered the ground down to the end of the first Punic war. Another could probably have carried the story into the Saracenic conquest, for the period of Roman rule might have been despatched in comparatively few chapters, since the history of Sicily is only at a few points

separated from that of the other provinces, and the data are often scanty. A sixth would have been needed for the rest of the Saracenic period, for the days of the Norman kings, and for the reign of the Emperor Frederick the Second. Beyond this point Mr. Freeman does not seem to have made up his mind to go. As it is, less than half the story has been told. The work remains a fragment. But it is a magnificent fragment, alone sufficient to bear witness to the admirable gifts and not less admirable conscientiousness of the great writer whose loss we are mourning.

As we write these lines the name of his successor in the Chair of Modern History at Oxford is announced. The temptation is strong to comment on the insolent cynicism of that appointment, and on the amount of respect which a Prime Minister who is also Chancellor of the University of Oxford seems to feel for his University as a "place of religion, learning, and education." From such comments, however, we will refrain. Let us rather recall some of the signal merits of the late professor—his unwearied industry, his scrupulous accuracy, his ardent love of truth, his not less ardent hatred of cruelty and oppression; and remember with pleasure that his name will remain associated with such illustrious predecessors as Thomas Arnold and Goldwin Smith and Bishop Stubbs.

LORD CANNING.

EARL CANNING. By Sir H. S. Cunningham. Rulers of India Series. Oxford: The Clarendon Press. London: Henry Frowde.

AMONG the English rulers of India no Governor-General of the 19th century deserves a higher place than Lord Canning, who proved his courage and capacity in the fiery trial of the great sepoy mutiny, maintaining unshaken his calmness and intrepid firmness of purpose while the British dominion in Upper India seemed dissolving into ruin. With this famous epoch of Anglo-Indian history his name will be always connected, for the whole interest of Lord Canning's life centres round the five years of his Governor-Generalship. Up to the date of his leaving England he had attained no prominent place in home politics; and his death followed almost immediately upon his return. Sir Henry Cunningham's volume, therefore, is necessarily occupied almost entirely with his Indian administration; nor has it been possible to describe the chief incidents or to discuss the politics of that exciting time without ranging again over much well-beaten ground. So much has already been written about the Indian mutiny, and there are such good reasons why we shall rather seek to close than to keep open the resentments and painful recollections of a civil war, that one does not willingly go back again over its disasters or the final triumphs of English patience and power. Nevertheless, those who are still unfamiliar with the story of the outbreak of 1857, or for whom its horrors and heroisms have an unending fascination, will find in this book an excellent account of its origin, with a clear narrative of the chief events and transactions that fill the brief period between the sudden outburst of bloody revolt at Meerut and Delhi and its final suppression after some desperate conflicts and a great deal of desultory fighting. In the foreground of these tumultuous scenes stands the figure of Lord Canning, cool, reserved, and self-reliant; his attitude during the first months of extreme peril; his carelessness of danger and moral fortitude; his judgment in deciding questions of the first importance and urgency; his steady disregard of the clamours of the Calcutta Englishry; his endurance of attacks in the British Parliament, and even of censure by his own official chief—all these characteristics combine to present the portrait of a man endowed with the governing qualities that Englishmen most readily admire. Few rulers over a distant province have been placed in such imminent peril, and none have met it with more strenuous energy, or have kept a straighter course amid the gusts of popular fury roused by a bloody struggle.

Sir Henry Cunningham sketches rapidly the condition of India when Lord Canning took over office from Lord Dalhousie. The general aspect was calm enough, but the horizon was by no means clear; for Lord Dalhousie had been upsetting kingdoms and laying out new provinces in his masterful fashion, and had bequeathed to his successor the task of allaying the discontents which he had roused, and of building on his somewhat insecure foundations. It is true that, as our author observes, the annexation of the Punjab in 1849 strengthened our resources for meeting the revolt of 1857, because, instead of having a powerful enemy on our flank, we used the Sikh soldiery to put down our own Sepoys. But we have to remember that, by the very fact of our having conquered all India and broken down every power except our own, the Sepoy army was tempted to mutiny; for they imagined that in themselves, rather than in a few scattered foreign officials, lay the force which had won so many victories; and they believed that they could dispose of India's sovereignty. In this book, indeed, it is mentioned that the jealousy of the Sepoys had been roused by a rumour that we were enlisting Sikh troops; nor can it be doubted that they fancied themselves irresistible because all rivals had been subdued. We may agree, however, with Sir H. Cunningham, that our salvation, at the moment when our tenure of all Northern India depended on the taking of Delhi, came from the Punjab; nor is it possible to over-rate the magnificent service rendered to his country by Sir John Lawrence, who "stood in the gap in the great day of wrath," boldly summoned to his standard the fighting tribes of the Punjab, the Sikhs and Pathans, and sent down every available soldier to reinforce our troops for the decisive assault upon Delhi. Lawrence was Lord Canning's best and strongest lieutenant. The recapture of Delhi broke the neck of the rebellion in North India, and when Lucknow was relieved the pacification of other provinces was merely a matter of time and much labour. The real interest of Sir Henry Cunningham's work lies in his description of Lord Canning's temper, judgment, and patriotic devotion in confronting the difficulties which surrounded his exertions to restore order out of wild confusion, to repress the fierce animosities and race hatreds, to deal out pardon as well as punishment, to recover the confidence of the native chiefs and landholders, and to reconstruct not only the army but also the civil administration, that had been everywhere shaken and in some parts destroyed. He had to meet and put down three successive uprisings against his supreme authority—the mutiny of the Sepoys, the very dangerous disaffection of the European infantry and artillery in the service of the East India Company, and Sir Charles Trevelyan's public denunciation, as Governor of Madras, of the new income-tax. He had to resist Lord Ellenborough's foolish and ill-timed attack upon his Oudh policy; he had to withstand slander in India and rash censure in England; he had to superintend the transfer of the direct government of India from the Company to the Crown; and to pass some very important constitutional enactments in a troublesome Legislative Council. His wife's death, in the midst of this turmoil of affairs, was a bitter blow to him, and his health was ruined because it was the only thing that he neglected. We may congratulate Sir Henry Cunningham on his effective delineation of such a career and such a character, for they deserve to be worthily recorded as conveying lessons which no Englishman should forget.

The book contains much useful information upon the legislative and administrative changes introduced by Lord Canning, and some judicious remarks upon the general current of Indian politics. We are inclined to think that in his first chapter Sir H. Cunningham, like most writers upon the growth of British rule, leans unnecessarily towards the ordinary view that the rise of our Indian dominion was marvellous, inexplicable, and totally unforeseen at the

beginning. "The progress of the English empire was," he says, "the result of great causes which transcended alike human insight and human will"; whereas it is, in fact, not hard to explain what has been often clearly foretold. And if we desired the historic details, it is puzzling to read that Lord Hastings "proclaimed England as an Eastern Power by sending an Indian army to co-operate in Egypt against a European foe," for Baird's expedition was certainly sent by Lord Wellesley; while in another passage Lord Wellesley is credited with having rescued the Moghul emperor from "the control of the French," who were certainly nowhere near Delhi in 1802. The operations of Lord Clyde and Sir Hugh Rose against the rebels are well and vividly described, though the note of panegyric in recording their military exploits is pitched too high. The siege of Jhansi was not quite equal to the assault upon Badajoz or San Sebastian, yet incautious readers might suppose it to have been no less glorious a feat of arms; we hear of Lord Clyde's "great victory" over Tantia Topi—an easy scattering of the rebels—as if it had been won against French or Russians; and the genius of the leaders to whom "these splendid successes are partly due" is very liberally extolled. Clyde and Rose did their business most creditably; but just as the rapid occupation of all the best sites in London by the statues of second-class heroes and statesmen threatens to leave no room for future saviours of the empire or of society, so the immoderate glorification of our Indian generals exhausts and expends phrases that may be wanted hereafter for some far greater triumphs against really formidable foes.

The final chapter of this book touches upon Lord Canning's personal troubles upon his return to England, and his lamentable death so soon after his arrival. He received with characteristic stoicism, as Sir H. Cunningham says, the warning that his end was near; his constitution had given way, and it is certain that his life was sacrificed entirely by his devotion to his duty. Sir Henry Cunningham strikes the right chord of generous appreciation, and in no way departs from accurate fact, when, in the remarkable passage which closes the volume, he writes that while the Indian mutiny brought out much heroism, "not the least heroic were the serene and resolute mood, the unshaken nerve, the loftiness of soul, with which Canning piloted his country's fortunes in that dark hour over that tempest-driven sea."

A FRENCHMAN ON THE BALKAN RACES.

SOUVENIRS DES BALKANS. Par René Millet. Paris: Hachette.

M. MILLET's book is, in our opinion, a work of distinct merit. Not only has it merit from its observations on the past history of the peninsula, but it has wit and humour; yet we doubt whether M. Millet will find many readers among the English public. He is too little of a partisan—a rare virtue in the authors of any nation, and almost non-existent among Frenchmen. Although writing about the Tom Tiddler's ground of Europe, he writes in the happy and idyllic strain that an ancient Arcadia might have inspired. He is prodigal of reflections, but parsimonious in facts. He casually refers to Tricoupis much as he might have referred to a statesman of ancient Greece. The names of Stamboulouff, Garaschanine, or Queen Nathalie never occur in his pages. He is as innocent of dates as of proper names. He never states the year of his visit to the peninsula, but from a sympathetic allusion to Theodosius, the deposed Archbishop of Belgrade, "un évêque selon le cœur de Béranger," we infer that he visited Belgrade early in 1889.

M. Millet's route lay from Salonica to Belgrade, and from Belgrade to the Adriatic. Bulgaria and the eastern division of the peninsula were unvisited by him, as well as Greece, Albania, and Montenegro. In other words, M. Millet has only visited those parts of the peninsula inhabited by Slavs who are Serbs.

This may account for his falling into the common blunder of confusing the Bulgarians with the Serbs. They are very different, as everyone who has lived among them knows, but this knowledge is not bought by one visit. The following extract from M. Millet's book will give a fair notion of his style and manner:

"N'est-ce pas à notre zèle intempestif et à nos leçons prématurées qu'ils (les Slaves) doivent de croire à la puissance des mots, de se diviser en partis, de faire tant de discours et tant de dettes? Voilà pour les droits de l'homme. Quant à la solidarité chrétienne, elle unit les peuples d'Orient à peu près comme la parenté du sang unissait Étéocle et Polynice. Il entre autant de haine dans leurs rivalités qu'ils en ont jamais manifesté contre le croissant."

M. Millet reveals here his mental confusion about the Slavs. The Bulgarian and the Serb speak different dialects of the same language, and can understand each other, just as a Yorkshireman would understand a Devonshireman; but the good understanding of a Serb and a Bulgarian begins and ends with their tongue. No two races could resemble each other less. Had M. Millet, instead of speaking of "Slavs," limited his first sentence to Serbs, no exception could have been taken to his statement. That Serbia is torn by faction and overwhelmed with debt is an unhappy fact, but this is not the case with Bulgaria. Stambouloff and his fellow-countrymen have a rational and (if M. Millet permits us to say so) an English rendering of the rights of man. The second sentence in our quotation is characteristic of the author. He is never happier than when drawing a metaphor from mythology. In reading these "Souvenirs" we are reminded that reverence for poets, provided they wrote in Latin, lies deep down in the hearts of all French men of letters. The conquest of Gaul by the Roman legions has had far-reaching results.

The well-known line of Lucretius is nowhere more true than on the Balkan Peninsula. The rise of the Ottoman Empire was due as much to the cruelties of the Greek Church as to the prowess of the Turkish arms. The Mahomedan Slavs of Bosnia are themselves an undying record of the persecutions of a bygone day. If religious intolerance be dead, the last Serbo-Bulgarian war is a proof of the survival of commercial and racial rivalry. It is no longer hatred of the Crescent, but of each other, that is the common attribute of Bulgarian, Serb, and Greek. South of the Danube there is no Jew-baiting, no land question, no republican enthusiasm, no social discontent worth taking account of; the question of the hour is the question of Macedonia. However much we may regret it, we cannot deny but that the politicians of Bulgaria, Servia, and Greece (and notably the last two States) are more intent on setting their boundaries than their house in order. They are all in search, if not of a scientific, at least of an ethnographic frontier. Stambouloff is the only statesman of the peninsula who cannot fairly be described as an Irredentist. M. Millet's own view is conservative and sensible. He expresses a hope that the Christian States of the Balkans will remain free, and that they will not devour each other. He points out that a small race may render services so great as to become indispensable. He instances Belgium and Switzerland; but no State can attain the dignified position of neutrality until after severe and protracted trials.

It is hardly necessary to add that M. Millet's pages are not disfigured by that cynical indifference to Bulgarian independence which is so marked a feature in the French Press. If we remember rightly, the name of Russia occurs but once in the book, and her claims, even to Bulgaria's gratitude, are nowhere referred to. This attitude of M. Millet to the Balkan States is due to his love of justice and fair-play, for he cannot be charged with being an enthusiast for the Slavs or any other race, unless, indeed, it be the Turks. "C'est que, pour tout bon Français, nos véritables amis en Orient, ce sont les Osmanlis. Nos liens avec eux ne datent pas d'hier: ils remontent à François I^{er}. On ne rompt point en un jour une si vieille amitié." He endorses the advice of the

diplomatist—"Soyez vous-même, restez Turc." As to the residuary legatees of "the Sick Man" M. Millet expresses no opinion, but he ridicules very effectually *morbus ethnographicus*. "Le géographe, excellent patriote, laisse tomber sur son ouvrage un gros pâté de couleur nationale. Ce pâté fait la tache d'huile, gagne de proche, devient énorme, et finit par envahir toute la péninsule." No one who has contrasted the maps used in the public schools of Athens and Belgrade will find much exaggeration in this description. And yet this race theory, with all its exaggerations, is the source of all life and light in the Peninsula. We may laugh at Don Quixote, yet we know that in the wildest moments of his knight-errantry he was a far nobler man than in the so-called sanity of his death-bed repentance.

For many centuries the claims of race had been entirely ignored not only on the Balkan Peninsula, but throughout Europe. If a State were strong enough to retain its conquests, the results of victory or marriage, no one questioned its rights. It was from an obscure nation whose leaders were pig-dealers that Europe was reminded of the right which every nation, no less than every man, has to live. It was the heroic struggle of the Serbs single-handed against the Turks that first brought the race question into prominence. The Serbs are the only Balkan race that without foreign aid have worked out their own salvation. There is no Navarino and no Plevna in Serb history. For this, Europe owes them a debt of gratitude. Had the Greeks, the Roumanians, and the Bulgarians acted with equal spirit and success there would never have been an Eastern Question. The Ottoman yoke would have been broken by the Rayah and not by the foreigner. But M. Millet never refers to this redeeming feature in Serb character. Forgetful of the exploits of a Karageorge and a Milosch, "the Achilles and the Ulysses of Serb story," he describes the Balkan Peninsula as a Spain "qui n'a pas pu rejeter l'Islam." The best friend of the Serbs can, however, scarcely claim humility as a national characteristic. Their vanity is amusingly touched on by our author.

"Suivant eux il n'est rien de bon, de doux, de familier, de fraternel, et en même temps de fort, d'élevé, de puissant que le Slave. Aucune race n'est plus pure, ni plus étendue en hauteur, largeur et profondeur."

It is true that the ardent philo-Slav, whether he live in Belgrade, Moscow, or Prague, sees Slavs everywhere. In his eyes the Roumanians and Greeks are merely Slavs. But this aggressiveness is natural in a race that has long been downtrodden, and certainly in the Serbs is accompanied with extraordinary amiability.

"On leur souhaiterait plus d'énergie pour améliorer leur sort," writes M. Millet, "mais ils ne sont ni âpres ni avides. En un mot, s'ils sont hommes, c'est-à-dire guidés, comme les autres, par l'intérêt, ils n'apportent point, dans la lutte pour l'existence, ce culte prodigieux, absorbant, exclusif, de moi, qui est le trait saillant de la civilisation moderne."

M. Millet contrasts the slow development of Germany and Italy with the rapid growth of Servia and Greece. The German and Italian finishes his education before entering on a political career; it is quite otherwise with the Serb.

"Il en est tout autrement de ces peuples, esclaves la veille, auxquels on remet sans transition la charge de leur destinée. Et quelle destinée! Réparer les fautes séculaires de l'Europe, et combler le trou béant qu'elle a creusé à l'Est. Comment parler de constitution, de progrès, de service militaire à des gens qui comprennent à peine l'obligation du travail et la légitimité de l'impôt? De tous les mobiles qui dirigent les actions humaines, ils n'ont conservé que la passion de l'indépendance. Le travail, pour eux c'est la servitude; et le premier usage qu'ils font de la liberté reconquise, c'est d'échapper, s'ils le peuvent, à cette loi tyrannique."

Here, again, M. Millet confounds Bulgarian with Serb. The Bulgarian is the ant of the peninsula, while it is the Montenegrin, the aristocrat of the Serb race, that plays the part of La Fontaine's grasshopper. When the greatest of modern sultans, Sultan Mahmoud, the Joseph II. of Turkey, visited

Bulgaria, he was greeted by his Christian subjects with shouts of "Long live the Basileus!" This significant incident is mentioned by M. Millet with disapproval; but surely it only illustrates the practical nature of the Bulgarians, who have ever preferred reform to revolution. They greeted the Sultan as their king because he came to them in the guise of a reformer. The Bulgarian atrocities were needed to convince this conservative people once and for all that no good thing could come from Stamboul. M. Millet contrasts them with the Greeks as possessing a body before they possess a soul, while the Greeks possessed a soul before they possessed a body. But here, again, M. Millet is hardly just to the Bulgarians. Because they do not pose and do not boast of a name—like Greece—by which to conjure, he imagines that they are destitute of ideas. If "faith and matchless fortitude" are proofs of a soul, few nations are better entitled to a soul than the Bulgarians.

Our space forbids us giving any extracts from a conversation between M. Millet and a Serb statesman, "un homme unique." The name is not given us, but we have little difficulty in identifying "le plus chrétien des philosophes et le plus tolérant des chrétiens." The thirty pages that describe this interview form the most valuable portion of these "Souvenirs," for they record the views on the Orthodox Church of the wisest and wittiest of modern Serbs—Novakovitch.

PIECEWORK AND PROFIT-SHARING.

METHODS OF INDUSTRIAL REMUNERATION. By David F. Schloss.
London: Williams & Norgate. 1892.

NOT more than seven years ago an experienced London publisher declared that only fifty people in the United Kingdom bought books on Political Economy, and that even these did not read them. So great has been the change since that date that scarcely a week now passes without the publication of an economic work of some kind, and the young men at the London Library declare that it is impossible to keep any volume of the dismal science on the shelves. This increased attention to economic studies is already bearing excellent fruit. The second edition of Professor Marshall's elaborate treatise is going off well, and of popular handbooks there is no end.

The volume upon which Mr. D. F. Schloss has bestowed so much painstaking work is of a different order. Ever since Mill's famous glorification of the *Maison Leclaire*, profit-sharing has formed the theme of somewhat vague panegyrics by all and sundry who have dealt with the problems of the industrial conflict. Mr. Sedley Taylor and Mr. Gilman have recommended its adoption as the panacea of all our ills. The Board of Trade has gone so far as to publish a Parliamentary paper upon it. But in Mr. Schloss's volume we have for the first time a detailed and exact description of the various methods of remuneration actually in existence in modern industry, with a careful analysis of their results.

The wages problem of to-day has two main branches: the amount of the remuneration for the worker's toil, and the method by which that amount shall be arrived at. To the ignorant outsider the amount may seem all-important, the method of its calculation of little consequence. No one, however, who is conversant with the history of Trades Unions or with trade disputes will need to be reminded that as many difficulties arise in connection with the method of calculating wages as about the mere rise or fall of the wages themselves. A large part of the time of the highly skilled officials of the textile unions is, for instance, occupied merely in working out the wages of particular operatives from the standard lists. And if the methods of remuneration are of vital importance to the worker, still more is a knowledge of these methods of importance to the practical or theoretical student of the wages

question. Formerly, economists were content to reason upon a few accidentally chosen instances, and to assume that differences between trade and trade, or between locality and locality, could with impunity be ignored in their generalisations. They, like the rest of the world, often imagined that the same name, wherever it occurred, denoted the same thing, and that piecework or profit-sharing was piecework or profit-sharing all the world over. Mr. Schloss's careful analysis of the actual systems of remuneration in the United Kingdom, France, and America ought to prevent any such error for the future. His precise discriminations between piece-wage and task-wage, co-operative contract and piece-wage foremanship, profit-sharing and gain-sharing, with so many more varieties, will enrich economics with useful additions to its scientific terminology. Every Royal Commissioner, and every one who has any fond dreams of one day becoming a Royal Commissioner, must carefully study this book. No economist will henceforth deal with questions of wages or profit-sharing without making use of Mr. Schloss's labours.

It is the author's misfortune rather than his fault that his treatise cannot honestly be recommended as light reading. Mr. Schloss's descriptions of industry are vividly picturesque, and his definitions often happily epigrammatic. But the varieties of wages, bonus, and profit are more complicated and intricate than anyone new to the subject would believe, and Mr. Schloss's readers must, perforce, prepare for a somewhat stiff bit of applied economics.

The real value of the volume lies in the scientific differentiation between methods of remuneration which are apparently alike but which lead to absolutely different results. There are systems of piecework or profit-sharing bearing a close superficial resemblance to each other which work out in practice into exactly opposite difficulties. Previous writers on profit-sharing have, as Mr. Schloss shows, hitherto usually failed to distinguish between these several varieties, and many of the unexplained "failures" of profit-sharing schemes have probably arisen from this lack of scientific discrimination.

Apart from the main topic of profit-sharing, perhaps the most interesting part of Mr. Schloss's work is his acute examination of the vexed question of the economic results of piecework. Analysis proves, we are told, that, generally speaking, "there exists underlying the method of time-wage, no less than that of piece-wage, a more or less quantitative basis. . . . In industrial parlance, 'sixpennyworth of work' is the same thing whether the worker be on time-wage or on piece-wage." And it is, therefore, not surprising to find simple piecework passing insensibly into task-work—to the operative the most objectionable of all methods of remuneration, since he earns no more by any excess above the normal production, whilst he loses by any deficiency. The main objection to piecework appears to be its encouragement of pernicious habits among the workers, of which irregularity and "scamping" are but two. It appears to increase considerably the chances of friction between master and man, as every change in the variety or the regularity of work affords scope for endless differences of opinion. And although Mr. Schloss makes light of what he happily calls the "Lump of Labour Theory," it does not seem by any means certain that the ordinary Trades Unionist's preference for an equal sharing of employment is altogether unreasonable. However, Mr. Schloss sums up by expressing his opinion that piecework is destined increasingly to prevail in modern industry.

It would be impossible to do justice in a review to the interesting chapters dealing with other forms of remuneration. Mr. Schloss has done his brother economists the good service of collecting and recording a large number of fresh examples and crucial instances, which will, we hope, replace some of the rather worn-out illustrations of the ordinary textbook. But the uneconomic reader may turn with greater interest to the chapters on the Sweating

System, Profit-sharing Schemes, and the Co-operative Movement. On all these subjects Mr. Schloss has a good deal to say that is fresh and acute. Slumming philanthropists will not be enthusiastic over his dispassionate account of the causes and results of what is loosely termed "sweating," but we believe that careful observers of East End poverty find little to differ from in his conclusions. In dealing with Co-operation he adopts the views of Miss Beatrice Potter rather than those of Mr. Vansittart Neale, but his own evident leaning is towards the *Artel* system of Russia, under which the workers associate in the supply of labour, but do not undertake either the provision of material or any of the commercial management or risk. One fundamental difficulty in the way of any *Artel* system in Western Europe is, however, its inherent incompatibility with the Trade Union yearning for a standard wage. Mr. Schloss scarcely gives consideration enough to the influence of Trade-Unionism in regulating both wages and the method of remuneration. There is every sign that defensive labour organisations will increase rather than diminish in influence, and no examination of methods of remuneration can be complete which does not take them fully into account. But Mr. Schloss appears to leave off, with regard to Trade-Unionism no less than to Co-operation and Profit-sharing, with a not undesigned vagueness as to his own personal views upon the future of these movements. His task as a scientific economist has been admirably performed; as a social reformer he seems inclined to "let down gently" the more enthusiastic prophets of all these panaceas.

HORSEMANSHIP.

HORSEMANSHIP AND RIDING FOR LADIES. By W. A. Kerr, V.C.
London: George Bell & Sons. 1892.

MR. ERNEST BELL, the editor of the series of handbooks of athletic sports, has chosen a capital writer for all connected with horsemanship in Captain Kerr, who, possessed of a *stable* mind from his earliest years, and experienced in the rearing, purchasing, and training of horses of all kinds, is an accomplished gentleman rider on the flat, over hurdles, and "between the flags." What the author desiderates is space enough to give a full account of what he knows on the subject—so many lines are before him. But what he has done has been done admirably. He has set himself to give advice to those who never have ridden at all; then to those who, having ridden a little, are secretly convinced that they are next to making fools of themselves with their awkwardness; and, lastly, to those who, having ridden a good deal, and that very badly, are willing to take his hints and commence *de novo*.

The manège, or skill in handling, has never been very popular in this country. With *Punch*, one might truly say of many riders that they are "the fustiest men on an 'oss, and the 'ossiest men on fut." It is a marked fact, too, that recruits for the principal cavalry depôts have very rarely ridden a horse. But the art of equitation, as now taught in the British Army, is decidedly high—the difference between riding and being carried is now more favourable to true horsemanship than at the time when Napoleon the Great was reported to have said of our cavalry that if he possessed our horses he could readily beat our men.

The author strongly approves of the system of horse-breaking taught by Sydney Galvayne, whose wonderful taming of Lord Lyon is known to experts. This shows that science and humanity thoroughly beat ignorance and barbarity. A boy should be put on a pony from his earliest days if he is to be a thorough and graceful rider, for a pupil who has commenced late in life will find it very difficult to throw off a peculiar mannerism, just as in fencing or golf. Artistic riding implies something more than mere boldness; it means the mesmeric influence—the brain, the eye, the nerve, the muscles,

all unconsciously acting on the aids together—of the man pleasantly guiding and easily bending the horse to his will. In fact, according to His Grace the Duke of Newcastle, the art of horsemanship cannot be collected together in a proverb, nor can there be one universal lesson for acquiring it. Some useful hints are given about the choice and purchase of a horse. He dwells with singular tact on true and safe action, as essential both to horse and rider. Nothing is more unsightly than the far too common habit of "dishing," or "padding"—that is, when the foreleg, from the knee downwards, is not lifted from the ground and carried forward in the plane along which his whole body is moving. Whyte Melville used to admire the handiness with the feet, which he called "patting buttercups," so common to first-rate Arabs.

Capital instruction is then given on mounting—pointing out by illustrations from instantaneous photographs how not to mount as well as how to successfully perform it with and without stirrups. Special attention is given to the securing of a good "seat." Men who look stiff in the saddle, like the old dead Cid on Bavioca, are seldom ideal horsemen; they tire themselves and fatigue their horses. As a rule, tall men have not a strong seat; though Colonel Anstruther Thomson of Charleton is a noted exception. The grip and seat are only to be acquired by riding, as the famous Numidian Cavalry of Carthage, stirrupless. Captain Percy Williams, as brilliant a rider over a country as ever cheered a hound, attributed all his strength in the saddle to his early training of riding without stirrups. The stirrup should be regarded as a mere accessory support, and not an absolute necessity. "Ye've nae grip wi' yire thees" can be said of more than the get-up yeoman of Professor Aytoun, because they have depended too much on the stirrup in their training. Most horses, if carefully taught, when signalled by leg pressure, respond at once by breaking into any pace—from the walk to the trot, canter, and gallop, or by turning in any direction. And nothing is better calculated to calm and steady a horse, to make him obedient to his master's will in any circumstances, than the confidence he feels in the voice he is accustomed to hear, in tones of kindness, reproof, or commendation—

"Soothe him with praise, and make him understand
The loud applauses of his master's hand."

This is the secret of the Arab's proverbial whispering in his horse's ear.

Of course the author is down upon the abuse of the spur; he is shocked at the cruelties inflicted by the untimely and far too free application of the rowels. These "persuaders" have, however, been used for more than three thousand years; for *parash*, the ancient Egyptian for rider, is said to have been derived from the Hebrew root to spur. Of course in eradicating vice, or in urging a horse to jump at a fence he stubbornly refuses to take, the spur is very useful; but if a good horse is able, it is generally willing to do its best without the spur, which should therefore be the last resource of the rider. As there is a key to every mouth, provided the rider knows the high art of applying it, there should be great care exercised in the selection of the proper bit. A perfect hand is what in pianoforte-playing the "touch" is in contradistinction to the execution. It is painful to witness the continuous tugging at a bridle. In fact, Allan McDonogh, whose name as one of the finest steeple-chase riders of all time will be long remembered, steered Sailor to victory over a very severe course, having for the last mile and a half nothing but his whip to guide with—the throatlash being broken. The author has patented a bit for useful work. Saddlery, feeding, and shoeing have their due place.

His chapter on "Riding for Ladies" is exceedingly interesting, though there will be a difference of opinion about the adoption of the cross-seat—in plain words, riding, *à la cavalière*, astride in a man's

saddle. Travellers notice the fact that women never ride sideways. The side-saddle was first introduced here by Anne of Luxembourg, Richard II.'s queen; but in Mexico the magnificent horsewomen, who never tire in the saddle, ride à la *Duchesse de Berri*. Some thirty years ago the ex-Queen of Naples, the most beautiful woman of her time and the most accomplished horsewoman, used to ride with the cross-saddle. She wore a high and pointed crowned felt hat, a long white cloak, patent leather jackboots, and gilt spurs. Mrs. Isabella Bird, the extensive traveller and writer, strongly advocates this system, which she herself adopted. Of course this fashion, if it is to be introduced, must emanate from the rising generation, and must not be taken to without medical advice. The horse will certainly benefit by the change. Very useful hints are appended on the training of ponies for children. The author writes in a pleasing, sometimes humorous, style, and his pages are illustrated with numerous excellent and suitable drawings.

FICTION.

1. KING OF THE CASTLE. By G. Manville Fenn. Three vols. London: Ward & Downey. 1892.
2. HIS SISTER'S HAND. By C. J. Wills. Three vols. London: Griffiths, Farran & Co.

MR. MANVILLE FENN'S "King of the Castle" is a melodramatic novel; it bears the marks of melodrama upon almost every page. Mr. Gartram, who is known as "the king of the castle," owns a granite quarry. He has at one time lost a large sum of money by the failure of a bank, and now keeps his treasure concealed in his house. There is reason for his distrust; the banks of fiction always fail. Mr. Gartram employed in his quarry a man called Isaac Woodham, who insisted on blasting with dynamite instead of the powder which he had been told to use, and being, moreover, a nervous bungler, got himself fatally injured. He decided—on, we think, insufficient evidence—that Mr. Gartram was responsible for the accident, and requested his wife to swear that she would take vengeance.

"There was a terrible silence in the narrow chamber, and the dying man's eyes were fixed upon hers as she laid her hand upon his brow and spoke firmly—

"I swear."

There is an old-fashioned ring about this kind of oath, and we are not at all surprised to find the revengeful Sarah Woodham using that pleasant formula, "The time will come." And yet, when we read of such scenes as these, we feel that there is something missing; we want the limelight and the faint trembling of the violin-strings. If we are to be as Adelphic as this, we would be more Adelphic still. However, the expiring Woodham takes eighteen hyphens to eleven lines of dialogue; and this liberal punctuation makes the death-bed very life-like. Mr. Gartram has a daughter; and even as the Bellman knew that a certain place was just the place for a Snark, the experienced reviewer will see that this is just the book for a stern father who would arrange his daughter's marriage. "I like him," says Mr. Gartram of the proposed husband; "he is the man I wish to have for my son-in-law, and he loves you. Those are strong enough points for me, and I'll have no opposition!" She answers with one word of pathetic appeal: "Father!" Once more we miss the sympathetic music. The poor daughter loves another man, and her father has turned him out. "Dare to come upon my premises again," he says to this unhappy but heroic lover, "and, damme, sir, I'll—I'll shoot you!" What stage-father could be more paternal than this, or more stagey? We have here, moreover, one character who is completely in the power of another character, a low-comedy barber, and a poison-scene of great intensity. "*Quid plura dicam?*" as the Latin orators were wont to exclaim when they had thoroughly exhausted their

evidence. We would not be understood to condemn "King of the Castle"; but we think that we have said enough to show that it might be successfully dramatised. The book has its merits; its plot is ingenious and interesting; some of its scenes are sensational and thrilling. The choice of the old fashions and old materials seems to have been quite deliberate on the part of the author. We imagine that he knows very well when he is being conventional and melodramatic; and a book with an exciting story in it has a very fair chance of being popular. Indeed, Mr. Manville Fenn is probably able by this time to suit with ease the taste of the average reader.

Criticism at the end of this century is peculiarly happy. Critics will not go wrong nowadays from want of advice. We have the reviewers of reviewers to lead us; we may, if we will, sit at their feet and hear their voices. "The greater number of books should not be reviewed at all," says one. "Never notice the faults of a book," says another; "point out its merits." And if these conclusions should not prove entirely helpful and illuminative, we have publishers who will tell us out of their own bountiful hearts what they think of the works that they publish. It may be cynical to question the impartiality of such notices, but it is quite impossible to doubt their kindness. With "His Sister's Hand" we find a new development. The reviewer is requested by the publisher not to reveal the secret, which the reader will only discover at the end of the third volume. We would not say that this limitation was unreasonable, but we plead that it is most certainly a limitation. How can we tell Dr. Wills that his conclusion is utterly inartistic and unsatisfactory, unless we are prepared to justify the statement by references to the story itself? However, we grant the request. But, unfortunately, this story has every right to its claim to rank as a puzzle; it is almost impossible to speak of its subject without hinting at the conclusion. Dr. Wills writes with the facility of long practice and with a commonplace style. His description of the hero's experiences when he attempts journalism read as if they were very much founded on fact, and will be to some a salutary revelation. He has depicted for us a curate who is neither an Agnostic nor an amusing imbecile. If these things are merits, we gladly acknowledge them. They are merits well within the reach of anyone who writes at all.

BOTH SIDES IN ENGLISH POLITICS.

- A HANDBOOK TO POLITICAL QUESTIONS OF THE DAY, AND THE ARGUMENTS ON EITHER SIDE. By Sydney Buxton, M.P. Eighth Edition, Revised, and with New Subjects. London: John Murray. 1892.

NEARLY a year ago—to be precise, on May 16th, 1891—we dealt very fully with the instruction in politics provided by Mr. Sydney Buxton in his little "Political Manual." That Manual is an abridgment of the work of which the eighth edition is now before us. We need add little to what we then said. The arguments *pro* and *con*, on all the leading political controversies of the day are excellently summarised and impartially stated; and the value of the book is considerably increased by the inclusion of a number of new subjects: among them various aspects of the Eight Hours Question; Simultaneous Elections and Second Ballots; London Municipal Reform and the municipalisation of water, tramways, gas, and markets; Taxation of Ground Values; Betterment; and the Immigration of Pauper Aliens. There is, moreover, a sensible introduction on English party government. The historical summaries prefixed to several of the sections are mostly very useful. Perhaps the least satisfactory of the book is that on Disestablishment. Mr. Buxton does not notice that the "Church of England" is not one organised body at all—economically, at any rate—but a group of separate corporations; while many of its members would dispute the statement that its doctrines are "Protestant" Episcopal, and deny that they were settled for it in 1562, or 1571, or at any other time. Nor are we quite sure that he does not share the haziness of Lord Randolph Churchill and other Constitutionalists as to who the "Estates of the Realm" are, or were. But we may, on the whole, cordially commend this book as a timely and valuable contribution to the political teaching of which the "educated" masses, even more than the "uneducated," on both sides stand sorely in need.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.*

THIRTEEN years ago, when the late Mr. John Noble—a man who in an unassuming way did yeoman service for the Liberal party—first published his "Facts for Politicians," he explained, in two or three words, the object of the book. "The intention of this work," so ran the preface, "is to supply accurate information, in a form convenient for reference, with respect to the political questions which chiefly interest constituencies. It is the aim of the author to give a faithful record of facts, with references to his authorities, and thus to supply a manual which may be found useful at the approaching General Election." The book proved of great service to Parliamentary candidates, and other active politicians on the platform and in the Press, in the contest which led to the downfall of the last Administration of Lord Beaconsfield. Since then great changes have passed over the nation, and greater changes in all probability are impending; therefore, this revised and cheap edition of a book which contains an armoury of facts and statistics appears opportunely now that another General Election is rapidly approaching. In an interesting biographical preface, which Mr. G. H. Perris contributes to the present popular issue of the work, it is stated that the book has been overhauled and brought up to date by judicious additions and subtractions. It opens with a rapid survey of labour legislation since 1842, and it deals—to cite but a few typical examples—with the problems which are presented by the liquor traffic, the National Debt, Imperial and local taxation, free education, and the policy of the Liberal party towards Ireland. Mr. Noble writes forcibly and concisely, but he has not always the knack of marshalling his facts to the greatest advantage. Yet the book as it stands is not merely a worthy memorial of an ardent and indefatigable political and social reformer, but it throws considerable light on many of the vexed questions of the hour.

In brief and sensible terms directions are given to "Electors and Election Agents" for the conduct of Parliamentary, Municipal, and County Council struggles, by Mr. A. J. Ellis. The volume is one of a series of legal handbooks, and it only professes to deal with the practical questions which arise from day to day during the progress of an election. Explicit directions are given concerning nomination papers, returning officers, the counting of votes, the declaration of the poll, legal expenditure, and other matters of detail which are not always clear even to the minds of responsible officials. Mr. Ellis's handbook appears at the right moment, and as it meets a recognised want we have little doubt that it will gain a welcome.

"Mediæval Scotland" is the title of a group of papers on the agriculture, manufactures, revenue, commerce, and other phases of national activity in that country at a remote period. Dr. Cochran-Patrick has gathered together, by painstaking research in half-forgotten archives, many curious facts concerning the social and industrial life of Scotland in the Middle Ages. Information concerning the state of rural economy in Scotland in feudal times has been chiefly gleaned, for the purposes of this work, from the chartularies and registers of the great religious houses; and fortunately such records give a tolerably exact account of the condition of agriculture from the eleventh to the close of the thirteenth centuries. The monks did their best to promote agriculture, and they themselves lived on the fat of the land. They were strict landlords, and were too prone to lay burdens on their tenants. Strict rules prevailed for the protection of growing corn; and wherever roads were found, tolls were exacted. In the "Custuma Portuum," which is traditionally ascribed to David I., certain duties are imposed on shipping, which go to prove even at that time the existence of considerable commerce. Space compels us to leave unmentioned other points of interest discussed in these pages, but we have perhaps said enough to indicate the scope of a book which seeks to direct the attention of students to the original records from which as complete an account of Mediæval Scotland as is now possible may yet be compiled.

Professor Marshall Ward has just contributed to Sir John Lubbock's "Modern Science Series" a monograph—which ought to be popular, and certainly is scientific—on "The Oak," a tree

which holds a unique position in the song and sentiment of England. It is not, however, with the folk-lore or the romance which has gathered around the famous tree that this book is concerned; but in Professor Marshall Ward's hands the story of the oak, from a biological point of view, proves hardly less fascinating a theme. He terms the volume a popular introduction to forest botany, and we do not think it would be possible in a phrase to indicate more exactly its characteristics. The annual increment of timber in a vigorous oak-tree goes on increasing slightly during the first hundred years of growth. Trees grown in closely planted preserves shoot up to a considerable height, and develop tall, straight trunks with few or no branches; but oaks which grow in isolated positions are much shorter, more branched and spreading, and they produce the toughest and most closely grained timber. Such exposed trees generally develop fruit and fertile seeds thirty and forty years sooner than oaks which grow in plantations. The book contains a number of careful diagrams, and is written with clearness and ability.

Unquestionably the best short biography of Charles Haddon Spurgeon which has yet appeared is the volume of scarcely more than a hundred pages which Mr. G. Holden Pike has just written for the group of books entitled the "World's Workers." For upwards of twenty years the author enjoyed the friendship of Mr. Spurgeon, and during a considerable portion of that time he was closely associated in literary enterprises with the distinguished pastor of the Metropolitan Tabernacle. Mr. Pike accordingly writes from the standpoint of intimate knowledge; and though his book is little more than a plain statement of facts, the impressive record is brightened occasionally by slight reminiscences or personal allusions which lift the volume above the level of hasty and catch-penny compilations. Judgment and good taste are both apparent in these pages; and though Mr. Pike everywhere makes the reader feel how deep is his reverence for the character of his friend, he has too genuine a respect for Mr. Spurgeon to belittle so great and beneficent a life with thoughtless and extravagant praise.

Comparatively few people, we imagine, read nowadays Thomson's "Seasons," and "Castle of Indolence," and yet Messrs. Chatto and Windus have had the courage to bring out a new edition, duly prefaced by the old introduction which Allan Cunningham wrote for a generation of readers with whom James Thomson was still a fashionable poet. Pope regarded Thomson as an "elegant and philosophical" poet; whilst Cowper, Johnson, and Wordsworth in turn paid him handsome compliments. Oliver Goldsmith sat lightly to his merits, and Horace Walpole, with characteristic spleen, endeavoured to sneer him out of court. Many of his literary achievements are already practically forgotten, but "The Seasons," and "Castle of Indolence," though not much now in vogue, are likely to hold their own until descriptive poetry has ceased to charm. We should be glad to think that the appearance of this new edition indicated a revived interest in the poetic interpretation of Nature, and in the hope that it may at all events contribute to that end we bid the book welcome.

Many people will doubtless be glad to know that a cheap edition, in one volume, of the "Life of Laurence Oliphant" has promptly appeared. Man of the world and mystic by turns, versatile, brilliant, and at times incomprehensible, Laurence Oliphant deserves to be remembered and—thanks to his distinguished kinswoman's vivid and artistic portraiture—is not likely to be forgotten. It is perfectly true that "Piccadilly" and "Altiora Peto" possess vitality enough to secure for their author an assured if modest place amongst the novelists of the Queen's reign; but, after all, Laurence Oliphant himself was vastly more interesting than any of his own literary creations. He was a man in whose strange career faith and fanaticism were oddly blended with genuine wit and cynical shrewdness, and indeed with many other purely mundane characteristics. Before Mrs. Oliphant took up her pen, it seemed as if the singular and attractive personality of a man who in his time assuredly played many parts was about to recede almost entirely from the public view; but that danger is now happily averted. There are problems in Laurence Oliphant's history which this biography does not solve, but in the main the world can gather from its pages a vivid and accurate impression of a man who, even to himself, was always more or less of an enigma.

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THE SPEAKER

SATURDAY, APRIL 23, 1892.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

MR. GLADSTONE'S letter on the subject of the Women's Suffrage Bill, which was published on Thursday, will strike a heavy blow at a movement that has been permitted to attain rather formidable proportions, chiefly because of the reluctance of politicians to express their opinions regarding it. Like many other movements of the same kind, its very weakness was, in the early stages of its existence, a source of strength; and many who had no desire to see such a revolution as the deposing of man accomplished, gave the movement a half-hearted support, simply because they looked upon its accomplishment as being absolutely impossible. This danger now seems to be at an end, and we are glad of it. MR. GLADSTONE has not much new to say regarding the question; but what he says is sensible and statesmanlike; whilst the strong whip which has been sent out against the Women's Suffrage Bill, which is to come before the House of Commons next Thursday, betokens a distinct awakening of our politicians of all parties to the dangers of an agitation, the success of which would bring us face to face with a new order of society, not only in its political and social, but even in its domestic, aspect.

THE *Times* shows its usual facility in the discovery of mares' nests. MR. BLANE'S motion, which will raise the whole question of an Irish Parliament, must, according to the *Times*, place MR. GLADSTONE on the horns of a dilemma. MR. BLANE declares that an Irish Parliament ought to have control over land legislation, judicial appointments, and the constabulary. If MR. GLADSTONE rejects these conditions he will relegate Home Rule to obscurity; if he accepts them he will avow himself a Separatist and a partisan of what SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT entitled "Fenian Home Rule." This argument shows that the *Times* wallows in its own assumptions. SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT'S allusion to Fenian Home Rule had nothing whatever to do with any of the conditions cited by MR. BLANE. MR. MORLEY has explicitly stated that in the event of the Imperial Parliament failing to settle the land question, the problem will be committed to the Irish Parliament. It is equally notorious that with regard to the police and the judiciary there has never been any difference of principle between the Liberal leaders and the Irish party. The only question relates to the time which should elapse before the Dublin Parliament acquired the full control specified in MR. BLANE'S motion.

SOME mammoth remains have been discovered under a house in London. The discovery might have been appropriately made on Primrose Day, for the mammoth is not more completely extinct than the principles which Tories profess to commemorate on the nineteenth of April. LORD BEACONSFIELD'S ideas have been abandoned by his party, except, perhaps, the opinion that a Conservative Government is an organised hypocrisy. In foreign policy, where is the integrity of the Ottoman Empire, which DIZZY thought was the keystone of our Eastern diplomacy? Where is the division between the two Bulgarias for the sake of which the Tory Ministers threatened war? In domestic policy, what is the monument of Conservative legislation from 1874 to 1880? This field is

barren even to antiquarian research. LORD SALISBURY has scouted the Orientalism of his predecessors, and has adopted in domestic affairs a policy which DIZZY would have considered "worse than pestilence or famine." And to complete the comedy, good Conservatives go about on the nineteenth of April wearing the flower which their lamented leader liked occasionally as a salad.

SIR WILLIAM WALROND is an original genius. He has been telling his constituents that the Primrose League is independent of party. It was formed to uphold religion and loyalty, and should the Conservative party desert those principles the Primrose dames will work no more for Tory candidates. But SIR WILLIAM WALROND'S idea that religion dwells exclusively in Primrose habitations is surpassed by MR. CHAPLIN'S discovery that MR. GOSCHEN is the Archangel GABRIEL in disguise. If the archangel, said MR. CHAPLIN in Lincolnshire, were to propose the Budget from the Tory benches he would be assailed by the Radicals. This deliberate suggestion that MR. GOSCHEN has been vouchsafed to us from the heavenly host to order our finances and make surpluses by borrowing money and playing tricks with the Sinking Fund might be a good electioneering cry for the party who are the sole guardians of religion.

THE terrible "accident" at Hampstead Heath Station on Easter Monday, by which eight persons—mostly women and children—lost their lives, not only impresses upon us once more the grave danger which is always associated with the congregation of vast masses of people, but seems to indicate a lamentable want of forethought on the part of a powerful corporation—the London and North-Western Railway Company. It is certain that the provision for the travelling public at the Hampstead Heath Station last Monday was most wofully inadequate. So much is proved by the fact that this accident occurred. If, however, the Railway Company can show that the siege of the station platform by thousands of would-be travellers was an altogether unprecedented event, which no one could reasonably have anticipated, it will have cleared itself of the greater part of the responsibility which appears to attach to it in connection with the catastrophe. But if, on the other hand, it can be shown that there has been similar crowding on other Bank Holidays, and that the authorities have been repeatedly warned, both privately and publicly, of the grave risks to which travellers were subjected in consequence of the deficient accommodation at the station, the question of responsibility will assume a very different aspect, and a stern inquiry into the whole of the facts will be necessary.

THE technicalities of elementary education are usually anything but attractive to the general public. The National Union of Elementary Teachers, however, which was in session at Leeds during the early part of this week, has done good service by bringing out some of the blots in our educational system. Compulsion is so far a failure that one-third of the children of school age are not on the registers, and one-fourth of those who are registered are usually absent from school. The causes, of

course, are chiefly to be found in the supineness of country school managers and School Boards, and the slackness, or the scarcely veiled hostility, of many magistrates—which, to readers of the London police-court reports is, only too evident. To deal with School Board cases, in fact, special magistrates are urgently needed.

NATURALLY the teachers protest in the interest of education against payment by results and the hard-and-fast classification by standards required by the Department. They are even audacious enough to ask that inspectors shall not be appointed whose sole qualification is their University career, and that the annual examinations shall be replaced by periodical visits of inspection and advice. Nearly a century ago WILHELM VON HUMBOLDT—in the work that was once the classic of individualism—insisted that State-education must regard measurable results more than methods or training. It would be a brilliant triumph if the Education Department could give his words a practical refutation. Still, we cannot think that very wide freedom of organisation can be allowed to head teachers: if only because the population of school age is largely migratory, like its parents, and loses time and way at every change of school.

ONE excellent reform, however, is demanded by the Conference and has in part been adopted by the Department. The salary returned as paid to school teachers must now be the salary paid for teaching only, and must not include payments for other duties. So it will henceforth be more ascertainable whether teachers are selected because they can teach or because they can play the harmonium in church. To secure that they shall not be required, as a condition of their appointment, to undertake such extraneous duties, is, we fear, too great a reform for a Government which avowedly introduced Free Education partly to save the makeshift schools of the voluntary system. However, the elementary teachers are now an organised body with a newspaper of their own, and a paid secretary, whom we hope to see in Parliament a few months hence.

THE Behring Sea Convention was finally ratified on Tuesday. The fuller summary of the terms now published makes no addition to our knowledge; but it is hard to understand the indignation with which the Senate originally received LORD SALISBURY'S proposals, or to conjecture wherein lay the "pungency" of PRESIDENT HARRISON'S reply. The agreement lasts till October 31st, 1893, or longer, but may be terminated at any time after that date by two months' notice on either side. Meanwhile pelagic sealing is to be prevented by Great Britain, and the American catch at the rookeries, as last year, is to be limited to 7,500 seals for the use of the Prybiloff islanders. The party to whom the arbitrators' decision is unfavourable would have to pay compensation based on the possible catch, "without undue diminution to the seal herd," had there been no Convention. It is at least satisfactory that the fur seals have another year for multiplication. But unless pelagic sealing is very considerably restricted they must disappear; and then who will compensate our granddaughters?

THE complete defeat of the Labour party at the Victorian elections is of good omen for the finance of the Colony. In a letter from our correspondent at Melbourne, which we published four weeks ago, he mentioned that, while the Trade Unionists were very confident, the other parties looked on their success as an impossibility, and one authority had predicted that only three Labour candidates would be returned. The number, as it turns out, is six—

out of more than thirty who went to the polls. Nor can we be surprised at this result. The Labour party had irritated and frightened the farmers and small capitalists, who in Victoria, as in other new countries, are still the dominant class, and had thoroughly merited their defeat.

SINCE Easter business has been very slack upon the Stock Exchange. Many of the greater operators have not yet returned to the City, and the general public holds altogether aloof. The secession of Matto Grosso naturally caused a fall in Brazilian securities, the Ministerial crisis in Italy added to the already great unwillingness to have anything to do with Continental securities, and the state of the cotton trade weighs upon the home railway market. Still, there is a decidedly better feeling than there was. The improvement in the Argentine market continues, the Continental Bourses appear to be recovering, and the leading operators in New York are as confident as ever that business will grow, and that prices will rise further. Trade has not improved in the United States as much as was everywhere expected because of the abundant crops of last year, and prices are very low. The general public, even in America, therefore, is not speculating actively; but the capitalist classes are buying steadily all the securities sold by Europe. Just before Easter there was a sharp advance in American securities. On Tuesday of this week the London speculators who had bought took advantage of the rise to secure their profits, and they sold very large quantities. Everything offered, however, was bought by New York, and though some decline took place, there was a recovery on Wednesday afternoon, and the leaders of the New York market express themselves as confident as ever that with or without the help of London prices will be put up. Whether this will prove true or not, it is satisfactory to find that our own public have taken to heart the lessons of the Baring crisis, and are not now speculating recklessly in any direction.

THE Directors of the Bank of England have made no change in their rate of discount this week, although money is accumulating. Gold is still coming in from abroad in small amounts, and trade is falling off, while speculation is absent. In the open market the rate of discount is nominally $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., but really business is done at about 1 per cent., or a little over, and the banks find it difficult to lend their surplus balances on any terms. Apparently the directors of the Bank of England fear that if they were to lower their rate, there would be a further fall in the open market, and that this would increase the foreign demand for gold. Even now some gold is going to Paris, although more is received from other quarters, so that during the week ended Wednesday night about £94,000 were received over and above what was taken away. In silver there has been some recovery in price to 40d. per oz. The impression is growing that the production is being rapidly reduced, and that in a short time the supply will become so small that there may probably be some advance in price. At all events, the best opinion is that a further fall is unlikely. The fluctuations in silver during the past two years have had a disastrous influence upon the trade of all silver-using countries. For example, at the general meeting of the shareholders of the Chartered Bank of India, Australia, and China, on Wednesday, the chairman stated that since 1866 it was believed trade had not been so bad in India and China as at present. Of course other influences have combined, such as the Baring crisis and the drought in India, as well as the reaction from the recent reckless speculation in mining and other ventures; but the most potent cause is the rapid fluctuations in silver, turning trade with the silver-using countries into mere speculation.

THE LABOUR BRIAREUS.

"BRIAREUS should arise and lift up his hundred arms together," said Sheil in advocating simultaneous meetings of the Catholic Association. The Labour Briareus has now adopted a similar method, of which civilisation will have to take account. We are not sure, however, that the apprehension of a violent turn to the May-day demonstrations, which the Anarchist movement has naturally quickened, need be too seriously entertained. The May-day celebrations will not be Anarchist, but Socialist: and Socialism and Anarchism, though they are apt to be confounded, both in the popular mind and in the methods of half-educated working men interested in revolutionary politics, are two vitally different things. So far as the movement of Anarchy can be gauged, it is a small affair. Necessarily it cannot attain very wide dimensions, or even the small degree of secrecy it attains, until the contagion of betrayal sets in, would be smaller still. In France, moreover, where the advanced parties are led by men of the intelligence of Brousse, Guesde, Lafargue, and others, the Socialists would scoff at the very notion of being confounded with low criminals of the type of Ravachol, or with teaching of the Bakunin type which lies behind their purely predatory instincts and pursuits. There is, therefore, no widespread fear, either in France or in England, that May-day will pass other than quietly. In Paris all sections of the Collectivist parties have joined for peaceful demonstrations, and such danger as exists arises from the fact that at the last moment M. Loubet has determined to continue the Constans traditions, and to prohibit street processions. In this country it is, of course, possible to mark off the various types of revolutionary or advanced thinking with still greater accuracy. The feckless imbeciles who were tried at Walsall were, as a matter of fact, a feeble offshoot of the old Socialist League, a body once patronised by Mr. Morris, until a small, but noisy, section of Anarchists contrived to influence it. This latter body is possibly large enough to produce two or three more persons of the type of Cailles and Battola, but it has no conceivable relation with any organised body of working men. As in France, it is a mere thin wedge of aimless or fanatical savagery thrust into the general mass of revolutionary opinion, which it never has leavened, and possibly never will. With us, of course, the May-day demonstrations will be limited simply to an object-lesson in favour of a legal eight-hours day, organised by absolutely reputable bodies of Radicals and Socialists, by working men acting through the Trade Councils, who are fast stepping into the political field, by the Metropolitan Radical Federation, and by new unions like those of the gas-workers, the sailors and firemen, and the dock and riverside labourers. In France the aspect of doctrinaire Socialism will be more apparent; but the end—in spite of the evil precedent of Fourmies—will, we hope, be just as quietly and rationally pursued. Even in Germany, where, owing to the split between the old Parliamentary Socialists and the younger blood, Socialism seems to be on the eve of a "sea change," which may for a time destroy its force as a single coherent movement, there is no apparent set towards either the methodical madness of the Anarchists or the mere turbulence of street propaganda of the violent type. For the moment, therefore, North-Western Europe is able to look forward to the third great labour anniversary without sensible quaking, and even with a measure of quiet confidence. Singularly enough, the United States Government is not so tranquil. America is the chosen home of "cranks," and the spread of

Anarchist branches, mainly of course of German membership, in Chicago and elsewhere is not without significance.

The prospect of trouble in Europe, so far as it can be measured with the imperfect knowledge which unhappily is alone available, is strongest precisely where the development of free political institutions has been most conspicuously delayed. The exception perhaps is Italy, where Signor Nicotera has repeated his repressive action, though not the singularly harsh and even brutal language which astonished Liberal Europe last May. Italy is, unfortunately, a country where a highly centralised national unity has been achieved without the grant of large local liberties, at the cost of heavy and most oppressive taxation, and in combination with a low economic development. Anarchism there has undoubtedly some little root, though it is completely overshadowed by more rational developments. In any case, all May-day demonstrations have been forbidden, and even indoor meetings are included in this wide and stringent veto. Apart from Italy, the most serious danger of trouble appears to be entertained in Vienna, in Spain, and in Portugal. The Social Democratic movement in Austria is somewhat obscure, and it is difficult to know either its force or direction. There have been recent attempts to reconstitute it, and the authorities have behaved, on the whole, with the good sense which marks the *régime* of the Emperor. In Spain and Portugal the trouble is more imminent, and more sharply defined. But even in these countries, where Anarchic doctrines may have a somewhat wider vogue than elsewhere, the danger is not in bomb-throwing, which the recent fiasco has discredited, so much as in conflicts between a violent police and an excited assembly of demonstrators. On the Continent the public meeting has not attained the position of quiet sovereignty which attaches to it here. It is, in point of fact—and in democratic France quite as much as in autocratic Austria—"suspect," partly from earlier associations, partly because it is not the free, constant, automatic habit of the people—a habit in which the authorities acquiesce as completely as in the Lord Mayor's Show.

However, it is cheering to note the general tendency to limit the demonstrations—as in France and Belgium—to definite political and social reforms, such as universal suffrage and the eight-hours day. The Eight Hours movement will again be the rallying-point of the Festival of Labour. On the Continent, of course, there will be no division of opinion among the artisans as to method—the legal aspect of the movement will absorb every other. In England a great many workmen will join with the holiday-makers who wish for an eight-hours day more than for an Eight Hours Bill, and whose minds have not yet decided for Parliamentary action. But in the main it is just as well to note that the legislative section has, like Aaron's rod, swallowed the rest, and that this plan of reducing the hours of labour will be presented—judging from the character of the organisers—with a very strong backing. The question of method will hardly be touched. The discussion of nice points between "trade option" and "trade exemption," which have lately been troubling the Fabians, will not disturb the holiday-makers, who will come out to celebrate, first, the dignity of the labourer's calling—not in itself a small matter—and, secondly, his desire for leisure. The matter will therefore be "referred back" to Parliament without any very definite instructions. The question is whether the highly interesting annual parade of the labour forces should not have some more definite and practical issue. The Fabian Society possesses,

at all events, the merit of endeavouring to think out its problems, and to give them shapes in which they suggest themselves as "documents" for statesmen. We do not see why Labour Day should not give birth to some permanent committee for the drafting of Labour Bills on lines less shadowy than the measures which have hitherto come before the House of Commons. It was the unavoidable fault of Chartism that it never got sufficiently in touch even with the small and shifting section of really hopeful and open-minded politicians in Parliament. That ought not to be the weakness of the New Unionism, or the new Opportunist Socialism, and it certainly is not their intention. Labour Day ought to be a useful addition to the world's anniversaries, and its dangers to the peace of Europe would obviously be mitigated if its organisers were able to add some element of permanence, some direct political end, to its merely picturesque and melodramatic side.

A FADING FLOWER.

THERE was one satisfactory feature about Primrose Day this year—the sudden and remarkable falling-off in the number of persons who thought it necessary to decorate themselves with the Beaconsfield emblem, which gives us some reason to hope that, after all, the brightest of our spring flowers will not be overtaken by the fate that for some years past has threatened it. When an observance of this kind once loses its vogue, it never regains its old popularity, and we may therefore hope that our fields and woodlands will not be stripped quite bare of the primrose by the hands of those who are anxious to cater for a curious and almost inexplicable popular taste. But the manifest waning of Primrose Day has an interest apart from its bearing on the fate of the flower itself. It would appear that the worship of Mr. Disraeli, which has been maintained with so much zeal for a period of eleven years since his death, is at last coming to a close. The wonder to most of us has been that such a cult should ever have existed. Lord Beaconsfield was a man of conspicuous ability, whose personal career was so remarkable that he might well claim a page in the romance of history; but as a statesman he was a *farceur* of the most absurd description. Openly laughing at his followers, he hardly attempted to conceal the fact that his part in political life was a mere masquerade. To support principles in which he did not believe, to gull the public with catchwords which he secretly turned to scorn, and to play upon the follies and weaknesses of his fellow men with an audacious cynicism, seemed to be the chief characteristics of his public career. When we remember in what light he was regarded by all the more trustworthy members of his own party, when we recall the bitter feuds so long waged between himself and the present Prime Minister, and when we take into account the stirring episodes connected with his one piece of constructive legislation, the Household Suffrage Bill, we find it difficult to account for the blind idolatry in which, for more than half a score of years, his memory has been held. But the game—to employ a favourite phrase of his own—has now been played out. Only eleven years separate us from the living Lord Beaconsfield, but it seems as though we were divided by a whole age from his methods in political life. The Tory party of to-day would find it as impossible to follow him, if he were again to appear among us and to carry on the Government on his old lines, as to submit to the methods of the Duke of Wellington himself. Some Liberals are very hard upon

Lord Salisbury, and not without reason; but, compared with his predecessor, Lord Salisbury is a statesman whom everybody could unite in honouring. We have had much to say of late of the shortcomings of Mr. Balfour; but, after all, Mr. Balfour's natural cynicism is something very different from the dishonesty, naked and not ashamed, of Mr. Disraeli. Henceforward we trust that the Tories of the United Kingdom will find a more worthy object for their worship and admiration than the adventurer who raised himself from a seat in a lawyer's office to the highest position in the British Empire. When next Primrose Day comes round, the Primrose Dames and their friends will probably be engaged in offering some much-needed consolation to the present leader of the Tory party. If they must have an idol, we would respectfully recommend Lord Salisbury for the position, though we trust that their worship of their favourite statesman will not find expression in the adoption of a floral emblem. Our flowers belong to no party, and it is a little hard upon all of us that the existence of one of the fairest of them should have been so seriously imperilled by a mere political craze.

In the meantime it is difficult to forget that Eastertide twelve years ago, when the hero of the Primrose League was for the last time laying down the sceptre of authority, his defeat in 1880 came, as a crushing surprise to society and the London press. For years the doctrine had been preached that Lord Beaconsfield was the one possible statesman in the United Kingdom, and that Mr. Gladstone was a discarded fanatic, whose reputation had been for ever destroyed. Nobody can have forgotten the tone in which the clubs and the *Times*, and indeed all the leading organs of fashionable opinion, referred to the possibility of Mr. Gladstone's return to power. They would not hear of it; they dismissed it as too ridiculous almost for discussion. Yet when the Election came it appeared that Mr. Gladstone was the one man in whom the majority of the electors believed, and the only person who was possible as Prime Minister. A few days of sharp battle at the polling-booths, and the despised and hated member for Midlothian, against whom cabals were being woven even in his own camp, was standing once more at the head of affairs with an enthusiastic nation behind his back. It might have been thought that the lesson which was then taught would not easily have been forgotten. But down to a very recent period those who were the defeated opponents of Mr. Gladstone in 1880 hugged the delusion that the fate which they then falsely predicted for him had at last overtaken him. They now know their error, and there is hardly one of them who does not make the open admission that the forthcoming General Election will result in his reinstatement in office. It is marvellous, indeed, to contrast the career of the Liberal statesman with that of his great Conservative rival. Who would have believed in 1880, when Lord Beaconsfield was retiring from office to linger for a few months as a valetudinarian before passing for ever from the scene, that twelve years afterwards Mr. Gladstone would still hold the field, and would be preparing to lead his party once more to an assured victory? What is the secret of the perennial youth which enables our veteran leader to defy Time itself, and which has brought him within sight of a fourth Premiership? And what would Lord Beaconsfield have thought if in his last moments he could have foreseen the future, and could have learned that a rival whom he had once overthrown, and whose age was but little short of his own, would retain his commanding position in the political world for so many years after his own death? A dozen years ago everybody believed that when

Mr. Gladstone's career came to an end it would be his rivalry with Lord Beaconsfield which would form the chief feature of his life. But since then the Liberal leader has met with other rivals, has fought them and has beaten them, just as in his prime he fought and overcame Lord Beaconsfield; and now it would seem that, whilst he is still the leading figure on the political stage, the very memory of his old rival is fading away, and the absurd adulation which found vent in the establishment of Primrose Day is becoming a thing of the past. Let us hope for Lord Beaconsfield's own sake that his belated biography will not be held back from us much longer. If it should be, his great personal achievements will fall into oblivion, and instead of being regarded, as he ought to be, as one of the most conspicuous figures of this century, he will become one of the many lesser luminaries whom the historian and biographer will group around the central light of Mr. Gladstone's wonderful career.

MR. GLADSTONE ON THE WOMAN QUESTION.

MR. GLADSTONE'S letter on the question of women's suffrage gives the common-sense view of a difficult problem. Looked at "in the abstract" by those who hold the widest humanitarian opinions, there is always a certain plausibility about the demand for absolute political equality between the two sexes. So much has been done in recent years to destroy the irritating fetters which custom had placed upon women of every degree, and that which has been done has commanded such general approval, that it might seem only natural to expect that further steps towards the emancipation of the female sex must of necessity be productive of further good. But, after all, no laws will make men and women the same; and if an Act of Parliament were to be passed once a day to decree that there should be no difference between the position, the functions, and the spheres of influence of the two sexes, the decree would still remain a dead letter. Men who really reverence women have no desire to see them asserting their "right" to take up certain kinds of work. They do not believe that they ought to serve in the army; they pass Acts of Parliament to prevent them from being employed in sundry dangerous and to some extent degrading occupations; and they shrink from the thought of a time when the rough game of politics, as it is played in the Parliaments of the world, shall have dragged women into its unsavoury vortex.

But, apart from what seems to us to be the fundamental objections to a piece of legislation which would revolutionise our Constitution, there are certain practical considerations to which Mr. Gladstone in his letter directs our attention. The first is the notorious fact that women themselves do not desire that the change advocated by the supporters of female suffrage should be made. Certain women, no doubt, do demand that change, and demand it in a very imperative manner. But, so far as the overwhelming majority of the women of these islands are concerned, the feeling on the subject is one, not of mere indifference, but of positive hostility, to a proposal which would revolutionise their position without bettering it. Now it is evident that nothing could be more unconstitutional or unprecedented than the revolutionising of our representative system, in order to bring within it an immense body of voters who have no desire to be enfranchised. The practical statesman is entitled to say with Mr. Gladstone to the female advocates of

womanhood suffrage, "Convert your own sex before you attempt to convert us." This is clearly the wise and statesmanlike mode of dealing with the question at its present stage. But even if those who favour the enfranchisement of women could produce a majority of women to support their demand, the necessity for the change would not be demonstrated. The "man in possession"—a selfish creature, no doubt, but not without some redeeming qualities—would be entitled to insist upon the fullest consideration and discussion of the question before he consented to a change which would alter all the conditions of political life in these islands, and which, conceivably, might bring about a revolution in our social life also.

We earnestly trust that the good people who have got this fad upon their brains will before long think better of it. The superficial plausibility which the demand for womanhood suffrage undoubtedly possesses, disappears on closer examination of the true conditions of the problem. There is no analogy between the breaking-down of the barriers which custom had erected between women and learning, for example, and the infliction upon the whole female sex of duties which are not merely repugnant to them, but which, from the earliest ages down to the present moment, have been regarded as the special and peculiar work of men. As to the charge which is brought against us of undervaluing woman's work in the world and her influence on life, it can hardly hold water when we remember that the overwhelming majority of the best women among us are on the side of the men in this question. It is, indeed, quite as much for the sake of our women, and of the work in life which Nature has assigned them, as for the sake of the national interests as a whole, that we rejoice to think that the era of womanhood suffrage is never likely to arrive. That there has been a disposition to coquet with the question among members of both political parties has been evident for some years past. Indeed, it seemed not unlikely at one time that the revolution might actually be accomplished, not because anyone really desired it—beyond the handful of men and women who have made the subject their own—but because of the very refusal of politicians to consider it seriously. That danger is now happily at end, and we trust that henceforth no Member of Parliament will give a vote or an opinion in favour of female suffrage who is not able to justify himself by arguments founded, not on humanitarian theories, but on a careful study both of existing facts and of the certain consequences of such a change in the Constitution.

BULGARIA AND RUSSIAN DIPLOMACY.

WE are not at all sure that M. Stambouloff would be a model Premier in a country that has long possessed constitutional Government; but, whatever his faults and failings, he has hitherto acquitted himself wonderfully well in his performance of the very difficult task entrusted to him by the confidence of his fellow-countrymen. For six years he has been able to baffle every move—secret or above-board—by which Russian diplomacy has endeavoured to overthrow or to undermine Bulgarian independence; and he has proved, beyond all possibility of doubt, that as a statesman he possesses both boldness and adroitness. For this very reason there is all the more room for surprise that the Czar's Ambassador at Constantinople—who has presumably acted with the cognisance and assent of his official superiors—should have gratuitously given to M. Stambouloff such

splendid opportunities of strengthening his position as have been furnished by M. de Nelidoff's behaviour in demanding and obtaining the release of the suspect Shishmanoff, and, more recently, in the attempt of the dragoman of the Russian Embassy to kidnap a young Bulgarian who was passing through Constantinople on his way from Odessa to Sofia. Shishmanoff was well known to be a native of Adrianople, and therefore a subject of the Sultan. Kushaleff, the Bulgarian, was certainly not a subject of the Czar. In the cases of both it is manifest, and nobody has pretended to dispute, that the Russian Ambassador has shown a flagrant disregard of the rights of the Sovereign to whom he is accredited, and of diplomatic usage. He has at the same time contrived to intensify the anti-Russian sentiment which prevails in Bulgaria, and thus to increase the popular support of M. Stambouloff, without doing any real injury whatever to that Minister or to the Prince his master.

The question which obviously suggests itself on a survey of the facts is, What is M. de Nelidoff's motive? There are a number of persons in this country, as in other parts of Europe, who contrive to cherish a belief in the profundity and subtlety of Muscovite diplomacy. How they manage to do this, in the face of all the blunders, follies, and failures which have been achieved by the Czar's agents in South-Eastern Europe during the past fifteen years, is best known to themselves. But to people of this habit of mind it is useless to offer the simple and obvious solution of the difficulty—namely, that M. de Nelidoff was afraid that investigation in the case of Shishmanoff might lead to compromising revelations about the complicity of Russian officials in the plots of Bulgarian refugees, and (though this is a more doubtful explanation of the facts) that Kushaleff might be able to give his Government useful information about the intrigues that are being hatched at Odessa; and that he therefore thought it worth while to risk the adoption of high-handed methods in order to prevent these consequences. The believers in Russian diplomatic cunning and dexterity will doubtless prefer to think that M. de Nelidoff is wishful to bring about a crisis in the relations between the Porte and the Bulgarian Government, and has pursued the course which he deemed the most likely to effect such a result. They will point to the very outspoken Note which M. Stambouloff addressed to the Ottoman Government a few days ago as a justification of their view and a proof of the success of M. de Nelidoff's tactics.

It must be allowed that there is some excuse for this theory in the difficulty of believing that any experienced diplomatist could commit such acts as those of which M. de Nelidoff has been guilty with any other object than that of creating trouble between Bulgaria and her suzerain. His intervention to obtain the release of Shishmanoff—who has now taken refuge in St. Petersburg—has at once been accepted, all over Europe, as equivalent to a confession that he or some other official of the Embassy was implicated in the assassination of Dr. Vulkovitch; and he must have known beforehand that this interpretation would inevitably be placed on the affair. No confession that Shishmanoff could have made would have compromised the ambassador more effectually than his shameless misuse of the credit and authority of his master to prevent the investigation of the offence with which the man was charged. Nevertheless, we do not believe that M. de Nelidoff has been inspired in his conduct by any Machiavelian purpose of forcing on a rupture between Turkey and Bulgaria. The clumsy and brutal tactics he has employed to get rid of compromising evidence

against himself or other agents of the Czar are very much on a par—they are certainly not a whit more palpable or more stupid—with the methods habitually resorted to by all the Russian officials, from Baron Kaulbars and General Sobeloff downward, who have ever endeavoured to establish or revive Russian influence in Bulgaria. And unless he and his Government have alike lost their reason, they would not choose a time like the present for pressing the Bulgarian question forward to the stage of acute crisis. Such a stage it will have reached on the day when the Sultan either formally recognises Prince Ferdinand, or definitely refuses to accord that or any other satisfaction for the wrongs complained of in M. Stambouloff's note. The Bulgarians have hitherto kept on very good terms with the Porte, and they are not only willing, but anxious that this friendship, from which they have reaped some considerable advantages should continue. But they are also very strongly convinced that there must be some reciprocity on the part of the Ottoman Government; and when their agent in Constantinople is murdered, and the Russian Ambassador is permitted to extend effective protection to a person accused of complicity in the crime, they have a perfect right to demand redress. Such redress, in its most obvious form, the Sultan is powerless to give. He cannot put Shishmanoff back in his prison, or do anything effectual to curb the insolence of the Russian Embassy. But M. de Nelidoff's proceedings have given M. Stambouloff a pretext of which he has not neglected to avail himself, to renew his demand for the recognition of Prince Ferdinand; and if this demand be ignored, there will not be much reason for wonderment if he flatly refuses to acknowledge any longer the Sultan's suzerainty—in other words, declares the independence of Bulgaria. In either alternative Russia would be compelled either to impose a veto and prepare to back it up by force, or resign her long-cherished dream of ascendancy in the Balkan region. The second of these courses would be intensely repugnant to the politicians now in the ascendant at St. Petersburg: the first is one which even the boldest of Pan Slavists, in view of the present internal conditions of Russia, would scarcely venture to advocate. That is why it seems very improbable that M. de Nelidoff, in his recent proceedings, has been actuated by any desire to bring the Bulgarian question to a crisis just at present. But he may have accomplished the feat without intending to do it. It is very possible that the preservation of European peace in the immediate future will depend on the Sultan's reception of M. Stambouloff's Note, and on the subsequent measures which the Bulgarian Premier may think it advisable to adopt.

THE DIFFICULTIES OF THE ITALIAN MINISTRY.

NO competent observer can have been surprised at the failure of the first attempt of the Marquis di Rudini to restore order in the finances of Italy. The members of his Cabinet were too divided in opinion ever to be able to carry out a consistent policy. It remains to be seen, however, whether the reorganisation of his Ministry, which he has, so far, failed to effect, but which must be attempted again, will enable him to solve the grave problems with which he is face to face. The governing classes desire that Italy should enjoy not merely the titular rank of a great Power, but that she should be able to play a leading part on the world's stage. They are eager, therefore, to create an army capable of holding its own against France,

and to maintain a navy second only to our own, and at the same time they are in too great a hurry to develop the material resources of the country. In carrying out this policy they have quarrelled with France, have broken off the commercial treaty with her, and have unwisely heaped on Protectionist duties. We need not stop to inquire whether Italy was more in fault than France; it is enough to say here that the course pursued has inflicted great injury upon the trade and well-being of the country. The municipalities and the provinces have been as reckless and extravagant as the kingdom, and the people plunged some years ago into a wild speculation, especially in houses and lands. They borrowed immense sums from the banks, and when the speculation broke down too many of the latter were left in an insolvent state. To restore the country to prosperity, therefore, it is necessary, firstly, to bring about an equilibrium between the national income and the national expenditure; secondly, to put the finances of the provinces and municipalities in order and to establish in them an honest and purer administration; and, thirdly, to reform and reorganise the banking system. But of course the most urgent measure is the restoration of order in the national finances.

At the present time the debt of Italy, funded and unfunded, amounts to about twelve milliards of *lire*, the *lira* being equivalent to the French franc; or, say, 480 millions sterling. Against this debt there is no doubt a large network of railways. But the railways do not pay; some of them do not even pay their working expenses, and none of them pay the working expenses and the interest on the capital spent in constructing them. The other public works belonging to the nation are even still more unprofitable. While France and Italy were friendly, the latter country found no difficulty in borrowing in Paris, but since the estrangement of France the French Money Market has been closed against the Italian Government, and it has been growing more and more difficult for it to borrow, the difficulty having been immensely increased by the Baring crisis and its consequences. While, therefore, the expenditure is steadily growing, the revenue does not increase in the same proportion, and every year there is a large deficit. In the current year, for example, which will end with June next, it is estimated that the deficit will be about four millions sterling. As a result, there is a floating debt of about eighteen millions sterling—an enormous amount for such a country. Yet in the present state of the Money Markets of the world, it is very difficult to fund this floating debt except on terms from which the Government shrinks. Still, it could be done if the Government made up its mind to the necessary retrenchments, and were supported by the Parliament. Signor Rudini, shortly after entering office, made retrenchments somewhat exceeding £2,000,000. He pledged himself to effect other economies, and not to impose fresh taxation; but he soon found it impossible to reduce expenditure as he had expected, and the country was not prepared for increased taxation. The Civil Service is greatly overmanned; but Signor Crispi was overthrown because he attempted to reduce it, and Signor Rudini has not ventured to repeat the experiment. He decided to spread over a longer period the construction of railways, but by doing so he threw large numbers of working people out of employment, and thus created a popular feeling against himself. The Ministers of War and Marine declared that no retrenchments could be effected in the Army and Navy Budgets; on the contrary, they insisted that even larger votes were required, and it is generally believed that they were supported by the

King; while, of course, it is to be borne in mind that Italy has entered into engagements with Germany and Austria-Hungary which must be observed as long as the Triple Alliance lasts. As something, however, must be done, the Ministers of War and Marine resigned. But successors have seemingly not yet been found who are willing to agree to reductions. That sufficient retrenchment may be effected must be the hope of every well-wisher of the country; but we are not very sanguine. Adequate retrenchment would involve withdrawing from Massowah, and a very material reduction in the strength both of the army and of the navy, and it is very doubtful whether public feeling in Italy is prepared for such strong measures. If, however, the Cabinet is supported by the King and by public opinion, and is firm enough to effect a material economy, while at the same time increasing the revenue, the deficits will by-and-by disappear, the credit of the country will improve, and after a little while it will be possible to fund the floating debt on favourable terms, and cease, for a while at all events, fresh borrowings.

But even if the naval and military expenditure is materially reduced, there will remain the public works question. It has often been suggested that the Italian Government should sell the railways for what they would fetch, and apply the proceeds to the redemption of debt; but, not unnaturally, public opinion is averse to this. The advocates of the present policy argue that, though the railways do not pay at present, they will become more remunerative by-and-by, and that in any case they develop the resources of the country by facilitating trade and opening up new markets. Further, railway construction is a powerful instrument for acquiring influence in the constituencies. Unfortunately the railways have been built rather to gratify the constituencies than to promote the real well-being of the kingdom. They have thus involved both waste and corruption, and for that very reason many who would prefer to have the railways worked by the State are in favour of selling them. If matters go on as they have been going for the last ten years, if the deficits continue and the credit of Italy falls, sooner or later the railways will have to be sold; but for the present it is hardly probable that the Rudini Cabinet will propose so strong a measure. If it does not, then the deficit on account of the railways, amounting roughly to about three millions sterling a year, will continue, and, whatever retrenchments may be effected elsewhere, the deficiency can be covered only by increased taxation. Further, the policy of African colonisation, however it may be modified, must entail heavy loss, and it is difficult to see how that loss, together with the railway deficiency, can be covered by increased taxation unless the Italian Government recognises the error of the policy it has lately pursued towards France and negotiates a new commercial treaty with that country, and unless, further, it proceeds to deal vigorously and effectually with the municipalities, the provinces, and the banks. The provinces, municipalities, and banks, however, are powerful opponents, and Signor Rudini has not yet shown the energy and statesmanship that would justify us in assuming that he is capable of dealing properly with them.

THE BRITISH CROWD.

FOR a people who pride themselves on their practical shrewdness, the English are in some ways more conspicuously lacking in common sense than any other nation. There is one thing, for example, which we shall probably never master, and that is the management of great crowds. In the case of a